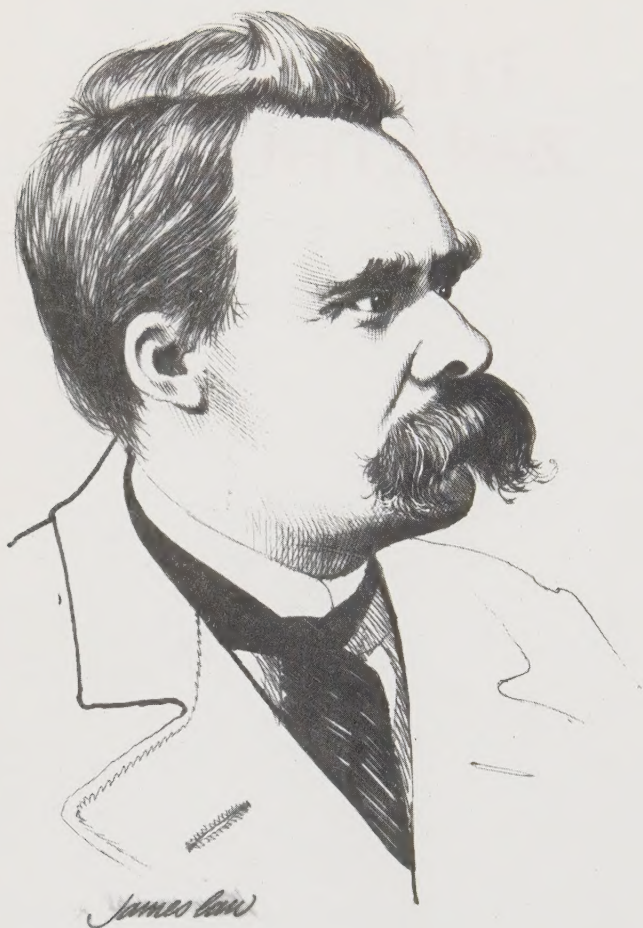


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THUS SPAKE
ZARATHUSTRA



NIETZSCHE
1844-1900

FRIEDRICH W. NIETZSCHE

THUS SPAKE
ZARATHUSTRA

Translated by

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Distributed by

HERON BOOKS

FRIEDRICH WILHELM NIETZSCHE,
born at Röcken, Germany, on 15th October
1844. Obtained a professorship at Basle at
twenty-five and there met Wagner. Resigned
professorship in 1879 and retired to France
and Italy. His brain gave way in 1888 and
he died at Weimar on 25th August 1900.

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INTRODUCTION

PERSPECTIVE

IN *Thus Spake Zarathustra* Nietzsche's intensely felt ideas burst into poetry. It is his most accessible work. Yet it is, too, one of his most elusive, because the symbols and figurative, sibylline speech are hard to elucidate, and because it stands at a watershed of his thought, hesitating between two opposed directions. For these reasons alone I might have thought it advisable to try, in this introduction, to indicate its place in the context of Nietzsche's whole thought. But there is a further reason. We cannot ignore that his works became a canon of a catastrophic political movement, that they were obligatory reading for National-Socialists and were solemnly presented by dictator to dictator; and it would be irresponsible if we were not to approach his writings, even where they seem most transparent and innocent, with circumspection, even with distrust. They reveal as a whole such massive purposefulness and cogency that everything Nietzsche says has momentum.

'Cogency' does not mean that he was a logical or systematic thinker. He treats deep problems, as he says, like a cold bath, 'quick in, quick out.' He uses terms loosely, even contradictorily; he is often content with ambiguity, even intent on it. He can be violently and provokingly one-sided in his judgments. Sometimes he 'philosophizes with the hammer,' sometimes his thought flashes and thrusts and eludes. Rhetorical pathos, lyrical tenderness, subtle argumentation, and drastic vigour alternate almost bewilderingly: he has not been surpassed in mobility and force of polemic. He is always impassioned—'The great problems demand a great love.' But, through all his moods and modes, he never lets go of cardinal philosophical questions—'Is there a meaning to our existence? Can we create a meaning? Is it worth while, can we make it worth while, to be alive?' And he asks these questions with such insistence and answers them with such penetration that he had the sort of influence he would have desired—he not only affected men's values, but also influenced their actions, thus in some degree changing the shape of history.

We can roughly distinguish two waves of Nietzscheanism. The second, the political wave, came flooding in with Spengler's *Decline of the West* of 1918, with its glorification of the catastrophic 'destiny' of Western civilization, its cult and prophecy of the age of Caesarism, the master-race, and war. It is typical that the poet Gottfried Benn, when in 1934 he was bitterly cured of his infatuation with National-Socialism, wrote of his disillusion as the collapse of Nietzsche's dream of the unity of Spirit and Power. The earlier wave, already surging high by 1900, was of a different character and affected men of widely differing social attitudes: philosophers like Vaihinger and Simmel, psychologists like Adler, philosophers of culture like Albert Schweitzer and Bernard Shaw, scholars like Jane Harrison, and above all imaginative writers. Stefan George, Rilke, Thomas Mann, and Hermann Hesse all, in very different ways, owe Nietzsche a profound and constant impulse. André Gide's autobiography tells typically of a Nietzschean quest 'to renormalize myself,' 'to re-educate our instincts,' to discover 'the tables of my new law'; the title of his book *L'Immoraliste* is Nietzschean. D. H. Lawrence, J. C. Powys, Edwin Muir, owed to Nietzsche a liberation of a like kind. Busoni's *Dr Faustus* shows Nietzschean traits in its libretto, Delius set parts of *Zarathustra* to music. The list could be lengthened almost indefinitely, and reaches down to the many thousands who were helped by Nietzsche to find a way to themselves.

There can be no doubt about the weight of Nietzsche's historical impact. The question is, what has he to say to us to-day? The response of sixty years ago is still capable of renewal, as can be seen from recent writings, but it seems naïve, and in Germany even men who were once fascinated by Nietzsche have been put on their guard. The philosopher Karl Jaspers, who still esteems him highly, is aware of the 'boundless sophistry' that can be found in him. The sociologist Alfred Weber warns against Nietzsche as a Pied Piper, and charges him with having betrayed 'the most essential ideals of Western humanity.' The poet F. K. Jünger, still in some respects a disciple, not only rejects Nietzsche's adulation of power, but detects in the style of *Zarathustra* an impurity 'often hard to bear'—a criticism that would have wounded Nietzsche more sorely than any other. (It should be mentioned that the rhetorical pathos that, for Jünger, has a false ring becomes more pronounced in translation.) Can one distinguish in

principle the positive from the negative elements in Nietzsche's thought?

One is bound to falsify in some degree when one tries to simplify the doctrine of this scintillating thinker, who delighted in the variety of his disguises—'Only a fool, only a poet'—and whose laughter was above all directed at the simplifiers and lovers of system. I would distinguish, however, two main impulses and intentions, both involving passionate rejection and affirmation; one turned inwards towards the quality of personal experience, the other outwards towards social objectives. Neither is ever exclusive, but it is true enough to say that in the earlier works the first predominates, in the later, and above all in *The Will to Power*, the second. *Zarathustra*, as I have suggested, stands poised midway.

THE ATTACK ON MORALITY

With *The Birth of Tragedy* Nietzsche established motifs that reverberate throughout his life. A son of the manse, who had lost his faith, in the midst of a culture no longer sustained by a conviction of divine purpose, he refused to be content with a career and a superficial trust in material and cultural progress. He passionately sought some justification of personal and social existence equivalent to the faith he had lost, and he finds it here in terms of Schopenhauer's philosophy and Wagner's musical drama. Life he sees as a meaningless process of shapes that perish as they are born, 'illusion, will, pain.' Only in the mirror of art is this reality bearable. For the greatest art—Nietzsche speaks of Greek tragedy but is directly inspired by Wagner—binds us to this Apollonian world of illusion in its loveliness, and leads us to acquiesce joyfully in its destruction; art 'redeems' us from our superficial selves and unites us in painful Dionysian ecstasy with 'primordial Being.' Beyond this individual sense of fulfilment Nietzsche looks forward to the creation, through art, of a new 'myth' that will sustain a new dynamic culture.

Nietzsche's perception of the instinctual, irrational forces within Greek tragedy deeply affected the modern conception of the Greeks. Still more influential has been his perception that art by sheer utterance reconciles man with a reality otherwise hard to bear. The later Nietzsche was however to go beyond the view that life is justified and bearable only as 'an aesthetic phenomenon,' he was to 'say yea' to living itself.

The essays that immediately followed *The Birth of Tragedy* are all concerned with the quality of contemporary culture. Less emotional and metaphysical in tone, they are hard-hitting attacks on a generation that had abandoned the classical ideal of 'complete, mature, harmonious personalities,' and was complacently congratulating itself on its moderation, its sensibleness, its specialization, its civilized suppression of nature and instinct. In his worship of personality—like Carlyle Nietzsche believed the meaning of history was the creation of great men—Nietzsche becomes the champion of the instinctive energies in man and the opponent of all morality and institutions that in his view shackle and enfeeble them. This is what Bernard Shaw saw in him, the revolt against being used by other men 'for purposes which you recognize to be base.' He had what Shaw called 'the despair of institutions,' holding that increase of social and material welfare merely stifles the deepest sources of personality, and he was harrowed by the precariousness of what seemed to him the most essential values.

With the three works *Human, all too human*, *The Dawn of Day*, and *The Joyful Wisdom*, his scope extends to a general attack on the metaphysics and morals of modern society. His last tribute to Wagner was also his rupture with Wagner. This rupture he ascribed to Wagner's acceptance, in *Parsifal*, of the Christian doctrine of suffering and atonement, but we can see in it too a rejection of a solely aesthetic answer to his riddle. In these works it is scientific truth that Nietzsche is seeking. And even though, in this search, the possibility of reaching truth seems to recede further and further, these works can be called, in the words of a recent critic, 'perhaps the most compelling "invitation to philosophy" written since Plato.'

Sometimes crude, sometimes subtle, Nietzsche shows himself always a shrewd antagonist of accepted opinion. He ruthlessly uncovers the unconscious, irrational sources of beliefs and behaviour commonly held to be rational and moral. Altruism and charity are simply distorted, shamefaced forms of egoism; pity is at bottom one's 'bad love' for oneself. And your conscience, the moral imperative?

Your judgment, 'That is right,' has a pre-history in your instincts, likes, dislikes, experiences, and non-experiences.

Why in any case should you obey your conscience? What is that 'second conscience' behind the other, whence does it come? Justice is not the statistical matter it is commonly held to be,

but is above all a question of being just to what is most valuable in man. Are there objective values? Values are created by men, the dominant values are the values of the dominant men and are overthrown when these men are overthrown (sometimes Nietzsche's destructive criticism echoes that of Marx). And the belief of the scientists in an 'instinct for truth'? How can there be an instinct which has no vital function? Illusion has often been more important for mankind than truth, and this critic of the 'illusion' of religion points out 'how subtle, delicate, and inventive it has made man.' What is valuable about thinking is its effectiveness, not its truth. So, in these works, Nietzsche advances towards a completely relativistic conception of truth, interpreting all concepts and systems as ideological (to use the Marxist term), and concerned only with their practical, moral implications. This scepticism applies of course to his own thinking too, and accounts in part for the sombre tone of many of his dicta, which is relieved only by the thought that, though thinking may not lead to a true interpretation of the world, it does on the other hand create a framework of belief within which what you want may be achieved. 'What things are called is more important than what they are.'

So Nietzsche's attack on Christianity, which now becomes sharp and unrestrained, takes the form in the main of a psychological analysis of how it arose and what interests it serves. It arose, he says in the manner of eighteenth-century rationalists, from 'fear and want.' Its transcendentalism expresses the abnegation of poor spirits. Its root, the doctrine of sin and guilt, leads to the tortured suppression of man's natural energies and joys:

Is it not horrifying, to make necessary and normal feelings a source of inner misery, and thus to want to make inner misery necessary and normal for every man?

Sex is evil only because it has been called evil, and its suppression only means that it torments man 'in hideous disguises,' 'in uncanny vampire form.' Indeed, it takes a comic revenge, for the Christian condemnation of sex has resulted in a universal obsession with love-stories. Religion, like any other system of morality, Nietzsche concludes, breeds a slavish mentality, it is the morality of the herd.

This criticism of the accepted axioms of morality extends to the state. In these early works the state is for Nietzsche the enemy of intelligence and culture. He warns against 'the new

idol, the state'—'the less state, the better.' His contempt for the various patriotisms of Europe, particularly the German, and for the European 'petty state system,' was boundless, and he has often and rightly been admired for being free of petty political prejudice. But there is something else here that is often overlooked. There are indications that his early contempt for the German Reich of 1871 was due to its settling down to prosperity and stability, instead of proceeding on a mission of European conquest and unification. So also, when he called himself 'a good European,' the Europe he had in mind was a conquering Europe, 'the mistress of the world.' In opposition to modern 'industrial culture'—'the most vulgar there ever was'—he admires a 'military culture,' tyrants and ruthless oligarchies. All higher culture, he asserts, rests on the power of a privileged leisured class; and he praises warfare because it makes men more 'barbaric,' more 'natural.'

However inadequate and arbitrary such views are, there is no doubt that they are disturbing and provoking. Much is unclear and contradictory. Nietzsche's use of the term 'instinct' is loose, and he sometimes attacks morality because it is contrary to instinct, sometimes because it is the instinct of the 'herd.' The term 'herd' is a slogan, not a concept, and he neither analyses it, nor does he deign to enter on an historical investigation of Christianity or democracy. He ridicules the notion of absolute truth, yet he is ready to sacrifice himself for the truth. But the general direction of his onslaught is clear enough, and one feels, despite the extravagance of statement, that one can be more grateful than resentful since one senses that here speaks a lonely passion for truth, pitted against a society immovably stable and complacent. He himself says in *The Joyful Wisdom* that his doctrines have no chance of prevailing against the 'virtuous stupidity' of the majority, and no doubt this feeling allowed him to throw them with all the more gaiety and violence at the majority's head.

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA

In *Thus Spake Zarathustra* Nietzsche stepped suddenly from the rôle of critic into that of preacher and prophet. The work is his great 'yea-saying' and is borne along by his conviction of having discovered his task, the necessity and destiny of his own existence as well as that of mankind. Conceived in the

ecstasy of two 'revelations'—the conception of the Superman and the idea of Eternal Recurrence—it is unique among his works. He speaks here not so much in argument as in poetic vision, rich in symbols and perfection of pointed phrase, that like all poetry is to be its own justification. All his personality is in it: the rapture and pain of his loneliness (he himself called it 'a dithyramb upon loneliness') and his longing to go among men; the tension between the mystic who worships his own soul and the preacher who would win disciples.

'This disastrous error of morality was created by Zarathustra: consequently he must be the first to recognize it.' Nietzsche appoints the Persian sage, who once found the meaning of the world in the battle between the metaphysical forces of good and evil, to re-create meaning in a metaphysically meaningless world. He called the Eternal Recurrence 'the basic conception of the work' since this idea that everything repeats itself identically in endless cycles expresses in its bleakest form his conviction that there is no objective purpose to existence. If, in spite of this, life can be affirmed as good, then this conception is 'the highest formula of yea-saying that can be reached.'

Zarathustra's yea-saying lies in self-fulfilment that is also self-annihilation, a self-fulfilment that, as in the Midnight Song, culminates in the loss of self. Man is 'a transition and a perdition,' 'a bridge and not a goal.' All is to be discarded that distracts him from his true being and would make life subordinate to something else; virtue is that 'yourself is in your deed.' 'Thou shalt' is to be replaced by 'I will,' and will is not a liberation from something, but an acceptance of the profoundest instinct, of inward necessity. Freedom becomes the joyful accomplishment of necessity—'Become that thou art'—a restoration of personality:

My whole imagination and endeavour is this—to assemble and bring together that which is fragment and riddle and grisly accident.

This 'Self-becoming' is an arduous creative task, as free from self-seeking and rancour as it is from the feeble compensations offered by morality. It is full of risk and can be achieved only by rich, joyous personalities. Thus *Spake Zarathustra* develops this doctrine in many modulations. Its general structure is loose, and its movement is shaped out of the swaying alternation of Zarathustra's moods, his lonely raptures, his need for companions who will follow themselves, not him ('Now I bid you

lose me and find yourselves'), his veneration for man's potentialities and his 'disgust with man,' his anger, despondency, and laughter over the corruption of his doctrines, his self-doubtings and even at times his horror at his own thoughts.

But though man is not a goal, Zarathustra sets up a goal, the Superman who is 'the meaning of the earth,' an ideal creature of power, innocence, and grace. The controversy over the meaning of this conception has not succeeded in clarifying it. Most probably Nietzsche meant the Superman to be an inward ideal and consummation by which we are to measure our lives. In this sense he wrote in *Ecce Homo* that at certain moments of Zarathustra's experience 'man was overcome, the concept "Superman" became highest reality.' But the idea seems also to suggest an *historical* purpose, a higher stage in the biological evolution of mankind—Nietzsche showed himself ready, on other occasions, to apply contemporary biological conceptions to man's spiritual and social destiny. So he speaks here of a companionship of 'higher men'—'a relatively super-human type'—who will prepare the way for the coming of the Superman, and, towards the end of 'Of Old and New Tables,' he suggests how the way is to be prepared. 'The best shall rule, the best *will* rule.' And the best are beasts of prey:

They shall become better beasts of prey, subtler, cleverer, *more like man*; for man is the finest beast of prey.

Break, break the Good and Righteous.

Thus the creative forces in man, which in Nietzsche's view are threatened with distortion and suppression by modern society and morality, take on a physical form, become a type of man which is to mould and rule society. The Superman is an historical destiny. This aspect of his thought is not obtrusive in *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, and if it were not for its growing prominence in the writings of his last period we might take it, in this work, simply as symbolical of the inner change and victory he desired. This wavering of his mind between an inward and an outward historical goal, between symbolical and literal utterance, characterizes too the conception of the Eternal Recurrence. Partly it enables Nietzsche to say life is desirable, even if it were to be repeated over and over again. But also he insists, with the most inadequate of arguments, that it is literally and scientifically true. This ambiguity was to flower in the reckless excesses of the social doctrines of his last works.

'THE DESTROYER PAR EXCELLENCE'

After the yea-saying of *Zarathustra* came, as Nietzsche says in *Ecce Homo*, the turn of 'the nay-saying, nay-doing part.' These later works can all be subsumed under the title 'the transvaluation of all values.' They continue in ever more implacable terms his criticism of his times, which he now defines as the era of 'nihilism'—

A nihilist is a man who judges of the world as it is, that it ought not to exist, and of the world as it ought to be, that it does not exist.

But he now considers this nihilistic condition to be the inevitable destiny of civilization, and it can only be overcome (with the coming of the Superman) by being carried through to the extreme limit. His attack on all idealisms and humanitarianism becomes unrestrainedly savage. Life must become, and be seen as, the naked will to power.

Life itself is essentially appropriation, infringement, the overpowering of the alien and the weaker, oppression, hardness, imposition of one's own form, assimilation and, at the least and the mildest, exploitation.

There is neither 'spirit,' nor reason, nor thinking, nor consciousness, nor soul, nor will, nor truth: they are useless fictions. It is not a question of 'subject' and 'object,' but of a particular species of animal, that prospers only under a certain relative correctness, above all regularity, of its perceptions (so that it can capitalize its experience).

What then is truth? Nietzsche is interested only in the usefulness of truth.

The criterion of truth lies in the enhancement of the feeling of power.

The falseness of a judgment is for us no objection against a judgment. . . . The question is, how far it furthers life, preserves life, preserves the species, perhaps even breeds the species.

So too all values are to be judged solely in relation to the interests they serve:

All values are results of particular perspectives of utility in respect to the preservation and intensification of human organizations of power.

Within the framework of this attitude there are, in these later works, observations of penetrating insight that anticipate later criticism of the idealistic and mechanistic thought of Nietzsche's time. What is decisive, however, is that all his thought, now

utterly sceptical, directs men towards action, for it is in action that the validity of their thought will be decided. And Nietzsche's definition of what action is good is unambiguous. Christianity, like democracy and socialism, is condemned as the morality of the weak and impotent, the 'slave race,' who thereby seek to reduce the whole of mankind to their impotence. Only power is good; man must become again the beast of prey, though now enriched with all the subtlety and malice that civilization has engendered:

At the bottom of all noble races lies unmistakably the beast of prey, the magnificent blond beast, greedily prowling after prey and victory; from time to time an explosion is necessary, the beast must break out again, must go back to the wilderness.

The state, which Nietzsche now delights in as 'organized un-morality,' is the medium for the re-creation of man's energy, the state will be the instrument through which the 'higher men' will make of themselves a 'master race,' ruthlessly and cynically immoral, exploiting the 'slave race,' and pledged to perpetual warfare. With the recklessness of the amateur Nietzsche gives prescriptions as to the breeding of this master race and the scientific elimination of the unfit.

Occasionally there are signs of some goal beyond. The Caesar Nietzsche hopes for will have 'the soul of Christ'; there will be, at the end, 'a Goethean glance full of love and good will.' It is a strange naïveté of the philosopher, who believed that mankind could be guided, like a school, towards a goal he sets.

Is this outcome of Nietzsche's thought to be put down to his madness? There are signs of extravagant exaltation and megalomania, fits of euphoria, that precede his final breakdown, yet these later works are cogent and often extremely shrewd.¹ Loneliness and physical and mental suffering only intensified a lack of balance that was always in his character. It arose partly from a profoundly religious longing, intensified and twisted by his intellectual rejection of Christian metaphysics and morality, which led him to embrace the idea of self-immolation with such Dionysian rapture—'Dionysus versus the Crucified.' But, since he lacked love and charity—'disgust with men, with the "rabble," was always my greatest danger,' he wrote—this inward-turned ecstasy was transformed into an almost hysterical longing for violence and destruction.

¹ The evidence of disease has been judiciously summed up by Karl Jaspers: *Nietzsche*, Berlin 1950, pp. 91-101.

His method of diagnosing thought in terms of the motivation of the thinker led to certain insights, but only at the cost of startling crudities, above all in his analysis of Christianity, of democracy, and of socialism. He sublimely ignored economic forces and was curiously insensitive to social structure, falling victim to a loathing of the under-dog that obscured his vision and is the reverse of distinguished. As Adolf Weber has pointed out, he became obsessed with a phobia of a type we have seen dominating the inhuman policies of a nation. From the beginning he shared the vulgar fear and contempt of the masses common in middle-class circles in the Germany of the mid nineteenth century. In an early essay he dismisses the masses as unfit for culture. With the growth of democratic and socialist trends, this contempt turned into a phobia. He never got beyond the idea of the masses of industrial society as an abstract force, an undifferentiated herd, threatening all individuality and culture, and identified them with the debased popular culture of the bourgeoisie of his times. He could imagine only one way of dealing with this threat—savage and cynical oppression—little realizing that this was the way for the 'master race' itself to become slave to the 'slaves.'

Nietzsche is still admired for having detected that the 'barbaric' instincts of mankind were again coming to the fore at the end of the nineteenth century, and that a period of catastrophic wars was opening in which the veneer of civilization would be smashed. These prophecies would be more impressive if he had not so evidently desired their fulfilment. He acutely observes that men would welcome disaster:

The magic spell that fights for us (the 'Immoralists'), the eye of Venus that ensnares and blinds our opponents themselves—it is the spell of the extreme, the seduction exerted by every extreme.

But he was the first victim of this spell.

'THE BESTOWING VIRTUE'

It seems to me irresponsible to try to cover up these later doctrines of Nietzsche or to ignore that their roots lie deep in his personality. We cannot even consider that his influence on National-Socialism was a distortion, for he himself would have said that the truth of thought is involved in its effect. But, with all this, his work, and *Thus Spake Zarathustra* in particular, has an abiding value.

He raised insistently the question of value in a world emptied of value, in which 'God is dead.' He refused to tolerate the compromises and palliatives of expedience or to content himself with the rewards of a career that promised to be outstandingly brilliant. The problem was his problem, and he refused to hand on the responsibility. Remaining rigorously faithful to his intellectual convictions, he yet did not lapse into scepticism regarding the worth of life. He felt with the sensibility of an artist the greatness of human achievements and the joy of being alive, he 'venerated existence' and sought to do justice to this feeling. He tried to restore a sense of value in others, to create in a complacent and impoverished culture a living 'myth' by which men could live creatively. His primary aim was to deepen and enrich the life of the individual. In this service he attacked what he thought to be the causes of the disintegration and enfeeblement of the personality, especially those philosophies which sought to divorce soul from body, morality from instinct, thought from action, and in their place set up his vision of the creative will, the Superman. He reminded men that self-abnegation, renunciation, submission to convention and authority may be a capitulation not a conquest, and that it takes courage to be yourself. He broke contemptuously from all sorts of hedonism, knowing by experience that suffering is a positive and necessary element of wisdom. That he took loneliness on himself was not merely a temperamental matter, but an expression of his fundamental challenge and search.

In these views there is much that is unjust, one-sided, arrogant; but they are necessary and salutary even in their extravagance, and need perpetually thinking over. But whatever one's conclusions on particular points of his thought, one thing stands out as exemplary. He thought with the whole of his being.

I have always written my works with my whole body: I do not know what purely intellectual problems are.

He understood that the quality of a man's thought is the quality of the man thinking:

The lack of personality takes its own revenge. . . . The great problems all demand a great love, and of this only the strong, round, secure minds, resting firmly on themselves, are capable. It makes the most important difference, whether a thinker stands personally by his problems, so that in them he has his fate, his need, and also

his best happiness, or whether he is 'impersonal': i.e. only understanding how to grope for and hold them with the feelers of cold inquisitive thought. In the latter case, nothing will come of it.

Thinking is for him, indeed, not so much the acquisition of knowledge as a means of 'self-becoming'; and as such it can never be completed, never be dogmatic. Although Nietzsche often speaks dogmatically, the value of his thought is that it is unsettling, provoking, in many ways as much so now as when he wrote. Jaspers has put it well:

In order to understand Nietzsche rightly, you need the opposite of what a first reading of his works might misleadingly suggest: not the acceptance of definite assertions as ultimate and unshakable truth leads to him, but the deep breath in which you go on asking, you hear something else, the opposite, and maintain the possibilities in tension. His substance can be meaningfully assimilated not by a will to truth that wants to take final possession of the truth, but by a will to truth that comes from the depths and returns to the depths, that exposes itself to uncertainties, is closed against nothing, and can wait.

ROY PASCAL.

1957.

NOTE ON THE REVISED TRANSLATION

IN revising Tille's translation of Nietzsche's *Zarathustra* it has been my endeavour to assimilate the English version more nearly to the prose rhythm of the German original, and to preserve more consistently the archaic style where Nietzsche himself adheres to it. It may be noted that he does occasionally depart from it somewhat, especially in the more didactic passages of his work, and where he is dealing with ideas, employments, and social usages which belong very definitely to the modern world and cannot be fitted in to the ancient Persian framework of his prose poem.

I have added a very few footnotes on such points as plays on words used with a number of meanings not corresponding with English use, and other small matters of the kind where in the nature of the case translation cannot convey the full meaning of the original, and I hope that these may be of use to the English reader.

M. M. B.

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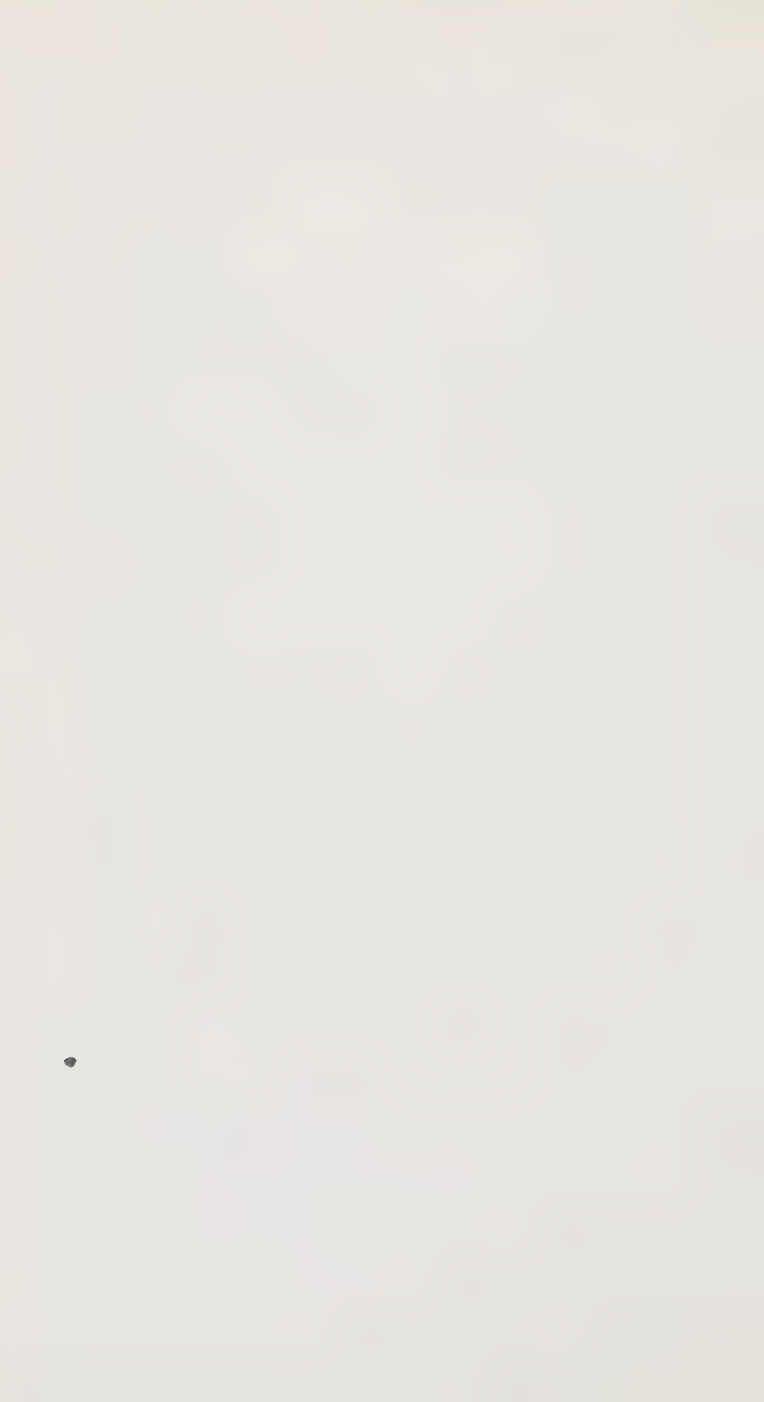
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THE FIRST PART

ZARATHUSTRA'S INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE OF THE SUPERMAN AND OF THE LAST MAN

I

WHEN Zarathustra was thirty years of age he left his home and the lake-side where he dwelt and went into the mountains. There he possessed his spirit in solitude and for ten years wearied not thereof. But at length his heart changed,—on a day he arose with the dawn, stood before the presence of the Sun, and spake thus unto him:

Thou great star! Where were thy happiness, without those for whom thou shinest!

Ten years hast thou climbed hither to my cave: thou wouldst have wearied of thy light and of this pathway were it not for me, mine Eagle and my Serpent.

But we awaited thee each morning and took of thy superabundance and blessed thee therefor.

Lo! I am weary of my wisdom, as the bee that hath gathered overmuch honey; I need hands outstretched to take it.

Fain would I bestow and distribute until the wise amongst men rejoice again in their folly, and the poor in their riches.

To that end must I descend into the deeps: even as thou dost at nightfall, when thou sinkest behind the sea, and bringest light to the underworld, thou most bounteous star!

Like thee, I must *go down*,¹—as say the men to whom I would descend.

Bless me, then, thou tranquil eye that canst look without envy even upon too great a happiness!

Bless the cup that is about to overflow, so that its waters may be a golden flood, carrying everywhere the reflected splendour of thy bliss!

¹ With respect to the verbal symbolism of Zarathustra it is relevant to note that the German verb *untergehen* (noun *Untergang*) signifies (a) to go down or descend, (b) to set (of the sun), and (c) to 'go under', to fall down, to be destroyed, or to perish. With this multiple signification in mind, Nietzsche uses it in discussing the end of Man as prelude to the rise of Superman. It has not been possible to render the word uniformly throughout the translation.—TRANS.

Lo! This cup must again become empty, and Zarathustra must again become a man.

Thus began Zarathustra's down-going.

2

Zarathustra went down the mountain-side alone, and no man met with him. But when he reached the woods, suddenly there stood before him an Aged Man that had left his hermitage to seek roots in the forest. And thus spake the Aged Man to Zarathustra:

No stranger to me is this Wanderer: many years since passed he by. Zarathustra was his name; but he is changed.

Then thou didst bear thine ashes into the mountains: wilt thou to-day bear thy fire into the valleys? Dost thou not fear the incendiary's doom?

Yea, I know thee that thou art Zarathustra! Clear is his eye, nor lurketh any loathing about his mouth. Goeth he not his way like a dancer?

Zarathustra is changed: Zarathustra became as a child: Zarathustra is awakened: what wilt thou amongst the sleepers?

Thou dwelledst in solitude as in a sea, and the sea hath sustained thee. Alas, wilt thou now go upon land? Alas, wilt thou drag again the burden of thy body?

Zarathustra answered: I love mankind.

Wherefore, said the Saint, went I to the forest and the desert? Was it not because I loved mankind inordinately?

Now love I God: mankind I love not. Man for me is a thing far too imperfect. Love of mankind would destroy me.

Zarathustra answered: What said I of love! I bring mankind a gift.

Give them naught, said the Saint. Rather take something from them and bear it with them—that will do them best service: may it but serve thee also!

Yet if thou wilt give them aught, give them no more than an alms, and let them beg even for that.

Nay, said Zarathustra, I do not give alms. I am not poor enough for that.

The Saint laughed at Zarathustra and spake thus: Then see to it that they accept thy treasures! They are mistrustful of hermits and will not believe that we come in order to give.

In their ears our step hath too solitary a sound in the streets.

Even as when at night from their beds they hear one pass long ere sunrise, they ask: Whither goeth the thief?

Go not to men, but tarry in the forest! Go rather to the beasts! Why wilt thou not be as I am—a bear among bears, a bird among birds?

And what doth the Saint in the forest? asked Zarathustra.

The Saint answered: I make songs and sing them, and making songs I laugh, weep, and chant: thus I praise God.

Singing, weeping, laughing, and chanting I praise that God which is my God. But what gift is it thou bringest us?

When Zarathustra had heard these words he saluted the Saint and said: What could I have to give thee! But let me depart quickly, lest I take aught from thee.—And thus they took their leave, the old man and the other, like two laughing boys.

But when Zarathustra was alone he spake thus within his heart: Can it indeed be possible! This old Saint in his forest hath not yet heard that *God is dead*!—

3

When Zarathustra reached that city which lieth nighest to the forest, he found there many folk assembled in the market-place: for it was said they should see a Rope-dancer. And Zarathustra spake thus unto the people:

'I teach you the Superman. Man is a thing to be surmounted. What have ye done to surmount ¹ him?

All beings hitherto have created something above themselves: will ye be the ebb of this great tide and rather revert to the beast than surmount man?

What is the ape to man? A jest or a thing of shame. So shall man be to Superman—a jest or a thing of shame.

Ye have trod the way from worm to man, and much in you is yet worm. Once were ye apes, and even yet man is more ape than any ape.

But he that is wisest amongst you is but a discord, a hybrid of plant and ghost. But do I bid you become either ghosts or plants?

Behold, I teach you the Superman!

¹ *Überwinden*. Nietzsche frequently uses this word in *Zarathustra*, and always with the same underlying idea, though in various places an English translation seems to require various renderings. Here, for the sake of the underlying idea, 'surmount' is the English word consistently employed.

The Superman is the meaning of the earth. Let your will say: the Superman *shall be* the meaning of the earth.

I conjure you, my brethren, *remain true to the earth* and believe them not which speak to you of superterrestrial hopes! Poisoners are they, whether or not they know it.

Contemners of life are they, moribund and themselves poisoned, of whom the earth is weary: away with them!

Once blasphemy against God was the greatest of blasphemies, but God died, so that these blasphemies died also. Now the most terrible of sins is to blaspheme against the earth and to rate the bowels of the Unknowable One higher than the meaning of the earth!

Once the soul looked contemptuously upon the body: in those days was this contempt the highest ideal:—the soul would have the body meagre, ugly, and starved. Thus the soul thought to escape the body and the earth.

Oh, that soul was itself meagre, hideous, and famished: and in cruelty was that soul's delight!

But ye also, my brethren, tell me: What saith your body of your soul? Is not your soul full of poverty and uncleanness and despicable ease?

Verily, a polluted stream is man. One must be a very ocean to be able to receive a polluted stream without becoming unclean.

Behold, I teach you the Superman: he is that ocean, in him can your great contempt be o'erwhelmed.

What is the greatest thing ye can experience? It is the hour of great contempt. The hour in which even your happiness is loathsome to you, and your reason and your virtue likewise.

The hour in which ye say: What is my happiness worth! It is poverty and uncleanness and despicable ease. Yet my happiness should justify Being itself!

The hour in which ye say: What is my reason worth! Desireth it knowledge as the lion his prey? It is poverty and uncleanness and despicable ease.

The hour in which ye say: What is my virtue worth! Not yet hath it roused me to fury. How I weary of my good and mine evil! It is all naught but poverty and uncleanness and despicable ease!

The hour in which ye say: What is my righteousness worth! I perceive not that I am flame and fuel. Yet the righteous man is flame and fuel!

The hour in which ye say: What is my pity worth! Is not pity the cross upon which he is nailed that loveth mankind? But my pity is no crucifixion.

Spake ye ever thus? Cried ye ever thus? Ah, that I had heard you cry thus!

Not your sin, but your sufficiency crieth unto heaven, your niggardliness even in sin crieth unto heaven!

Where is the lightning to lick you with its tongue? Where is the frenzy with which ye must be infected?

Behold! I teach you the Superman: he is this lightning, he is this frenzy!

When Zarathustra had thus spoken, one of the people cried: We have *heard* enough about this Rope-dancer; now let us *see* him! And all the people laughed at Zarathustra. The Rope-dancer, however, thought that he was called for, and set himself to his work.

4

But Zarathustra looking on the people wondered. Then he spake thus:

Man is a rope stretched betwixt beast and Superman—a rope over an abyss.

Perilous is the crossing, perilous the way, perilous the backward look, perilous all trembling and halting by the way.

Man is great in that he is a bridge and not a goal: man can be loved in that he is a transition and a perishing.¹

I love them which live not save as under-goers, for they are the over-goers.²

I love them which greatly scorn because they also greatly adore; they are arrows of longing for the farther shore.

I love them which seek no reason beyond the stars wherefore they should perish, wherefore they should be sacrificed, but which sacrifice themselves to the earth that the earth hereafter may be the Superman's.

I love him which liveth that he may know, and which seeketh knowledge that hereafter the Superman may live: for thus he willeth his own down-going.

I love him which worketh and deviseth to build an house for the Superman, to prepare for him earth, beast, and plant; for thus he willeth his own down-going.

¹ *Übergang und untergang*—lit. over-going and 'under-going'. See note, p. 3.—TRANS.

² See note above.

I love him which loveth his virtue: for virtue is the will to down-going, and an arrow of longing.

I love him which reserveth no share of spirit for himself, but willeth to be wholly the spirit of his virtue: thus in spirit he crosseth over the bridge.

I love him which maketh of his virtue his inclination and his destiny: for thus for his virtue's sake he willeth either to live on or to cease to live.

I love him which desireth not too many virtues. One virtue is more virtue than two, because it is so much the more a knot on which destiny hangs.

I love him whose soul lavisheth itself, that neither requireth nor returneth thanks: for he giveth ever and keepeth naught for himself.

I love him which is ashamed when the dice fall in his favour and asketh: Am I a cheating player?—for he desireth to perish.

I love him which streweth golden words before his deeds and performeth yet more than he promiseth: for he seeketh his own down-going.

I love him which justifieth future generations and redeemeth past generations: for he willeth to perish by the present generation.

I love him which chastiseth his God because he loveth his God: for he must perish by the wrath of his God.

I love him whose soul is deep even for wounding and whom a slight matter may destroy: for he gladly goeth over the bridge.

I love him whose soul is over-full so that he forgetteth himself, and all things are within him: thus all things become his downfall.

I love him which is of a free mind and of a free heart: for his head is but the bowels of his heart, but his heart driveth him to destruction.

I love all them which are as heavy rain-drops falling one by one from the dark cloud that lowereth over mankind: they herald the coming of the lightning, and they perish as heralds.

Behold, I am an herald of the lightning and an heavy rain-drop from the clouds: but that lightning is named *Superman*.—

When he had spoken these words Zarathustra looked again on the people and was silent. There they stand, he said within his heart, they laugh: they understand me not: I am not the mouth for these ears.

Must needs their ears be battered that they may learn to hear with their eyes? Must a man clamour like a kettle-drum or like a Lenten preacher? Or will they believe only the stammerer?

They have a thing whereof they are proud. How call they that whereof they are proud? Culture they call it which distinguisheth them from the goatherds.

Wherefore they love not to hear words of contempt used of themselves. I will speak therefore to their pride.

I will speak therefore to them of the most contemptible of all things: and that is the *Last Man*.

And thus Zarathustra spake to the people:

'It is time for Man to mark his goal. It is time for man to sow the seed of his highest hope.

His soil is yet rich enough therefor. But the day cometh when that soil shall be impoverished and effete, and no tall tree shall any longer be able to grow therefrom.

Alas! the day cometh when man shall no longer shoot the arrow of his desire beyond man, when his bowstring shall have forgotten its use!

I say unto you: a man must have chaos yet within him to be able to give birth to a dancing star. I say unto you: ye have chaos yet within you.

Alas! the day cometh when man shall give birth to no more stars! Alas! the day cometh of that most contemptible man which can no longer condemn himself.

Behold! I show you the *Last Man*.

What is love? What is creation? What is desire? What is a star? asketh the Last Man, and he blinketh!

Then will earth have grown small, and upon it shall hop the Last Man which maketh all things small. His kind is inexterminal like the ground-flea; the Last Man liveth longest.

'We have discovered happiness,'—say the Last Men, and they blink.

They have left the regions where it was hard to live, for one must have warmth. Man still loveth his neighbour and rubbeth himself against him; for one must have warmth.

Sickness and mistrust they hold sinful. They go warily. A fool is he that yet stumbleth either over stones or men!

A little poison now and then: for that causeth pleasant dreams. And much poison at the last for an easy death.

They still work, for work is a pastime. But they take heed, lest the pastime harm them.

They grow no longer poor nor rich; it is too troublesome to do either. Who desireth to rule? Who to obey? Both are too troublesome.

No shepherd and but one flock! All men will alike, all are alike he that feeleth otherwise goeth voluntarily to a madhouse.

'Once all the world was mad,' say these most refined ones, and they blink.

They are clever and know all that hath come to pass, so that there is no end of mockery. They quarrel yet, but are soon reconciled—lest their stomachs turn.

They have little lusts for the day and little lusts for the night: but they have regard for health

We have discovered happiness, say the Last Men, and they blink.'—

And here ended Zarathustra's first discourse, which is also called 'the Prologue', for at this point the clamour and mirth of the people interrupted him. Give us these Last Men, O Zarathustra, they cried, make us as these Last Men. Thou mayest keep thy Superman! And all the people cheered and clicked their tongues. But Zarathustra grieved, and said within his heart:

They understand me not: I am not the mouth for these ears.

Too long, perchance, have I dwelt in the mountains, listened too long to brooks and trees: now my speech is to them as that of goatherds.

My soul is still and bright like the mountains ere midday. But they deem me cold and a mocker whose jests are terrible.

How they look on me and laugh: and while they laugh they hate me. There is ice in their laughter.

6

Then that came to pass which silenced every mouth and fixed every eye. For in the meantime the Rope-dancer had begun his task: he had stepped forth from a little door and walked upon the rope which was stretched between two towers so that it spanned the market-place and the people. When he was now midway the little door again opened and a gaily-dressed fellow like a Clown leaped out and went with quick steps after the first. On with you, lame-leg, he cried in a terrible voice, on with you, lazybones, cheat, sallow-face!—lest I tickle thee with my heel! What dost thou here between the

towers? Thy place is *in* the tower. Thou shouldst be jailed, for thou barrest free way to thy better!—And at each word the clown drew nearer and nearer: but when he was but one step behind, there happened that terrible thing which silenced every mouth and fixed every eye: for uttering a cry like a devil, he leaped over him that barred his way, who, seeing his rival's triumph, lost both his head and his footing on the rope, threw aside his wand, and himself shot down yet faster with arms and legs whirling. The market-place and the crowd became as a storm-tossed sea: every man fled stumbling over his neighbour, and chiefly there where the body was about to strike the ground.

Zarathustra, however, kept his place, and the body fell close beside him, badly disfigured and broken, but not yet dead. After a while consciousness returned to the injured man, and he saw Zarathustra kneeling beside him. What dost thou there? he asked at last, I knew long since that the devil would trip me. Now he draggeth me into hell: wilt thou prevent him?

By mine honour, friend, answered Zarathustra, that of which thou speakest doth not exist: there is no devil and no hell. Thy soul will be dead even sooner than thy body: henceforward fear nothing more.

The man looked up distrustfully: If thou speakest truth, he said, losing my life I lose naught. I am little more than a beast, taught to dance by blows and titbits.

Not so, said Zarathustra; thou hast made danger thy calling, there is naught contemptible in that. Now thou diest by thy calling: therefore will I bury thee with mine own hands.

When Zarathustra had spoken thus the dying man made no answer, but moved his hand as though he sought Zarathustra's, to thank him.

7

In the meantime evening fell, and the market-place was shrouded in darkness: the people dispersed, for even curiosity and terror grow weary. Zarathustra, however, sat on the ground beside the dead man, absorbed in thought, forgetful of the time. But at length it was night, and a cold wind blew over the Solitary. Then Zarathustra, rising, said within his heart:

Verily, fine fishing was Zarathustra's to-day! He caught no man, but a corpse!

Man's life is a strange matter and ever full of unreason: a buffoon may be fatal to it.

I will teach men the meaning of their being—Superman, which is the lightning from the dark cloud, Man.

But I am yet far from them and my mind speaketh not to their minds. To men I am as yet a thing half fool, half corpse.

Dark is the night and dark the ways of Zarathustra. Come, thou cold and stiff companion! I will bear thee to a place where I shall bury thee with mine own hands.

8

When Zarathustra had spoken thus within his heart he took the corpse upon his back and went his way. And ere he had yet gone an hundred paces, one stole upon him and whispered in his ear—and lo! it was the Clown from the tower. Depart from this city, O Zarathustra, he said; too many hate thee here. The Good and Righteous hate thee, and call thee enemy and despiser. The orthodox faithful hate thee, and call thee a danger to the multitude. It was thy good fortune to be laughed at: and, verily, thou spakest like a buffoon. It was thy good fortune to associate with this dead dog; in thus humiliating thyself thou hast saved thyself this day. But depart from this city—or to-morrow I shall leap over thee—a living man over a dead one. And when he had said thus, the man vanished; but Zarathustra went on his way through the dark alleys.

At the gate of the city he met with the grave-diggers. They held their torches to his face, and knowing Zarathustra, mocked him sorely. Zarathustra bears away the dead dog! It is well that Zarathustra hath turned grave-digger! For our hands are too clean for this carrion. Will Zarathustra steal from the Devil his morsel? Well, then, blessings on the repast! If only the Devil do not out-thieve Zarathustra!—steal both and eat both! And they laughed and put their heads together.

Zarathustra answered no word and went his way. When he had journeyed two hours through forest and marsh he heard the hungry howling of wolves and himself felt hunger. So he stayed before a lonely house wherein a light burned.

Hunger hath overtaken me, said Zarathustra, like a robber. Amidst forests and marshes in the depth of the night mine hunger is fallen upon me.

Mine hunger hath strange humours. Often it cometh only after the repast, and to-day it came not all day: where was it?

Thereupon Zarathustra knocked at the door of the house. An Aged Man came. He bore a light and asked: Who cometh to me and to mine evil sleep?

A living man and a dead one, replied Zarathustra. Give me to eat and to drink, I forgot it in the day-time. He that feedeth the hungry refresheth his own soul; thus saith wisdom.

The Aged Man departed and returned immediately, and offered Zarathustra bread and wine. This is an ill place for the hungry, said he; therefore I dwell here. Beast and man come to me, the hermit. But bid also thy companion eat and drink; he is more weary than thou art. Zarathustra answered: My companion is dead; I shall scarcely persuade him to do so. That concerns not me, said the Aged Man sullenly; he that knocketh at my house must take whatever I offer him. Eat and fare ye well!

Then Zarathustra went yet another two hours and trusted to the path and the light of the stars: for he was accustomed to walk by night and loved to look upon the sleeping face of all things. But when morning dawned, Zarathustra found himself in a deep forest and saw no path more. Then he laid the dead man in an hollow tree near his own head—for he would defend him from the wolves—and himself upon the mossy ground. And immediately he fell asleep, tired in body, but with tranquil soul.

9

Long slept Zarathustra, and not the dawn only passed over his head, but the morning also. But at length his eyes opened: astonished, Zarathustra looked upon the forest and the stillness, astonished he looked within himself. Then he arose with speed like a mariner that on a sudden seeth land, and he exulted: for he saw a new truth. And thus he spake within his heart:

A light hath dawned on me. I need companions—living ones, not dead companions and corpses which I may carry with me where I will.

But I need living companions which follow me because they desire to follow themselves—and to go to that place whither I wish to go.

A light hath dawned on me: let not Zarathustra speak to the people, but to companions! Zarathustra shall not be shepherd and sheep-dog to a herd!

To entice many away from the herd—to that end I came.

The people and the herd will be angry: Zarathustra shall be called a robber by the shepherds.

Shepherds I say, but they call themselves the Good and the Righteous. Herdsmen I say, but they call themselves the Orthodox Faithful.

Lo, the Good and Righteous! Whom hate they most? Him that breaketh in pieces their tables of values—the breaker, the law-breaker. But *he* is the creator.

Lo, the faithful of all creeds! Whom hate they most? Him that breaketh in pieces their tables of values—the breaker, the law-breaker. But *he* is the creator.

The creator seeketh companions, not corpses, neither herds nor believers. The creator seeketh such as will be creators with him, such as write new values on new tables.

The creator seeketh companions, and such as will reap with him: for to him all things are ripe unto harvest. But he lacketh the hundred sickles, so that he teareth up the ears and is wroth.

The creator seeketh companions, and such as know how to whet their sickles. Destroyers shall they be called and despisers of good and evil. But they are reapers and harvesters.

Zarathustra seeketh such as will be creators with him, such as will reap with him and rejoice with him: what hath he to do with herds and shepherds and corpses!

And thou, my first companion, fare thee well! Well have I buried thee in thy hollow tree, well have I hidden thee from the wolves.

But now I take leave of thee, for the time is past. Betwixt dawn and dawn a new truth was revealed to me.

I must be neither shepherd nor grave-digger. I must speak no more to the people. I have spoken for the last time to a dead man.

The creators, the reapers, the rejoicers shall be my companions. I will show them the rainbow and the ladder to the Superman.

I will sing my song to hermits which dwell singly or in pairs. And whosoever hath yet ears for unheard-of things his heart will I overcharge with my bliss.

I will find my goal, I will follow my course, I will o'erleap them that loiter and delay. Let my on-going be their down-going!

IO

Zarathustra had said thus within his heart when the sun stood at noontide: then suddenly gazed he upwards, wondering—for he heard above him the sharp cry of a bird. And lo! an Eagle swept in wide circles through the air, and from it hung a Serpent, not as prey but as friend, for it lay coiled about the Eagle's neck.

These are my beasts, said Zarathustra, and rejoiced in his heart.

The proudest creature beneath the sun, and the wisest creature beneath the sun—they have come to spy out the land.

They have desired to know whether Zarathustra yet liveth. Verily, do I yet live?

More perils found I amongst men than amongst beasts. In dangerous paths goeth Zarathustra. May my beasts guide me!

When Zarathustra had so said he thought on the words of the Saint in the forest and sighing he spake thus within his heart:

Would I were wiser! Would I were altogether wise like my Serpent!

But I ask the impossible. Therefore I ask my pride to go ever with my wisdom!

And should my wisdom ever forsake me—alas! it loveth to flee away!—may my pride then fly with my folly!

Thus began Zarathustra's down-going

ZARATHUSTRA'S DISCOURSES

OF THE THREE METAMORPHOSES

I DECLARE unto you three metamorphoses of the spirit: how the spirit becometh a Camel, the Camel a Lion, and the Lion at length a Child.

Many heavy burdens are there for the spirit, the strong spirit which is able to bear the load and in which reverence dwelleth: its strength demandeth heavy and heaviest burdens.

What is heavy? asketh the burden-bearing spirit, and kneeling down as a Camel, it desireth to be well laden.

What burden is heaviest, ye heroes? asketh the burden-bearing spirit, that I may take it upon me and rejoice in my strength.

Is it not this—to abase oneself in order to chastise one's pride? To exhibit one's folly in order to mock one's wisdom?

Or is it this—to abandon one's cause when it is triumphant? To scale lofty mountains in order to tempt the tempter?

Or is it this—to feed on the acorns and husks of knowledge and for the truth's sake to starve one's soul?

Or is it this—to be sick and to dismiss the comforters and to make friends of the deaf that hear not thy wishes?

Or is it this—to enter foul waters, if these be the waters of truth, and not to repulse the chilly frogs and hot toads therein?

Or is it this—to love them that despise us and to stretch out the hand to the phantom that seeketh to make us afraid?

All these heaviest of burdens the burden-bearing spirit taketh upon itself; as the camel that hasteth laden to the desert, so the spirit hasteth to its own desert.

But in the solitude of the desert there cometh the second metamorphosis: there the spirit becometh a Lion, that seeketh to seize freedom as his prey and to be lord in his own desert.

There he seeketh his late lord, desiring to become his enemy and the enemy of his late God; and to contend for victory with the Great Dragon.

What is this Great Dragon that the spirit willeth no more to call Lord and God? 'Thou shalt' is the name of this Great Dragon. But the Lion-spirit saith: 'I will'.

'Thou shalt' lieth gold-glittering in his path, a scaly beast: on each scale there shineth in letters of gold: 'Thou shalt'.

Thousand-year-old values shine on those scales, and thus saith the mightiest of all Dragons: All value in all things shineth in me.

All value is already created, and all created value—that am I. Verily, there shall be no more 'I will'. Thus saith the Dragon.

My brethren, wherefore is there need of the Lion in the spirit? Wherefore sufficeth not the beast of burden that renounceth and is reverent?

To create new values—even the Lion is not able to do this: but to create for himself freedom for new creation, for this the Lion's strength is sufficient.

To create for himself freedom and an holy *Nay* even to duty: therefor, my brethren, is there need of the Lion.

To take for himself the right to new values—that is the most terrible of takings for a burden-bearing and reverent spirit. Verily, for such it is a robbery and the work of a beast of prey.

Once it loved as Holiest 'Thou shalt': now must it discern illusion and tyranny even in its Holiest, that it may snatch freedom from its love: for this there is need of the Lion.

But tell me, my brethren, what can the Child do which even the Lion could not? Why must the ravaging Lion yet become a Child?

The Child is innocence and oblivion, a new beginning, a play, a self-rolling wheel, a primal motion, an holy yea-saying.

Ay, for the play of creation, my brethren, there needeth an holy yea-saying: its *own* will the spirit now willeth; he that was lost to the world gaineth his *own* world.

Three metamorphoses of the spirit have I declared unto you: how the spirit becometh a Camel, the Camel a Lion, and the Lion at length a Child.

Thus spake Zarathustra when he sojourned in the city that is called: 'The Dappled Cow'.

OF CHAIRS OF VIRTUE

MEN praised a certain Wise Man to Zarathustra, because he discoursed well of sleep and of virtue: much honoured and rewarded was he therefor, and all the young men sate before his professorial chair. Zarathustra went unto him and sate with all the young men at his feet. And thus spake the Wise Man:

Be reverent and shamefast toward sleep! That is of first importance! And avoid all that sleep ill and watch at night!

The very thief is ashamed to disturb sleep; ever stealeth he softly through the night. But shameless is the night-watchman, shamelessly he beareth his horn.

Sleeping is no mean art: it should be studied the livelong day.

Ten times a day shalt thou conquer thyself: this bringeth an wholesome weariness and is as poppy to the soul.

Ten times shalt thou be reconciled with thyself: for conquest is bitterness, and ill sleepeth he that is unreconciled.

Ten truths shalt thou find in a day: else thou seekest truth even in the night and thy soul remaineth unsatisfied.

Ten times a day shalt thou laugh and be gay: else shall thy stomach, that father of affliction, disturb thee by night.

Few know it, but one must have all the virtues in order to sleep well. Shall I bear false witness? Shall I commit adultery?

Shall I covet my neighbour's maidservant? Such things would ill accord with sound sleep.

And even if one have all the virtues, there is still one thing needful—to put the virtues to sleep at the proper time.—

Lest they quarrel amongst themselves, the pretty dears—and over thee, thou luckless one!

Peace with God and with thy neighbour: sound sleep will have it so. And peace even with thy neighbour's devil! Else he will haunt thee by night.

Honour and obedience to the rulers, even to dishonest rulers! Sound sleep will have it so. What can I, if power loves to go on crooked legs?

Call him the best shepherd which leadeth his sheep to the greenest meadow: that accordeth well with sound sleep.

I desire not many honours nor great treasures: they inflame the spleen. But a man sleepeth ill without a good name and a modest treasure.

I choose low society rather than evil: but they must come and depart at the proper hour. This accordeth with sound sleep.

I am also well pleased in the poor in spirit: they conduce to sleep. Blessed are they, especially if one ever yieldeth to them.

Thus day passeth for the virtuous. When night cometh I take good care not to summon sleep! He loveth not to be summoned—sleep which is the lord of the virtues!

But I think on what I have done and thought during the day. Ruminating I ask myself, patient as a cow: What were thy ten conquests?

And what thy ten reconciliations, and the ten truths and the ten laughs in which my heart rejoiced?

Whilst I am thus meditating and rocked by forty thoughts, suddenly sleep seizeth me—the unsummoned one, the master of virtues.

Sleep tappeth mine eye, and it groweth heavy. Sleep toucheth my mouth, and it remaineth open.

Verily, on soft soles it draweth nigh me, dearest of thieves, stealing my thoughts: stupid I stand, as this desk.

But I stand not long: there I lie.—

When Zarathustra heard the Wise Man speak thus, he laughed in his heart: for in hearing a light had dawned upon him. And thus he spake within his heart:

A fool meseemeth the Wise Man with his forty thoughts; but I believe that he well knoweth how to sleep.

Happy is he that dwelleth nigh this Wise Man! Such sleep is infectious, even through a thick wall!

Magic resideth in his very chair. Nor have the youths sat in vain before the preacher of virtue.

His wisdom is: to wake in order to sleep soundly! And verily, had life no meaning, and had I to choose nonsense, this nonsense would seem to me too the worthiest to be chosen.

Now understand I clearly what once was sought above all else when teachers of virtue were sought. Sound sleep was sought and poppy-head virtues to promote it!

To all those eminent wise men of the professorial chairs, wisdom meant dreamless sleep: they know no better meaning in life.

Even to-day a few survive, even as this preacher of virtues, and not all so honest. But their day is over. They shall stand not much longer: there already they lie!

Blessed are the sleepy: for soon they shall nod to sleep!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF OTHERWORLDLINGS

ONCE on a time Zarathustra set his dreams beyond man, like all otherworldlings.¹ Then the world seemed to me the work of a suffering and tortured god.

The world seemed to me a dream, and the fantasy of a god; coloured vapours before the eyes of a discontented god.

Good and evil, pleasure and pain, I and thou—coloured vapours they seemed to me before the creator's eyes. The creator desired no longer to look upon himself—then created he the world.

A drunken joy is it to the sufferer to look away from his sufferings and to lose himself. A drunken joy, a self-forgetfulness this world once seemed to me.

This world, the ever-imperfect image of an eternal contradiction—an intoxicating joy to its imperfect creator:—thus this world once seemed to me.

Thus I set my dreams beyond man, like all otherworldlings. Beyond man, forsooth?

Alas! brethren, the god that I created was man's work and man's madness, like all gods!

Man he was, and but a poor piece of man and of the ego. Yea, verily, from mine own ashes and flame came that phantom unto me! It came not to me from 'beyond'!

What then befell, my brethren? I surmounted myself, the sufferer, I bore mine own ashes to the mountains, I found for myself a brighter flame. And lo! the phantom *departed* from me!

To me, the convalescent, it were now suffering and pain to believe in such phantoms: suffering it were now to me and humiliation. Thus speak I to otherworldlings.

Suffering and impotence created all such other worlds; and that brief illusion of happiness which only the most wretched can know.

A weariness that, with a single leap—a death-leap—desireth to reach the Ultimate, a poor, ignorant weariness that willeth not any more to will: this created all gods and otherworlds.

Believe me, my brethren! It was the body when it despaired

¹ The word thus rendered is, literally translated, 'behind-worldlings'.—TRANS.

of the body that groped with the fingers of a besotted mind at the ultimate barriers.

Believe me, my brethren! It was the body which despaired of earth that heard the womb of Being call unto it.

Then it sought, with its head, and not with its head only, to break through the ultimate barriers—beyond, into ‘the other world’.

But this ‘other world’ is well hidden from mankind, this dehumanized, inhuman world that is a celestial nothingness: and the womb of Being speaketh not unto man, save as man.

Verily, hard it is to prove all Being, and hard to bring it to speech. Tell me, brethren, is not the most marvellous of all things yet the best proven?

Yea, this *I*, with its contradiction and confusion reporteth most truly of its being—this creating, willing, valuing *I* that is the measure and the value of things.

And this truest being, this *I*—it speaketh of the body and ever desireth the body, even when it maketh poetry and raveth and fluttereth with broken wings.

Ever more truly learneth it to speak, this *I*: and the more it learneth, the more it findeth titles and honours for the body and the earth.

A new pride have I been taught by mine *I*; and this I teach to men: no more to bury the head in the sand of heavenly things, but freely to carry it—a-head of earth, giving meaning to the earth!

A new will I teach to men: to will that path which man hath blindly followed, to call it good and no more to creep aside from it like the sickly and the dying!

The sickly and the dying have despised the body and the earth and have invented heavenly things and redeeming blood-drops: but even these sweet and sombre poisons they drew from the body and the earth!

They sought escape from their misery, and the stars were too remote for them. Then they sighed: ‘Would there were heavenly paths by which to steal into another life, another happiness!’—and they invented for themselves their bypaths and little sips of blood!

And they dreamed they were transported from their body and this earth, these ingrates! But to what owed they the convulsions and delights of their transports? Even to their body and to this earth.

Zarathustra is gentle to the sick. Verily, he is not wroth at

their ways of consolation, and their ingratitude. Would they were convalescents and conquerors, creating for themselves a higher body!

Neither is Zarathustra wroth with the convalescent if he looketh back tenderly upon his illusions and crawleth at midnight to the grave of his God: but yet his tears are to me a disease and a sickness of the body.

Many sick men have ever been amongst them that make poetry and languish after gods; these hate with a terrible hate him that knoweth and that youngest of the virtues which is honesty.

They gaze ever backwards to the days of darkness: then, indeed, illusion and belief were quite otherwise—a disordered understanding was held likeness to God, and doubt was held sin.

Too well I know these godlike ones. they will that men believe on them, and that doubt be held sin. Too well I know, moreover, what they themselves most believe.

Verily, not in otherworlds nor in redeeming blood-drops: but even they believe most in the body, and their own body is for them the absolute thing.

Yet a sickly thing they find it: and fain would they slough their skin. Therefore they hearken to the preachers of death and themselves preach otherworlds.

Hearken ye, rather, my brethren, to the voice of the healthy body: it is a truer and a purer voice.

More truly and purely the healthy body speaketh, the perfect, the four-square, and it speaketh of the meaning of this earth.

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF THE DESPISERS OF THE BODY

I HAVE a word for them that despise the body. I would not that they should learn otherwise and teach otherwise; I would that they should bid farewell to their own body—so shall they become dumb.

‘Body am I and soul’—thus saith the child. And why should one not speak as do children?

But he that is awake and knoweth saith: ‘Body I am throughout, and naught besides; and soul is but a word for a something in body’.

The body is a great intelligence, a plurality with one mind, a war and a peace, a flock and a shepherd.

And thy little intelligence, my brother, which thou callest ‘spirit’—it is a tool of thy body, a little tool and a plaything of thy great intelligence.

I thou sayest, and art proud of that word. But a greater matter—which thou wilt not believe—is thy body and its great intelligence. It saith not *I*, but it doth *I*.

What mind feeleth, what spirit perceiveth, hath never an end in itself. But mind and spirit would fain persuade thee that they are the end of all things: so vain are they.

Tools and playthings are mind and spirit: behind them lieth the Self. The Self also seeketh with the eyes of the mind, it hearkeneth also with the ears of the spirit.

The Self ever listeneth and seeketh: it compareth, subdueth, conquereth, destroyeth. It ruleth, even over the *I*.

Behind thy thoughts and feelings, my brother, standeth a mighty lord, an unknown sage—whose name is Self. In thy body he dwelleth, thy body he is.

There is more intelligence in thy body than in thy best wisdom. And who, then, can say to what end thy body hath need of thy best wisdom?

Thy Self laugheth at thine *I* and its proud prancings: ‘What are these prancings and flights of thought?’ it saith within itself. ‘A byway to my purpose. I am the leading-string of the *I* and the prompter of its concepts.’

The Self saith unto the *I*: ‘Feel pain here!’ And there indeed

it suffereth, and thinketh how it may be rid of suffering—and to that end it *ought* to think.

The Self saith unto the *I*: 'Feel pleasure here!' And there indeed it rejoiceth and thinketh how it may rejoice oft-times—and to that end it *ought* to think.

I have a word for them that despise the body. Their esteem causeth their contempt. What is it that hath created esteem and contempt and value and will?

It is creative Self that hath created for itself esteem and contempt, joy and woe. The creative body hath created for itself the spirit to be the instrument of its will.

Even in your folly and despite, ye scorers of the body, ye serve your Self. I say to you that your Self seeketh death and turneth from life.

No longer may it do as it loveth to do—create a thing beyond itself. This it most desireth, this is all its fervour.

But now is it too late therefor—and your Self desireth to perish, ye that despise the body.

Your Self desireth to perish, and therefore are ye become despisers of the body! For no longer can ye create aught beyond yourselves.

And therefore rage ye against life and earth. An unconscious envy is in your sidelong look of contempt.

I go not your way, ye that despise the body! Ye are not my bridges to the Superman!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF DELIGHTS AND PASSIONS

My brother, when thou hast a virtue and it is thine own virtue, thou hast it in common with none.

But truly thou wouldst call it by a name and caress it; thou wouldst pull its ears and play with it awhile.

And lo! now hast thou its name in common with the people and hast become one of the people and of the herd with thy virtue!

It were better for thee to say: 'Unutterable and nameless is that which maketh my soul's pain and sweetness, and which my bowels yearn upon.'

Hold thy virtue too high for the familiarity of names: and if thou must speak thereof, be not ashamed to stammer.

Speak and stammer thus: 'This is my good, this I love, thus it pleaseth me entirely, only thus will I the good.'

I will it not as the law of a God, I will it not as an ordinance or need of man: it shall be no signpost for me to otherworlds and paradises.

It is an earthly virtue that I love: there is little prudence in it, and still less common sense.

But this bird hath builded its nest within me: therefore I love and cherish it—now it sitteth within me upon its golden eggs.'

Thus shalt thou stammer, praising thy virtue.

Once hadst thou passions and calledst them evil. Now hast thou only thy virtues: they grew out of thy passions.

Thou didst set thy highest goal amidst these passions: thus became thy virtues and thy delights.

And though thou wert offspring of the choleric, or of the voluptuous, or of the religious fanatic, or of the vindictive—

At length would all thy passions grow virtues, all thy devils angels.

Once hadst thou wild dogs beneath thy threshold; but in the end they were changed into birds and sweet singers.

Out of thy poisons thou brewedst thee a balsam; thou didst milk thy cow, Sorrow—now thou drinkest the sweet milk of her udder.

And from henceforth naught of evil groweth from thee, unless it be the evil that groweth from the conflict of thy virtues.

My brother, if thou be fortunate, thou hast but one virtue and no more: thus mayst thou go more easily over the bridge.

It is illustrious to have many virtues, but it is a hard lot; and many an one has gone into the desert and slain himself, because he wearied of being the battle and battle-field of his virtues.

My brother, are war and battle evil? But this is necessary evil; necessary are envy and mistrust and backbiting amongst thy virtues.

Behold, how each of thy virtues covets the highest: it desireth thy whole spirit for *its* herald, it desireth thy whole power in wrath, hatred, and love.

Jealous is each virtue of the other, and jealousy is a terrible thing. Even virtues may perish of jealousy.

He whom the flame of jealousy encompasseth, at last, like the scorpion, turneth his poisonous sting upon himself.

Ah, my brother, sawest thou never a virtue backbite and stab itself?

Man is a thing to be surmounted: and therefore shalt thou love thy virtues: for they shall be thy destruction.

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF THE PALE CRIMINAL

YE would not surely slay, ye judges and sacrificers, ere the beast hath bowed its head? Behold, the Pale Criminal hath bowed his head: in his eye speaketh the supreme contempt.

'Mine *I* is a thing to be surmounted: to me mine *I* is supreme contempt of man': thus speaketh his eye.

His highest moment was when he judged himself: let not this sublime one fall back to his lower state!

There is no salvation for him that thus suffereth from himself save in speedy death.

Your slaying, ye judges, shall be mercy and not revenge. And while ye slay take care that ye yourselves justify life!

It is not enough that ye be reconciled with him whom ye slay. Let your sorrow be love for the Superman: thus shall ye justify your own survival!

Enemy, ye shall say, but not Villain; Diseased One ye, shall say, but not Rogue; Fool, ye shall say, but not Sinner.

And thou, Red Judge, shouldst thou give voice to all thou hast done in thought, all would cry out: 'Away with this filth, this poisonous worm!'

But thought is one thing, deed another, another yet the idea of the deed. The wheel of causation rolleth not between them.

This pale man was made pale by an idea. He was one with his deed when he did it; but when it was done, he could not endure the idea thereof.

He saw himself ever as doer of one deed. This name I madness: with him the exceptional became second nature.

A line of chalk paralyseth the hen; the stroke he struck paralysed his weak intellect. This name I madness *after* the deed.

Hear, ye judges! There is yet another madness: and it is *before* the deed. Alas, for me ye probed not deep enough into this soul!

Thus speaketh the Red Judge: 'Why did this criminal do murder? Robbery was his intent'. But I say to you: his soul desired blood, not plunder: he thirsted for the bliss of the knife.

But his weak intellect understood not this madness and

over-persuaded him. 'What is blood worth?' it said; 'wilt not thou at least take plunder therewith?—take revenge therewith?'

And he hearkened to his weak intellect: its words weighed upon him like lead—then did he rob as he murdered. He feared lest his madness should shame him.

And now again his guilt lieth like lead upon him, and again his weak intellect is benumbed, paralysed, dull.

Could he but shake his head, his burden would roll off: but who will shake that head?

What is this man? A mass of diseases which reach out into the world through the spirit: there they seek their prey.

What is this man? A coil of wild serpents, seldom at peace with one another—thus singly they go forth to scour the world for prey.

See this poor body! That which it hath suffered and yearned for, this poor soul hath interpreted as murderous lust, greed for the bliss of the knife.

He that suffereth present sickness is overtaken by that evil which is present evil: he willeth to cause pain with that which causeth him pain. But there have been other ages with other evil and other good.

Once was doubt evil, and the will to self. Then the sick man became an heretic or a witch: as an heretic or a witch he suffered and sought to cause suffering.

But this entereth not your ears; it is hurtful to your virtuous ones, ye tell me. But what care I for your virtuous ones!

Many things in your virtuous cause me loathing—and verily—not that which is evil in them! I would they had a madness of which they might perish, like this Pale Criminal!

Verily I would that their madness might be named truth or faithfulness or justice: but they hold their virtue that they may have long life in despicable ease.

I am as an hand-rail beside the torrent; whosoever is able to grasp me, let him grasp me. Your crutch, however, am I not.—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF READING AND WRITING

Of all writings I love only those which the writer writeth with his blood. Write in blood, and thou shalt learn that blood is spirit.

It is no light matter to understand others' blood. I hate idle readers.

He that knoweth his reader will do no more for him. One more century of readers—and the very spirit itself shall stink!

To suffer every man to learn to read marreth at length not only writing but thinking.

Once spirit was God, then it became man, now it becometh mere mob.

He that writeth in blood and in proverbs desireth not to be read, but to be learned by heart.

In the mountains the shortest path is from summit to summit: but for that path thou needest long legs! Proverbs shall be as summits, and they to whom they are spoken shall be great ones and high of stature.

An air rarefied and pure, peril nigh, and a spirit filled with merry malice—these things are well matched.

I will have goblins about me, for I am brave. The courage that scareth ghosts createth for itself goblins—courage would have laughter.

I feel no longer as do ye: this cloud that I see beneath me, this blackness and heaviness at which I laugh—to you it is a thunder-cloud.

Ye look up when ye desire to be exalted: and I look down, for that I am exalted.

Which amongst you can both laugh and be exalted?

He that scaleth highest mountains laugheth at all tragedies whether of game or earnest.

Carefree, disdainful, violent—thus would Wisdom have us be: she is a woman and loveth none but the warrior.

Ye say to me: 'Life is hard to bear'. But wherefore so proud in the morning, so submissive in the evening?

Life is hard to bear: but feign not such frailty! We are all good beasts of burden, he-asses or she-asses!

What have we in common with the rose-bud that trembleth when a dew-drop lieth on its body?

Verily we love life, not because we are accustomed to life, but because we are accustomed to love.

There is ever some madness in love. But equally ever some reason in madness.

To me that love life it seemeth that butterflies, soap-bubbles, and whatsoever is of their nature amongst men, know most of happiness.

The sight of such light, foolish, delicate, mobile little beings on the wing—this moveth Zarathustra to tears and to song.

I would believe only in a god that knew how to dance.

And when I beheld my devil, I found him earnest, thorough, profound, solemn: he was the Spirit of Gravity—by him all things fall.

One slayeth not by wrath but by laughter. Arise! let us slay the Spirit of Gravity!

I have learned to walk: since then I run. I have learned to fly: since then I need none to urge me to bestir myself.

Now am I without weight, now I fly, now I see myself beneath myself, now a god danceth in me.

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF THE TREE UPON THE HILL

ZARATHUSTRA had seen with his eyes that a certain young man avoided him. And one night as he walked alone in the hills round about the city which is called 'The Dappled Cow', behold, as he walked he found that young man, seated with his back to a tree and gazing with weary eyes upon the valley. Zarathustra laid hold on the tree whereon the young man leaned and spake thus:

If I wished to shake this tree with my hands I could not.

But the wind which we see not tormenteth and bendeth it wheresoever it listeth. We are most sorely bent and tormented by unseen hands.

The young man rose up aghast and said: I hear Zarathustra, and even now I thought on him. Zarathustra answered:

Wherefore fearest thou for that? But it is with man as with this tree,

The more he would ascend towards height and light the more his roots strive earthwards, downwards, towards the dark, towards the deep—towards evil.

Ay, towards evil! cried the youth. How art thou able thus to discover my soul?

Zarathustra smiled and said: Many a soul will never be discovered, unless it be first invented.

Ay, towards evil! said the youth a second time.

Thou spakest truth, Zarathustra. I trust myself no longer since I strove upwards, and none trusteth me—say, how is this?

I change too swiftly: my to-day refuteth my yesterday. Often I o'erleap the steps by which I ascend—and no step pardoneth me that!

When I reach the summit I find myself ever alone. None speaketh with me, the frost of solitude maketh me to shudder. What seek I in the heights?

My contempt and my longing wax together; the higher I climb the more I scorn him that climbeth. What seeketh he in the heights?

How am I ashamed of my climbing and of my stumbling! How mock I at mine own panting breath! How hate I him that fleeth! How weary am I in the heights!

Here the youth fell silent. And Zarathustra, contemplating the tree by which they stood, spake thus:

This tree standeth here alone upon the mountain; it hath grown high above man and beast.

Could it speak there were none to understand it: so high groweth it.

Now, it waiteth and waiteth—wherefore waiteth it? It dwelleth too nigh to the clouds: peradventure it awaiteth the first lightning-stroke?

When Zarathustra had so spoken, the youth cried out with a vehement gesture: Yea, Zarathustra, thou sayest! I desired mine own downfall when I strove upwards, and thou art the lightning for which I waited! Behold, what am I since thou camest amongst us? It is *envy* of thee that hath destroyed me! Saying thus, the youth wept bitterly. But Zarathustra laid his arm about him and drew him away.

And when they had walked awhile together Zarathustra began to speak thus:

My heart is torn. Better than thy words, thine eye telleth me all thy peril.

Not yet art thou free; thou *seekest* yet freedom. Thou art weary and o'erwatched in thy search.

Thou strivest towards the free heights, thy soul thirsteth for the stars, but thine evil instincts also thirst for freedom.

Thy wild dogs seek liberty; they bay lustfully in their kennel when thy spirit seeketh to open all prisons.

I see thee yet a prisoner, meditating his freedom: alas! resourceful groweth the soul of such prisoners, but also guileful and evil.

Even the freed in spirit must purify himself. Much of prison and of mould still clingeth to him: his eye must yet be purified.

Yea, I know thy peril. But by my love and my hope I conjure thee: cast not away thy love and thy hope!

Yet feelest thou thyself to be noble, and that thou art noble feel even they which are wroth with thee and cast malign glances. Know that all men hold a noble man as a stumbling-block.

The noble man hindereth the Good: and even when they call him 'good', they seek in so doing to set him aside.

The noble man desireth to create new things and a new virtue. The good man willeth that old things be preserved.

But yet the noble man is in peril, not of becoming a good man, but of becoming insolent, a scoffer, a destroyer.

Alas, I have known noble men which lost their highest hope: and then they slandered all high hopes.

Then they lived insolently in brief lusts, and set themselves few goals beyond the day.

Mind also is voluptuousness—said they. Then their spirit broke its wings: now it creepeth hither and thither and defileth that it gnaweth.

Once they thought to become heroes: now are they become debauchees. The hero is grief and pain to them.

But by my love and my hope I conjure thee: cast not away the hero in thy soul! Keep holy thy highest hope!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF THE PREACHERS OF DEATH

THERE are preachers of death: and the earth is filled with them to whom renunciation of life should be preached.

Full is earth of the superfluous, marred is life by the much-too-many. Would they might be lured away from this life by 'eternal life'!

'Yellow-robed ones' men call the preachers of death, or 'black-robed ones'. But I will show them to you in yet other colours.

Amongst them are those terrible ones that carry within themselves a beast of prey and have no choice save betwixt lust and self-laceration. And their very lusts are self-laceration.

They are not even become human, these terrible ones: let them preach renunciation of life and let them themselves depart!

Amongst them are the consumptive of soul. Scarce are they born ere they begin to die and to pine for doctrines of weariness and renunciation.

They would fain be dead, and we should approve their will! Let us beware lest we awaken these dead or injure these living coffins!

Whensoever they meet with a sick man or an old man or a corpse, they say: 'Life hath been refuted'.

But only they themselves are refuted, and their eye which seeth but one face of existence.

Wrapped in thick melancholy and greedy for the little accidents which bring death, they wait and clench their teeth.

Or else they grasp at sweetmeats and in so doing mock their own childishness: they cling to their life as to a straw and mock themselves because they cling to a straw.

Their wisdom sayeth: 'A fool is he that remaineth alive; but even such great fools are we! And that is the greatest folly in life!'

'Life is but suffering'—say others, and lie not. See, then, that ye cease from life! See that life, which is but suffering, itself cease!

And let this be your doctrine of virtue: 'Thou shalt kill thyself! thou shalt steal thyself away!'

‘Lust is sin’—say some of them which preach death—‘let us go apart and beget no children!’

‘Giving birth is toilsome’—say others—‘Why give birth? One giveth birth only to the wretched!’ These also are preachers of death.

‘Let us have pity!’—say a third kind—‘Take whatsoever I have! Take whatsoever I am! The less am I bound to life!’

Were they pitiful in truth, they would set their neighbours against life. To be evil—that were their true goodness.

But they will to be rid of life: what care they that they bind others the faster with their chains and their gifts!

And ye to whom life is furious labour and unrest—are ye not weary of life? Are ye not ripe for the preaching of death?

All ye which love furious labour, and all that is swift, new, and strange, ye bear yourselves ill; your industry is but flight and the will to forget yourselves.

If ye had more faith in life ye would give yourselves less to the moment. But ye have not substance enough within you to wait, or even to idle!

On all sides soundeth the voice of them which preach death: and the earth is filled with them to whom death must be preached.

Or ‘eternal life’: I care not which, so they will speedily be gone!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF WAR AND WARRIORS

WE desire not to be spared by our dearest enemies, neither by them that we love from our heart of hearts. Let me then tell you the truth!

My brethren in war! I love you from my heart of hearts. I am, and ever was, your like. And I am moreover your dearest enemy. Therefore let me tell you the truth!

I know the hatred and envy of your heart. Ye are not great enough not to know hatred and envy. Be ye then great enough not to be ashamed of them!

And if ye cannot be the saints of knowledge, at least be her warriors. They are the companions and the forerunners of such holiness.

I see many soldiers: would I saw many warriors! 'Uniform' are their garments called: would that were not uniform which they conceal beneath!

I would have you like to them whose eye ever seeketh the enemy—*your* enemy. And with some of you there is hate at first sight.

Ye shall seek your enemy, ye shall wage your war, and for your own ideas! And if your ideas be vanquished, your honesty shall yet cry triumph!

Ye shall love peace as a means to new wars—and short peace better than long.

I counsel you not to work, but to fight. I counsel you not to make peace, but to conquer. Let your work be battle, your peace victory!

One can be still and at rest only when one hath bow and arrow: else one prateth and quarrelleth. Let your peace be victory!

Do ye say that a good cause halloweth even war? I say to you: a good war halloweth any cause.

War and courage have done greater things than charity. Not your pity but your courage hath hitherto saved the unfortunate.

What is good? ye ask. It is good to be brave. Let little maidens say: 'To be good is to be both pretty and pathetic'.

Men call you heartless: but your heart is staunch, and I love

the shamefastness of your true-heartedness. Ye are ashamed of your flood, and others are ashamed of their ebb.

Are ye ugly? Good, my brethren! Cover yourselves with the sublime, for it is the mantle of the ugly!

And as your soul waxeth great it waxeth proud, and in your sublimity there is malice. I know you.

In malice the haughty man and the weakling meet. But they understand not each other. I know you.

Ye shall have only such enemies as ye may hate; not such enemies as ye may despise. Ye shall be proud of your enemy: then are the successes of your enemy also your successes.

Rebellion—it is distinction in the slave. Let *your* distinction be obedience! Let your very command be obedience!

A good warrior loveth rather to hear 'Thou shalt' than 'I will'. And all that ye hold dear ye shall first accept as commanded you.

Let your love of life be love of your highest hope: and let your highest hope be the highest concept of life!

But ye shall accept your highest concept as commanded you by me—and it is this: Man is a thing to be surmounted.

Thus live your life of obedience and war! What profiteth it to live long? What warrior desireth to be spared?

I spare you not, I love you from my heart of hearts, my brethren in war!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF THE NEW IDOL

ELSEWHERE are yet peoples and herds, but not with us, my brethren: with us there are States.

The State? What is that? Give ear to me now, for now will I speak to you of the death of peoples.

The State is the coldest of all cold monsters. Coldly it uttereth its lies; and this is the lie that creepeth out of its mouth: 'I, the State, am the people'.

It is a lie! Creators were they which created the peoples and imposed on them one faith and one love: thus they served life.

Destroyers are they which lay snares for the many and call them States: they impose on them a sword and an hundred lusts.

Where there remaineth a people it understandeth not the State but hateth it even as the evil eye and as a sin against customs and rights.

This sign I give unto you: each people speaketh its own language of good and evil—which its neighbour understandeth not. Each people hath found for itself its own language of customs and rights.

But the State lieth in all the languages of good and evil: whatsoever it saith, it lieth; whatsoever it hath, it hath stolen.

False is it wholly; it is a biter which biteth with stolen teeth. False are its very bowels.

A confounding of the languages of good and evil: this sign give I unto you as the sign of the State. Verily, it is a sign of the will to death! Verily, it beckoneth to the preachers of death!

Much-too-many are born: the State was invented for the superfluous!

Behold, how it enticeth them, the much-too-many!—how it devourerth them and cheweth them as cud!

'On earth there is naught greater than I; I am the ordering finger of God!' thus belloweth this monster. And not only the long-eared and short-sighted fall upon their knees!

Alas, even in you, ye great souls, it whispereth its dismal lies! Alas, it searcheth out the generous-hearted which are eager to lavish themselves!

Yea, it findeth even you, ye conquerors of the old God! Ye

wearied in that battle, and now your weariness serveth the new idol.

The new idol would fain have about it heroes and honest men! Well it liketh—that cold monister!—to sun itself in the sunshine of good consciences.

To *you* also it will give all if ye worship it, this new idol: thus it buyeth for itself the lustre of your virtue and the glance of your proud eyes.

With you will it bait its hook for the Much-too-many! Yea, therein was devised an hellish engine, an horse of death, jingling in the trappings of divine honours!

Yea, then was devised the death of many, a death that vaunteth itself as life: verily, a welcome service to all the preachers of death!

I call that the State in which all are poison-drinkers, the good and the evil alike. I call that the State in which all lose themselves, the good and the evil alike. I call that the State in which a slow suicide of all men is called 'life'.

I pray you behold these superfluous ones! They steal for themselves the works of inventors and the treasures of the wise: they call their theft culture—and with them all turneth to disease and calamity!

I pray you behold these superfluous ones! Diseased are they ever, they vomit their bile and call it—newspaper. They devour but cannot digest one another.

I pray you behold these superfluous ones! They amass riches and become poorer thereby. They seek power, but first of all the lever of power, much money—these impotent ones!

Behold how they climb, these agile apes! They climb upon one another and drag one another into the muddy abyss.

They strive one and all for the throne: that is their madness, —as though happiness sate upon the throne! Filth sitteth oft-times on the throne; oft-times also the throne sitteth on filth.

Madmen are they all, to my mind, clambering apes, overheated. Their idol, that cold monster, stinketh in my nostrils: they all stink in my nostrils, these idolaters.

My brethren, will ye stifle in the reek of their gullets and their lusts! Rather break windows and leap into the air!

Shun, I beseech you, this evil stench! Shun the idolatry of these superfluous ones.

Shun, I beseech you, the evil odour! Shun the smoke of these human sacrifices!

Free is earth yet for great souls. For hermits, by one or by

two, are there yet many habitations, sweet with the fragrance of tranquil seas.

A free life is yet free to great souls. Verily, he that possesseth little is still less possessed: praised be moderate poverty!

Where the State ceaseth, there beginneth that man which is not superfluous: there beginneth the song of the necessary man, the single, irreplaceable melody.

Where the State *ceaseth*—I pray you look there, my brethren! Do you not see it, the rainbow, the bridge to the Superman?

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF FLIES IN THE MARKET-PLACE

FLEE, my friend, to thy solitude! I see thee stunned by the clamour of great men and pierced by the stings of small.

Forest and rock can fitly share thy silence. Be again as the tree that thou lovest, the broad-boughed; motionless, listening, it hangeth above the sea.

Where solitude ceaseth the market-place beginneth, and where the market-place beginneth there beginneth also the clamour of great play-actors, and the buzzing of poisonous flies.

In the world even best things are of no account unless there be one to show them: 'great men' are these showmen cailed by the people.

Little know the people of that which is great, that is, of that which createth. But they have eyes and ears for all showmen and for the play-actors of great things.

The world turneth upon them which discover new values—invisibly it turneth. But the people and fame turn upon play-actors: so the world wags!

The play-actor hath intellect; yet little intellectual conscience. He believeth ever in that by which he most powerfully inspireth belief—belief in *himself*!

To-morrow hath he a new belief, and the next day yet a newer. Quick perceptions hath he, like the people, and variable humours.

He deemeth that to subvert is to prove—that to madden is to convince. And blood is for him the best of all arguments.

A truth that only the delicate ear can apprehend, is for him a lie, a naught. Verily, he believeth only in gods that make a great noise in the world!

The market-place is full of solemn buffoons—and the people boast of their 'great men': these are its lords of an hour.

But their hour presseth them, therefore they press thee: they will have from thee also thy Yea or thy Nay. Alas! wilt thou establish thy seat betwixt For and Against?

Be without jealousy of these absolute, these urgent ones, O lover of truth! Never yet did truth consort with the absolute mind.

Withdraw from these hasty ones, return into thy stronghold:

only in the market-place is one importuned for his Yea or his Nay.

Deep wells experience slowly: long must they wait ere they know what is fallen into their depths.

All great matters arise afar from the market-place and from renown: withdrawn from the market-place and from renown dwelt ever the inventors of new values.

Flee, my friend, to thy solitude: I see thee stung from head to foot by poisonous flies! Flee where the breeze bloweth rough and strong!

Flee to thy solitude! Thou hast dwelt too nigh to the small and despicable. Flee their invisible vengeance! Against thee are they all vengeance.

Lift no more thine arm against them! Innumerable are they, neither is it thy lot to be a fly-whisk.

Innumerable are these small and despicable ones; and many a proud edifice have rain-drops and weeds brought to naught.

Thou art not stone, yet already hast thou been hollowed by the multitude of drops. Beneath that multitude of drops thou wilt break in pieces.

I see thee harassed by poisonous flies, and bloody from an hundred stings; and thy pride will not even grow wrathful.

Thy blood they desire of thee in all innocence, their bloodless souls crave blood—and therefore in all innocence they sting.

But thou that art deep sufferest too deeply, even from slight wounds; and ere thou art healed, the poisonous creature creepeth again over thy hand.

I know thou art too proud to kill these gourmets. But have a care lest it be thy fate to bear all their poisonous injury!

Moreover they buzz about thee with their praise: their praise is impudence. They desire the proximity of thy flesh and thy blood.

They flatter thee as a god or a devil; they whine before thee as before a god or a devil. What matter? Flatterers are they and whiners all.

Moreover oft-times they show themselves as amiable to thee. But this was ever the cunning of cowards. Yea, cowards are cunning!

They think much upon thee in their narrow souls—thou art ever suspect of them! Whatsoever is much thought upon, becometh suspect.

They punish thee for all thy virtues. In their heart of hearts they pardon thee only thy mistakes.

Because thou art gentle and of a just mind thou sayest: 'They are guiltless of their petty being'. But their narrow soul thinketh: 'All great being is guilt'.

When thou art gentle to them they feel themselves despised of thee: and they recompense thy benefits with secret injuries.

Thy silent pride goeth ever against their stomachs; they exult if ever thou be modest enough to be vain.

That which we perceive in a man we also kindle in him. Therefore beware of the petty!—

They feel themselves small before thee, and their baseness glowereth and gloweth in invisible vengeance against thee.

Sawest thou not how oft they fell silent when thou drewest nigh unto them, and how their power left them as the smoke of a dying fire?

Yea, my friend, thou art thy neighbours' evil conscience: for they are unworthy of thee. Therefore hate they thee and would fain suck thy blood.

Thy neighbours will ever be poisonous flies; that very thing which is great in thee maketh them yet more poisonous and yet more like flies.

Flee, my friend, to thy solitude, where the breeze bloweth rough and strong! It is not thy lot to be a fly-whisk.

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF CHASTITY

I LOVE the forest. It is ill living in towns: too many of the lustful dwell there.

Is it not better to fall into the hands of a murderer than into the dreams of a lustful woman?

And behold these men! Their eye confesseth it—they know naught better on earth than to lie with a woman.

The ground of their soul is filth. Alas, if there be yet mind in their filth!

Would at least ye were perfect, as are the beasts. But to the beast belongeth innocence.

Do I counsel you to slay your senses? I counsel you innocence of the senses.

Do I counsel you chastity? Chastity is a virtue with some, but with many almost a vice.

These are indeed continent: but the bitch of Sensuality looketh enviously out of all that they do.

..This restless beast ever followeth them, even upon the summits of their virtues, and within the coldness of the mind.

And how prettily can this bitch, Sensuality, beg for a morsel of mind when a morsel of flesh is denied her!

Ye love tragedies and all that lacerateth the heart? But I distrust your bitch.

Methinks ye have cruel eyes, and spy lustfully after sufferers. Hath not your lust but disguised herself, calling herself pity?

This parable, too, I give unto you: not a few, seeking to drive out their devils, went themselves into the swine.

He to whom chastity is hard is to be counselled against it lest it become the road unto hell—that is, to filthiness and concupiscence of the soul.

Do I speak of filthy things? I deem not this the worst evil.

Not when truth is filthy but when it is shallow goeth the wise unwillingly into its waters.

Verily, some there are that are wholly chaste: they are gentler of heart, they laugh more kindly and oftener than do ye.

They laugh also at chastity, asking: 'What is chastity?

Is chastity not folly? But this folly hath come unto us, not we unto it.

We have offered this guest house and heart: now dwelleth he with us—let him tarry while he will!'

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF THE FRIEND

'ONE is ever one too many with me,' thinketh the hermit.
'Ever once one—this becometh at length two.

I and myself are ever too hot in converse; how could I bear it if there were not a friend?'

To the hermit a friend is ever a third: this third is the float which hindereth lest the converse of the two sink in the deeps.

Alas, for hermits there are too many deeps! Therefore they yearn greatly for a friend and his heights.

Our belief in others betrayeth that whereon we would fain believe in ourselves. Our desire for a friend is our betrayer.

And oft-times in loving a man seeketh only to overleap envy. And oft-times a man assaileth, a man maketh an enemy, to conceal that he is himself assailable.

'Be at least mine enemy!' saith true reverence that dareth not to ask for friendship.

If a man seek to have a friend he must be ready to wage war for him: and to wage war he must *be able* to be an enemy.

In one's friend one should ever honour the foe. Canst thou draw nigh to thy friend and not go over to his side?

In one's friend one should find one's dearest enemy. Thou shalt be nighest him in heart when thou withstandest him.

Wouldst thou go unclad in the presence of thy friend? Is it to honour thy friend that thou showest thyself to him as thou art? He will wish thee to the devil therefor!

He that maketh no secret of himself exciteth indignation: reason enough have ye to fear nakedness! Yea, if ye were gods, *then* might ye be ashamed of your clothing!

For thy friend canst thou never enough adorn thyself: for to him shalt thou be an arrow and a desire for the Superman.

Sawest thou ever thy friend sleeping that thou mightest learn what manner of man he was? What is thy friend's face at other times?—It is thine own face in a rough and imperfect mirror.

But sawest thou ever thy friend sleeping? Wast thou not afraid because thy friend looked thus? O my friend, man is a thing that must be surmounted.

A friend should be a master in divination and in silence: thou

must not wish to see all things. Thy dream shall reveal to thee what thy friend doeth when he is awake.

Let thy sympathy be with divination—to know first whether thy friend desireth sympathy. Perchance he loveth in thee the unmoved eye and the look of eternity.

Let sympathy with thy friend be hid beneath a hard shell, whereon thou shalt break thy tooth. Thus shall thy sympathy have delicacy and sweetness.

Art thou to thy friend as fresh air, and solitude, and bread, and medicine? Many an one cannot loose his own chains and yet is he a saviour to his friend.

Art thou a slave? Then canst thou be no friend. Art thou a tyrant? Then canst thou have no friend.

Too long have a slave and a tyrant lain hid in woman. Therefore is woman not yet capable of friendship: she knoweth only love.

In the love of woman there is injustice and blindness to all that she loveth not. And even where woman loveth with knowledge there is ever, with the light, surprise, and lightning, and night.

As yet woman is not capable of friendship: women are yet ever cats and birds. Or, at the best, cows.

As yet woman is not capable of friendship. But say, ye men, which of you is capable of friendship?

Alas for your poverty, ye men, and your avarice of soul! As much as ye give to your friend will I give to my foe, and become no poorer thereby.

There is comradeship: oh, that there were friendship!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF A THOUSAND AND ONE GOALS

MANY lands hath Zarathustra seen, and many peoples: thus he discerned the good and the evil of many peoples. No greater power found Zarathustra on earth than good and evil.

No people could live at all which did not first value. But if it would survive, it must not value as its neighbour doth.

Much that one people calleth good another calleth scorn and dishonour: thus have I found it. Much have I found named evil here, but there adored with honours of the purple.

Never understood one neighbour the other: his soul was ever amazed at his neighbour's delusions and wickedness.

A table of values is set up over each people. Behold, it is the table of its triumphs! Behold, it is the voice of its will to power!

That is laudable which is reckoned hard: that is called good which is both necessary and hard; and that which saveth in extremest need—the rare, the hardest—that is acclaimed holy.

Whatsoever maketh a people to have dominion and to conquer and to shine, to the fear and the envy of its neighbours, that is held as the high thing, the first thing, the measure, the meaning of all things.

Verily, my brother, discernest thou but a people's need, its land, its skies, its neighbours, thou mightest well discover the law of its triumphs, and wherefore it mounteth *this* ladder to its hope.

'Thou shalt ever be first and excel all others: none shall thy jealous soul love, save it be thy friend': this saying thrilled the soul of the Greek: by this he went his way of greatness.

'Speak truth and be skilled with bow and arrow': this saying was deemed both a precious and a hard saying by the people whence my name cometh—that name which is both precious and hard to me.

'Honour father and mother, and do their will with all thy heart': this table of victory was set up by another people, which became mighty and eternal thereby.

'Keep faith and for faith's sake stake honour and blood, even in evil and perilous matters': with this doctrine another people

overcame itself, and self-overcoming grew pregnant and big with mighty hopes.

Verily, men have made for themselves all their good and evil. Verily, they received it not, they found it not, it came not down as a voice from heaven.

Man assigned to things value only to preserve himself—he first gave meaning to things, a human meaning. Therefore he calleth himself ‘man’, that is, the valuer.

To value is to create: hear, ye creators! Valuation itself is the treasure and jewel of all things valued.

Valuation first giveth value: without valuation existence were as an hollow nut. Hear, ye creators!

Change of values—it is change of creators. He that is destined to create ever destroyeth.

In the beginning the peoples were creators, and later, individuals; verily, the individual is himself the latest creation.

Aforetime the peoples set up over them a table of goods. The love that desireth to rule, and the love that desireth to obey—together they created such tables.

Joy in the herd is older than joy in the *I*: and while good conscience is called herd, only the bad conscience saith *I*.

Verily, that cunning, that unloving *I* that seeketh its own profit in the profit of the many—it is not the origin of the herd, but its destruction.

The loving and the creative—they have ever been creators of good and evil. The fire of love gloweth in the names of all virtues and the fire of wrath.

Many lands hath Zarathustra seen, and many peoples: no greater power hath Zarathustra found on earth than the works of the loving: *good* and *evil* are their names.

Verily, a monster is this power of praise and of blame. Say, brethren, who shall overcome it? Who will yoke its thousand necks?

A thousand goals have there been heretofore, for there have been a thousand peoples. But the yoke upon the thousand necks is lacking, the one goal is lacking. Mankind hath as yet no goal.

But tell me, I pray, my brethren: if a goal be lacking to mankind, is not mankind itself lacking?

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF LOVE FOR ONE'S NEIGHBOUR ¹

YE throng about your neighbour, and have fine names therefor. But I say unto you, Your love for your neighbour is your evil love for yourselves.

Ye flee from yourselves to your neighbour and would fain make a virtue thereof; but I see through your 'unselfishness'.

The *Thou* is older than the *I*; the *Thou* hath been called holy, but not yet the *I*; thus man throngeth about his neighbour.

Do I counsel you to love your neighbour? I rather counsel you to flee from your neighbour and to love that which is farthest.

Higher than love of one's neighbour is love for the remote and for the future. And I hold love for things and phantoms higher than love for men.

This phantom which goeth before thee, my brother, is more beautiful than thou. Why dost thou not give him thy flesh and thy bones? But thou art afraid and fleest to thy neighbour.

Ye cannot endure yourselves, too little ye love yourselves: now seek ye to seduce your neighbour to love you and to gild yourselves with his error.

I would ye could not endure any of your neighbours or their neighbours; so would ye have need to create out of yourselves your friend and his full heart.

Ye call in a witness, when ye wish to speak well of yourselves; and when ye have seduced him to think well of you, ye also think well of yourselves.

Not only is he a liar that speaketh contrary to his knowledge, but yet more he that speaketh contrary to his ignorance. Thus speak ye of yourselves in company and deceive your neighbour as yourselves.

Thus saith the fool: 'Intercourse with men spoileth character—especially if one have none'.

One goeth to his neighbour because he seeketh himself, another because he would lose himself. Your evil love for yourselves maketh of your solitude a prison.

¹ In the German the words used for 'neighbour' and 'nearest' are here the same. This points the antithesis between 'nearest' and 'farthest' throughout this chapter.—TRANS.

Those afar off pay the price of your love of your neighbour; and wherever there are five of you together a sixth must die.

I love not your feasts: I have found there too many play-actors, and oft-times the spectators also behaved as actors.

I teach you not neighbourliness, but friendship. Let your friend be your festival of earth and foretaste of the Superman.

I teach you your friend and his overflowing heart. But one must know how to become a sponge if one would be loved by the overflowing heart.

I teach you that friend in whom the world standeth complete, a nut full of goodness—the creative friend that hath ever a perfect world in his gift.

For him the world unrolleth itself and rolleth together again as a scroil—a growth of good out of evil, a growth of purpose out of chance.

Let things future and farthest be the motive of thy to-day: in thy friend shalt thou love the Superman as thy motive.

My brethren, I counsel you not love of your neighbour: I counsel you love of them that are farthest.

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF THE WAY OF A CREATOR

WILT thou be solitary, my brother? Wilt thou seek the way alone? Tarry yet a while and hearken unto me.

'He that seeketh may go astray. All solitude is sin,' saith the herd. And long wast thou thyself of the herd.

The voice of the herd yet lingereth within thee. And when thou wouldst say, 'I have no longer a common conscience with you', it shall be grief and pain unto you.

Lo, this pain was itself born of that common conscience. And the last flicker of that conscience shineth in thine affliction.

But wilt thou tread the way of thine affliction, which is the way unto thyself? Show me, then, thy right and thy power so to do!

Art thou a new power and a new right? A primal motion? A self-rolling wheel? Canst thou also compel the stars to circle about thee?

Alas, so many lust for the heights, so many wrestle for ambition! Show me that thou art not of the lustful or of the ambitious!

Alas, there are so many great thoughts that are no better than bellows: they inflate and make but the emptier.

Thou callest thyself free? I would hear of thy master thought, not of thine escape from the yoke.

Art thou a man which *should* escape the yoke? Many an one has cast away all his value when he cast off his servitude.

Free from what? How concerneth that Zarathustra? Let thine eye answer me frankly, Free *for what*?

Canst thou give thyself thine evil and thy good, setting up thy will as a law? Canst thou be thine own judge and the avenger of thine own law?

A fearful thing it is to be alone with the judge and avenger of one's own law. Even so is a star cast out into the void and into the icy breath of solitude.

To-day sufferest thou yet from the many, thou lone one: to-day hast thou yet thy courage and thy hopes entire.

But a day cometh when loneliness shall weary thee, when thy

pride shall writhe and thy courage gnash its teeth. In that day thou shalt cry, I am alone!

A day cometh when thou shalt see thy high things no more, and thy low things all too nigh: thou shalt fear thine exaltation as it were a phantom. In that day thou shalt cry, All is false!

There are emotions that seek to slay the solitary; if they succeed not they must themselves perish! But art thou able to be a murderer?

My brother, knowest thou the word 'contempt'? And the anguish it is to thy justice to be just to them which contemn thee?

Thou compellest many to learn thee anew; they charge it heavily against thee. Thou drewest nigh to them yet didst pass them by; they will never forgive it thee.

Thou goest beyond them: but the higher thou dost mount, the smaller thou seemest to the eye of envy. But he that hath wings is most hated.

How should ye be just to me? ye shall say; I choose your injustice as my portion.

Injustice and filth are cast at the solitary: but, my brother, if thou wouldst be a star, thou must shine upon them none the less!

Beware of the Good and Righteous! Fain would they crucify them which devise their own standards of virtue—they hate the solitary.

Beware also of holy simplicity! It holdeth naught holy that is not simple: it loveth to play with fire—the fire of the stake.

And beware the assaults of thy love! Too readily doth the solitary stretch out his hand to him that meeteth with him.

To many a man thou shouldst give not thy hand, but thy paw: and I will that thy paw have claws!

But the worst enemy thou canst meet is ever thyself: thou thyself waylayest thyself in caves and in forests.

Thou Solitary, thou treadest the way to thyself! And thy way goeth past thyself and thy seven devils!

Thou shalt be to thyself heretic, witch, soothsayer, fool, sceptic, reprobate, and villain.

Thou must be willing to burn thyself in thine own flame: how mayst thou be made anew unless thou first become ashes?

Thou Solitary, thou treadest the way of the creator: thou wilt create for thyself a god out of thy seven devils!

Thou Solitary, thou treadest the way of the loving: loving thyself thou despisest thyself as only the loving despise.

The loving createth because he despiseth! What knoweth he of love whose lot it is not to despise the thing he loveth!

My brother, go into thy solitude with thy love and thy creativeness; and, long after, justice will limp after thee.

My brother, go into thy solitude with my tears. I love him that willeth to create a thing beyond himself, and thus perisheth.

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF WOMENKIND, OLD AND YOUNG

WHEREFORE stealest thou so timidly through the twilight, Zarathustra? And what hidest thou so carefully beneath thy mantle?

Is it some treasure that hath been given thee? Or a child born unto thee? Or walkest thou now thyself in the ways of thieves, thou friend of the wicked?—

Verily, my brother! said Zarathustra, it is a treasure that hath been given me: a little truth it is that I carry.

But it is unruly as a young child, and if I hold not its mouth it crieth over-loud.

As this day I went my way alone at the hour of sunset I met a little old woman who spake thus to my soul:

Much hath Zarathustra spoken even unto us women, but never spake he unto us of woman.

And I answered her: Of woman must one speak only to men.

Speak also to me of woman, she said, I am old enough to forget it forthwith.

And I, assenting, spake thus to the little old woman:

All in woman is a riddle, and all in woman hath one answer—that is child-bearing.

Man is for woman a means: the end is ever the child. But what is woman for man?

Two things true man desireth: danger and play. Therefore desireth he woman as the most dangerous of playthings.

Man shall be trained for war, and woman for the recreation of the warrior: all else is folly.

Over-sweet fruits—the warrior loveth them not. Therefore he loveth woman; bitter is even the sweetest woman.

Woman understandeth children better than man, but man is more childlike than woman.

In true man a child lieth hidden: it longeth to play. Up, ye women, discover me the child in man!

Let woman be a plaything pure and delicate as a jewel, illumined with the virtues of a world that is yet to come.

Let the beam of a star shine in your love! Let your hope be, Would I might give birth to the Superman!

Let there be valour in your love! Assail with your love him that maketh you afraid.

In your love let your honour be! Little else knoweth woman of honour. But let it be your honour ever to love more than ye be loved, and never to be second.

Let man fear woman when she loveth: then will she sacrifice all, and naught else hath value for her.

Let man fear woman when she hateth: for in the depth of his soul man is but evil, but woman is base.

Whom hateth woman most?—Thus spake the iron to the loadstone: I hate thee most because thou drawest but art not strong enough to draw me to thee.

Man's happiness is, I will. Woman's happiness is, He will.

Behold, this moment hath the world been perfected!—thus deemeth every woman when she obeyeth with all her love.

Woman must obey and find depth to her surface. Surface is woman's nature, foam tossed to and fro on shallow water.

But deep is man's nature, his current floweth in subterranean caverns: woman divineth his power, but understandeth it not.

Then the little old woman answered me: Many fine things saith Zarathustra, and especially for them that are young enough.

A strange thing is this—Zarathustra knoweth little of women, and yet is he right regarding them! Is this because with woman nothing is impossible?

And now take as thanks a little truth. I am old enough to speak it!

Wrap it well and keep its mouth shut: else will it cry over-loud, this little truth.

Give me, woman, thy little truth, I said. And thus spake the little old woman:

Thou goest to women? Remember thy whip!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF THE BITE OF AN ADDER

ON a day Zarathustra fell asleep beneath a fig-tree, for it was hot, and he covered his face with his arms. Then came an adder and bit his throat so that he cried out in pain. When he had withdrawn his arm from his face he looked upon the serpent: then it knew the eyes of Zarathustra and turned uneasily and sought to wriggle away. Not so, said Zarathustra; not yet hast thou accepted my thanks! Thou hast awakened me in due time, my way is yet long. Thy way is short, said the adder sorrowfully; my poison killeth. Zarathustra smiled. When did ever a dragon die of a serpent's poison? he said. But take back thy poison! Thou art not rich enough to make me a gift thereof. Then fell the adder again upon his throat and licked his wound.

On a certain day as Zarathustra told this to his disciples they asked, What, O Zarathustra, is the moral of thy tale? Zarathustra answered thus:

The destroyer of morality am I called by the Good and the Righteous: my tale is immoral.

But if ye have an enemy, return him not good for evil: for that would make him ashamed. But prove that he hath done thee a service.

And rather be wroth than make ashamed! And if ye be cursed I would not have you bless. Rather join a little in the cursing!

And if a great wrong be done you, do straightway five small ones beside! Hideous is he to behold that alone is oppressed with wrong.

Know ye this? Shared wrong is half right. And he that can bear it shall take injustice on himself!

A little revenge is more human than no revenge at all. And unless punishment be also a right and an honour to the offender I love not your punishments.

It is nobler to own oneself wrong than to carry the point, especially if one be right. But one must be rich enough therefor.

I love not your cold justice; out of the eye of your judges looketh ever the executioner with his cold steel.

Say, where may justice be found, which is love with open eyes?

Discover me that love which beareth not only all punishment, but also all guilt!

Discover me that justice which acquitteth all save the judge!

And will ye hear this likewise? In him that willeth to be altogether just even a lie is love for mankind.

But how should I be altogether just? How can I give to each his own? Let this be sufficient for me, that I give to each what is mine.

Lastly, my brethren, beware of doing wrong to any hermit! How can an hermit forget? How can he retaliate?

An hermit is as a deep well. It is easy to cast a stone therein, but once it hath sunk to the bottom who shall bring it forth again?

Beware of injuring an hermit. But if ye do so, then slay him also!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF CHILD AND MARRIAGE

I HAVE a question for thee alone, my brother: I cast it as a plummet into thy soul that I may know how deep it be.

Thou art young and desirest child and marriage. But I ask thee, Art thou a man that *may* desire a child?

Art thou victor, self-subduer, master of thy senses, lord of thy virtues? Thus do I ask thee.

Or speak the beast and blind need in thy desire? Or loneliness? Or self-discord?

I would that thy victory and thy freedom desired a child. So thou shouldest build living monuments to thy victory and thy liberation.

Thou shalt build beyond thyself. But first I would have thee be built thyself—perfect in body and soul.

Thou shalt propagate thyself not only *onwards* but *upwards*! Thereto may the garden of marriage assist thee!

Thou shalt create a higher body, a primal motion, a self-rolling wheel—thou shalt create a creator.

Marriage: this call I the will of two to create that one which is more than they that created him. Marriage call I reverence of the one for the other as for them that possess such a will.

Let this be the meaning and truth of thy marriage. But that which the much-too-many call marriage, the superfluous ones—alas, what call I that?

Alas! this double poverty of souls! Alas! this double uncleanness of souls! Alas! this double despicable ease!

Marriage they call it; and they say their marriage is made in heaven.

As for me, I love it not, this heaven of the superfluous! Nay, I love them not, these beasts entrapped in heavenly snares!

Far from me also be the God that cometh halting to bless that He joined not together!

Laugh not at such marriages! What child hath not cause to weep over its parents?

Worthy meseemed such an one, and ripe for the meaning of earth, but when I beheld his wife earth seemed to me a madhouse.

Yea, I would the earth would quake whenever a saint mateth with a goose.

Such an one went forth in quest of truth like a hero, and his prize at length was a little dressed-up lie. He calleth it his marriage.

Such another was reserved in society and chose fastidiously. But suddenly he for ever lowered his company: he calleth this his marriage.

A third sought a serving-wench with an angel's virtues. But suddenly he became the serving-wench of a woman, and now needeth himself to become an angel!

All buyers have I found cautious and cunning of eye. Yet even the most cunning buyeth his wife in a sack.

Many brief follies—that ye call love. And your marriage maketh an end of many brief follies with one long stupidity.

Your love for woman, and woman's love for man: alas, would they were sympathy for suffering and hidden deities! But commonly two beasts find one another out.

Even your best love is but a rapturous likeness, an anguished ardour. It is a torch to light you to higher paths.

Some day ye shall love beyond yourselves! *Learn*, then, how to love! To that end were ye compelled to drink the bitter cup of your love.

Bitterness is in the cup even of the best love: thus causeth it desire for the Superman: thus it maketh thee to thirst, the creator!

Creative thirst, an arrow of desire for the Superman: say, my brother, is this thy will to marriage?

Holy call I such a will and such a marriage.

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF FREE DEATH

MANY die too late and some die too soon. Strange as yet soundeth the doctrine: Die at the right time.

Die at the right time: thus teacheth Zarathustra.

Nay, but he that hath never lived at the right time, how could he die at the right time? Would he had never been born!—Thus counsel I the superfluous ones.

Yet even the superfluous ones make a great matter of their dying, even the hollowest nut desireth to be cracked.

All men call dying a great matter: but death is not yet a feast. Not yet have men learned to hallow the finest feasts.

I show you the death that consummates—a spur and a solemn pledge to the living.

He that hath achieved dieth his death as a victor, surrounded by them that hope and are pledged.

Thus should one learn to die: and there should be no feast whereat one so dying halloweth not the vows of the living!

So to die is best; but the second best is to die in battle and pour out a mighty soul.

But hateful alike to the fighter and to the victor is your grinning death that creepeth nigh like a thief—yet cometh as a master.

My death I commend unto you, free death, that cometh unto me because *I* will.

And when shall I will? He that hath a goal and an heir willeth death to come at the right time for goal and heir.

And in reverence for goal and heir he will hang no withered wreaths in the sanctuary of life.

Verily, I would not be as the rope-makers: as they draw out their lengthening cord they themselves go ever backwards.

Many an one waxeth too old even for his truths and his victories: a toothless mouth no longer hath a right to every truth.

And whosoever desireth renown must betimes say farewell to honour, and practise the difficult art of departing at the right time.

One should cease to be eaten whilst one's flavour is at its best; they know this that would long be loved.

There are indeed sour apples, whose lot it is to await the last

day of autumn: they become all at once ripe, yellow, and wrinkled.

With some the heart ageth first, with others the mind. And some are old in youth: but late youth remaineth long youth.

To many an one life is a failure: a maggot gnaweth at his heart. Let him see to it that he succeed better in dying.

Many an one groweth never sweet, but rotteth even in summer. It is cowardice that holdeth him fast to his bough.

Much too many live and hang much too long upon their boughs. Would there came some storm to shake all these rotten and maggoty ones from the tree!

Would there came preachers of *speedy* death! These were the storms it needeth to shake the trees of life! But I hear only slow death preached, and patience with all that is 'earthly'.

Alas! Preach ye patience with that which is 'earthly'? This 'earthly' is over-patient with *you*, ye blasphemers!

Verily, too soon died that Hebrew whom the preachers of slow death revere: and his too early death hath been fatal to many since.

Whilst Jesus the Hebrew as yet knew only the tears and the melancholy of the Hebrew, together with the hatred of the Good and the Righteous, the longing for death overtook him.

Would he had remained in the desert, far from the Good and the Righteous! Perchance he had learned how to live and to love the earth—and to laugh besides!

Believe me, my brethren! He died too soon: he himself would have revoked his own doctrine, had he come to mine age! Noble enough was he to revoke it!

But he was yet unripe. Unripely the youth loveth, and unripely he hateth man and the earth. Fettered and heavy as yet are his soul and the wings of his spirit.

But in the man there is more of the child than there is in the youth, and less of melancholy: he is more at home with death and with life.

Free for death and free in death, an holy Nay-sayer, when the time is past to say Yea: thus he is at home with death and with life.

That your dying be not blasphemy of man and of earth, my friends: this I ask of the honey of your soul.

In your dying your spirit and your virtue shall glow on like the after-glow of sunset round the world: else hath your dying ill succeeded.

Thus will I myself to die, that ye my friends may love earth

more for my sake; and I will to become earth again, that I may have rest in Her which bore me.

Verily, Zarathustra had a goal, he cast his ball thereat: now, friends, be heirs of my goal, I toss the golden ball to you.

Best of all, my friends, I love to see you throw the golden ball! And so I tarry a little while yet upon earth: forgive it me!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF VIRTUE THAT GIVETH

I

WHEN Zarathustra had taken leave of the city to which his heart was given and which is called 'The Dappled Cow' many followed him which called themselves his disciples, and they bore him company. Thus they came to four cross-roads: then said Zarathustra unto them that he desired now to go alone; for he loved to walk in solitude. But his disciples at parting gave him a staff with a golden handle whereon a serpent coiled itself about the sun. Zarathustra delighted in the staff and leaned upon it: then spake he thus to his disciples:

Tell me, How came it that gold is valued above all else? Even for this cause, that it is rare and unprofitable, and shineth with a soft lustre; it ever giveth itself.

Only as an image of highest virtue came gold to be valued highest. Golden is the glance of the giver. Shining gold maketh peace 'twixt moon and sun.

Rare is highest virtue and unprofitable; it shineth with soft lustre; a giving virtue is the highest virtue.

Verily, I have found you out, my disciples: ye strive like me for the virtue that giveth. What should ye have in common with cats and with wolves?

This is your thirst, to become sacrifices and gifts: therefore ye thirst to store all riches within your souls.

Your soul striveth insatiably for treasures and jewels because your virtue is ever insatiable in the will to give.

Ye compel all things to come unto you and into you, that they may flow back from your fount as gifts of your love.

Verily, such giving love must become a robber of all values; but such selfishness call I healthy and holy.

There is another selfishness, poor and starving, that ever seeketh to steal—the selfishness of the sick, a sickly selfishness.

With a thief's eye it looketh on all that glittereth; with an hungry craving it measureth him that hath food in plenty; and it ever creepeth about the tables of givers.

Disease speaketh in such craving, and unseen degeneracy; of a sick body speaketh the thievish craving of this selfishness.

Tell me, my brethren, What is for us the ill thing, the worst

thing? Is it not *degeneracy*?—And we ever suspect degeneracy where the giving soul is lacking.

Upward mounteth our path, from species to super-species. But we hold in horror the degenerate mind that saith: 'All for myself!'

Upward soareth our mind: it is a likeness of our body, an image of exaltation. The names of the virtues are images of such exaltations.

Thus goeth the body through history—a becomer, a fighter. And the spirit—what is it to the body? The herald, comrade, and echo of its fights and victories.

All names of good and evil are images: they speak not plain, they hint only. A fool is he that desireth knowledge of them!

My brethren, give heed to each hour wherein your spirit would speak in images: there is the source of your virtue.

Then is your body exalted and raised up; its bliss ravisheth the spirit so that it becometh a creator and a valuer and a lover and a benefactor of all things.

When your heart overfloweth, broad and full like a river, a blessing and a peril to those that dwell nigh: there is the source of your virtue.

When ye are raised above praise and blame, and when your will seeketh to command all things, as the will of a lover: there is the source of your virtue.

When ye despise pleasant things and a soft bed, and cannot bed yourselves far enough from all that is effeminate: there is the source of your virtue.

When ye are willers of one will, and the bending of all need is necessity to you: there is the source of your virtue.

Verily, it is a new good and evil—verily, a stirring of new deeps, the voice of a new fountain!

It is power, this new virtue: a master-thought it is, and round about it a subtle soul: a golden sun, and round about it the serpent of knowledge.

2

Zarathustra here fell silent awhile and looked lovingly upon his disciples. Then began he again to speak—and his voice was changed:

I bid you remain true to earth, my brethren, with the power of your virtue! Let your giving love and your knowledge serve the meaning of earth! Thus I beg and conjure you.

Let it not flee from what is earthly and beat with its wings

against eternal walls! Alas, how much virtue hath ever so flown and gone astray!

Like me bring back to earth the stray bird of your virtue—yea, back to the body and to life: that it may give to earth its meaning, a human meaning.

Spirit and virtue both have heretofore so strayed an hundred times. Alas, in our body all these illusions and mistakes yet live! Body and will have they become there.

Spirit and virtue both have tried and erred an hundred times. Yea, man himself hath been but a trial. Alas, much ignorance and error have become incarnate in us!

Not alone the wisdom of the ages—their madness also breaketh out in us. Perilous it is to be an heir.

Still wrestle we step by step with the giant Chance, and over all mankind heretofore have folly and non-sense held sway.

Let your spirit and your virtue serve the meaning of earth, my brethren; and let the value of all things be fixed anew by yourselves! Therefore shall ye be fighters! Therefore shall ye be creators!

Knowingly the body purifieth itself; with knowledge it attempteth to exalt itself; to the knower all instincts are hallowed; the soul of him that is exalted waxeth merry.

Physician, heal thyself; so healest thou also thy patient. Let this be his best aid, that he see with his own eyes him that hath made himself whole.

A thousand paths there are that none hath yet trod, a thousand healths and hidden isles of life. Ever unexhausted and undiscovered are man and man's earth.

Awake and hearken, ye lonely ones! From the future come winds upon secret pinions, and there cometh good news for the hearing ear.

Ye lonely ones of to-day, ye that stand apart, ye shall one day be a people: from you, that have chosen yourselves, a chosen people shall arise—and from it the Superman.

Verily, a place of healing shall earth become! And already a new fragrance encompasseth it, an odour of salvation—and a new hope!

3

When Zarathustra had spoken these words he fell silent as one that hath not yet uttered his final word; long, as though in doubt, he swung his staff in his hand. At length he spake thus—and again his voice had changed:

Alone go I now, my disciples! Ye also go, and alone! I would have it so.

Verily, I counsel you: depart from me and beware of Zarathustra! And better still: be ashamed of him! Perchance he hath deceived you.

The man of knowledge must be able not only to love his enemies, but also to hate his friends.

One ill requiteth one's teacher if one ever remaineth a scholar. Wherefore should ye not pluck at my laurels?

Ye revere me; but how if one day the object of your reverence fall? Beware lest ye be crushed to death by a monument!

Ye say ye believe in Zarathustra? But of what account is Zarathustra? Ye are my believers: but of what account are believers?

Ye had not yet sought yourselves: then found ye me. Thus do all believers; therefore all belief is of little account.

Now I bid you lose me and find yourselves; and not until all have disowned me shall I return to you.

Verily, with other eyes, my brethren, shall I then seek my lost ones; with another love shall I then love you.

And once again shall ye become my friends and children of one hope: then shall I be with you yet a third time, that I may celebrate with you the Great Noon.

And the Great Noon shall be when man standeth in the midst of his course between beast and Superman, and haileth his path to the sunset as his highest hope: for it is the path to a new morning.

Then shall he that goeth down¹ bless himself as one that goeth over; and his sun of knowledge shall stand at noon.

'Dead are all gods: now will we that the Superman live.' Let this be our last will at the Great Noon!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

¹ See note, p. 3.

THE SECOND PART

. . . not until all have disowned me shall I return to you.

Verily, with other eyes, my brethren, shall I then seek my lost ones; with another love shall I then love you.

Zarathustra. I. 'Of Virtue that Giveth.'

THE CHILD WITH THE MIRROR

THEREAFTER Zarathustra returned into the mountains and into the solitude of his cave and withdrew himself from men, expecting like a sower that hath cast forth his seed. But his soul waxed impatient and longed after them that he loved; for he had yet much to give them. This is of all things hardest: out of love to shut the open hand, and as a giver to keep shamefastness.

Thus months and years passed over the Solitary, but his wisdom grew, and its abundance became anguish unto him.

And on a day he awoke ere it was dawn, communed long upon his couch, and said at length within his heart:

Wherefore was I afraid in my dream, so that I awoke? Came not a child to me, bearing a mirror?

O Zarathustra—said the child unto me—behold thyself in the mirror!

But when I looked into the mirror I cried aloud, and my heart was troubled. For I saw not myself therein, but a devil's grimace and mocking laughter.

Verily, too well I know the interpretation of this dream and its warning; my *doctrine* is in peril, and tares make pretence to be wheat.

Mine enemies are waxed mighty and have distorted the likeness of my doctrine, so that my beloved must blush for the gifts which I gave them.

My friends go astray from me; the hour is come in which I must seek my lost ones!

With these words Zarathustra arose in haste, yet not as one oppressed that gaspeth for air, but rather as a prophet and singer upon whom the spirit is come. And his Eagle and his Serpent looked upon him amazed: for the joy which was to come lay upon his countenance like the day-spring.

And Zarathustra said, What hath befallen me, my beasts? Am I not transformed! Hath not blessedness overtaken me like the whirlwind?

My joy is foolish and will babble folly: it is yet full young: have patience with it!

I am wounded by my happiness: all that suffer shall be my physicians!

Now may I descend again to my friends—yea, and to mine enemies! Again may Zarathustra speak and give gifts and do love's best service to his loved ones.

My love is impatient and overfloweth toward the east and toward the west. Out of the silence of the hills, out of the tempests of affliction my soul poureth down upon the valleys.

Too long have I pined and gazed into the distance; too long hath solitude possessed me: thus have I unlearned silence.

I am become altogether mouth, and the brawling of a brook among high crags: I will hurl down my words upon the valleys.

Though there be no bed to carry the torrent of my love, shall a stream not at length find the ocean?

There is verily a lake within me, a hermit lake, self-sufficing: but the torrent of my love beareth it down by violence—even to the ocean!

I go new ways, a new speech is in my mouth; I am wearied, like all creators, of old tongues. My spirit will go no more on outworn sandals.

All speech is too slow for me—I leap to thy chariot, O storm! And thee too will I scourge with the whip of mine ire!

As a cry and a clamour will I overpass wide oceans until I find the Happy Isles wherein my friends dwell.

And in their midst mine enemies! How do I now love every man to whom I may but speak! Even mine enemies pertain unto my bliss!

And when I seek to mount my wildest steed my spear is ever my best aid: it is my foot's unfailing servitor—

That spear which I hurl against mine enemies! How do I thank mine enemies that the time is come to hurl it!

My clouds are overcharged amidst the laughter of the lightning I will hurl down my hailstones.

Mightily shall my breast heave, mightily will I blow my storm across the mountains: thus shall it find discharge.

Verily, my joy and my freedom come like a storm! But mine enemies shall deem that *the Evil One* rageth above their heads.

Yea, and ye also, even my friends, shall be afraid because of my Wild Wisdom; and perchance ye shall flee together with mine enemies.

Ah, that I might pipe you back like a shepherd! Ah, that

the lioness of my Wisdom might learn to roar tenderly! We have already learnt much together!

My Wild Wisdom conceived upon the solitary mountains; amidst rocks and stones she brought forth her young, her latest-born.

Now runneth she crazed through the stony desert and seeketh, ever seeketh the greensward—mine old Wild Wisdom.

On the greensward of your hearts, my friends—on your love would she bed her beloved!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

IN THE HAPPY ISLES

THE figs fall from the trees; they are good and sweet; and as they fall their red skin bursteth. A north wind am I to ripe figs.

Even so, like figs, fall these doctrines to you, my friends: drink therefore of their juice and their sweet flesh. Round about us is autumn and a clear sky and afternoon.

Behold what plenty is about us! Sweet it is from the midst of plenty to gaze over far seas.

Of old man said *God* when he gazed over far seas: but now I have taught you to say *Superman*.

God is a surmise; but I will that your surmises overreach not your creating will.

Could ye *create* a god?—Then be silent, pray you, concerning all gods! But well might ye create the Superman.

Perchance not ye yourselves, my brethren! But ye might re-create yourselves as fathers and forbears of the Superman: let this be your best creation!

God is a surmise; but I will that ye limit your surmise to the conceivable.

Could ye *conceive* a god?—But let this be your will to truth, that all be transmuted to that which man can conceive, man can see, man can touch! Ye shall follow out your own faculties to the end!

That which ye have called world is yet by you to be created: itself shall become your reason, your conception, your will, your love! And, verily, this shall be for your bliss, ye that have understanding!

And how could ye endure to live without that hope, ye that have understanding! For ye could have been born neither into an inconceivable nor into an irrational world.

But that I may reveal unto you my whole heart, my friends—*if* there were gods, how could I endure not to be a god! *Therefore* there are no gods.

I indeed drew that conclusion; but now it draweth me.

God is a surmise: but who could drink the full anguish of this surmise and not die? Shall his faith be taken from the creator, and from the eagle his flight in the realm of eagles?

God is a concept which maketh the straight crooked and that which standeth to reel. What? Were time, then, no more, and all that is transitory a lie?

So to think is giddiness and confusion to man's limbs and vomiting to his belly. Verily I say to you it is a giddy sickness to surmise any such thing.

Evil I declare it and hostile to mankind—this doctrine of the One, the Perfect, the Unmoved, the Sufficient, the Intransitory!

The Intransitory—it is but a simile! And the poets lie exceedingly—

But the best similes shall speak of Time and of Becoming; they shall be for praise and justification of all transitoriness!

Creation—this is the great salvation from suffering, this is life's alleviation. But that the creator may exist pain must needs be and manifold change.

Yea, much bitter dying must there be in your living, ye creators! So are ye advocates and defenders of all transitoriness.

That the creator may himself be the child that is to be born, he must will also to be the child-bearer, and the pangs of the child-bearer.

Verily, I have passed through an hundred souls and through an hundred cradles and birth-throes. Many a leave-taking have I known: I know the heartbreak of last hours.

But even so willeth my creative will, my fate. Or to speak truer: such a fate it is that my will willeth.

All my feelings are in anguish and in prison: but my willing is ever my deliverer and my comforter.

Willing setteth free: this is the true doctrine of will and of freedom—thus are ye taught it by Zarathustra.

No more to will, and no more to value, and no more to create—ah, that this great weariness may ever be far from me!

Even in knowledge I feel naught but the lust of my will to procreate and to become; and if there be innocence in my knowledge, it is because the will to procreation is within it.

This will drew me away from God and from the gods: for what were there to create—if gods existed?

But my burning will to create driveth me ever and again unto man as the mallet is driven unto the stone.

Ah, ye men, in the stone there sleepeth me an image—the image of all mine images! Alas, that it should sleep in the hardest and uncomeliest stone!

Now my mallet rageth furiously against its prison. Fragments fly from the stone: what is that to me?

I will finish my work: for a shadow came unto me—the calmest and brightest of all things once came unto me!

The beauty of the Superman came upon me as a shadow. Ah, my brethren! What have I now to do with gods?

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF THE COMPASSIONATE

My friends, a mocking speech came to the ears of your friend: Behold Zarathustra! Walketh he not amongst us as amongst beasts?

But better is it said thus: He that hath understanding walketh amongst men *as* amongst beasts.

And he that hath understanding calleth man himself 'the beast that hath red cheeks'.

How came he by them? Is it not because he hath been put too oft to shame?

O my friends! Thus saith he that hath understanding: Shame, shame, shame—that is the history of man!

Therefore doth he that is noble resolve never to make another ashamed. He resolveth rather to be ashamed in presence of all that suffereth.

Verily, I love them not, the compassionate that revel in their pity: they are destitute of shame.

If I must be compassionate, yet will I not be called so: and when I am so, let it be from afar off.

Rather would I veil my face and flee before I am known: and thus I bid you also do, my friends!

Would that fate would ever lead across my path such as, like you, are free from sorrow, and those with whom I *can* share hope and meal and honey!

Verily, I have done this thing and that for sufferers, but ever meseemed I did a better thing when I learned how better to rejoice.

Since ever man was he hath too little rejoiced. This only, my brethren, is our original sin!

And when we learn better to rejoice we best forget how to hurt others and to contrive pain.

Therefore wash I the hand that hath helped the sufferer; therefore cleanse I my very soul.

For I was ashamed that I saw the sufferer suffer, because of his shame: and when I gave him aid I sore wounded his pride.

Great obligations make not grateful but revengeful; and when a small benefit is not forgotten, it becometh a gnawing worm.

Be shy of accepting! Make an exception by accepting! thus I counsel them that have naught to give away.

But I am a giver: willingly I give, as a friend unto friends. But strangers and paupers may themselves pluck the fruit from my tree: thus it causeth them less shame.

Beggars should be altogether done away! Verily, a man is wroth when he giveth to them and wroth when he giveth not.

And sinners and them that have bad consciences likewise! Believe me, my friends: a biting conscience teacheth to bite.

But worst are they that have petty thoughts. Verily, it is better to act wickedly than to think pettily.

True, ye say: The pleasure of petty wickednesses saveth us many a great deed of wickedness. But herein one should not be saving.

An evil deed is like an ulcer: it itcheth and pricketh and breaketh forth—it speaketh honestly.

‘Behold, I am disease,’ saith the evil deed: therein is its honesty.

But a petty thought is like a fungus: it creepeth and hideth and will not be found—until the whole body is rotten and withered with little fungi.

To him that is possessed of the devil I say this in his ear: It is better thou nourishest thy devil till he groweth great. For thee too there is a way unto greatness!

Alas, my brethren! One knoweth somewhat too much of every man. And many an one becometh transparent to us, yet can we not for that reason penetrate him.

It is hard to live with men because silence is so hard.

And we are most unjust not to him that is antipathetic to us, but to him that concerns us not at all.

But hast thou a friend that suffereth, be to his pains a bed, yet an hard bed, as it were a camp-bed: thus shalt thou serve him best.

And if a friend wrong thee, say: ‘I forgive thee what thou didst unto me; but that thou didst it unto *thyself*—how could I forgive thee that?’

Thus speaketh all great love: it overcometh even forgiveness and compassion.

One must hold fast to one’s heart; for if one letteth it go, how quickly the head also runneth away!

Ah, where in the world have happened greater follies than amongst the compassionate? And what in the world hath done more harm than the follies of the compassionate?

Woe to all that love yet cannot mount above their pity!

Thus spake the devil once unto me: 'Even God hath His hell: it is His love unto men'.

And of late heard I the word spoken: God is dead: God hath died of His pity for men.

Be warned against pity: thence cometh yet a heavy cloud over men. Verily, I know the weather-signs!

But mark also this word: All great love is raised above its pity: for it seeketh to *create* that which it loveth!

Myself I sacrifice to my love, *and my neighbour as myself*—thus speak all creators.

But all creators are hard.

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF PRIESTS

ON a day Zarathustra beckoned to his disciples and spake unto them these words:

Here are priests: and though they be mine enemies, I bid you pass them quietly and with sleeping swords!

Amongst them also are heroes; many of them have suffered too much—therefore they try to make others suffer.

Evil friends are they: naught is more vengeful than their humility. And soon is he defiled that toucheth them.

But my blood is kin to theirs: and I would have my blood honoured even in theirs.

And when they were passed, anguish fell upon Zarathustra; and not long had he wrestled with his anguish ere he began to speak thus:

I am grieved for these priests. Also they are antipathetic to me; yet that is a small matter to me since I dwell amongst men.

But I suffer and have suffered with them: as prisoners I see them, and branded. He whom they call Saviour hath put fetters upon them.

The fetters of false values and illusory words! Oh, that one would save them from their Saviour!

When the sea tossed them to and fro they thought to land on an island; but, behold, it was a slumbering monster!

False values and illusory words: these are the worst monsters for mortals: in them doom slumbereth and waiteth long.

But at length it cometh and waketh and eateth and devoureth whatsoever hath made its tabernacle thereon.

Oh, behold the tabernacles builded by these priests! Churches call they their sweetly perfumed dens!

Oh, this adulterated light, this musty air! This place where the soul is *hindered* in its upward flight!

But thus their faith commandeth—‘On your knees up the stairs, ye sinners!’

Verily, rather would I see the shameless than the distorted eyes of their shame and their devotion!

Who hath created such dens and penitential stairs? Were

they not such as sought to hide themselves and were ashamed of the open heaven?

And not until the open heavens shine again through broken rafters and upon grass and red poppy that groweth by broken walls, shall my heart turn again to the places of this God.

They called 'God' that which withstood and afflicted them: and, verily, there was much heroism in their worship!

And they knew not how to love their God save by nailing man to the cross!

They thought to live as corpses, they draped their corpse in black: in their very words I smell the evil odours of the charnel-house.

And he that liveth nigh them, liveth nigh unto stagnant ponds whence the toad singeth his song of pensive sweetness.

They must sing better songs ere I learn belief in their Saviour: his disciples must look like the saved!

I would fain see them naked: for beauty alone should preach penitence. But whom doth this mummary of sorrow convert?

Verily, their saviours themselves came never from freedom and freedom's seventh heaven! Verily, they themselves never paced carpets of knowledge!

The spirit of these saviours was compact of emptiness, but into every emptiness they had put their illusion, their stopgap, which they called God.

Their spirit was drowned in compassion, and when they were filled to overflowing with compassion, some great folly ever rose to their surface.

Zealously, with much shouting, they drove their flock over their plank-bridge; as if there were but one little plank-bridge to the future! Verily, these shepherds were also of the sheep!

Narrow minds and embracing souls had these shepherds: but, my brethren, what small domains have been hitherto even the most comprehensive souls!

They have inscribed signs in blood on their path, and taught in their folly that the truth may be proved by blood.

But blood is the worst of witnesses to truth; blood poisoneth the purest doctrine and turneth it to delusion and hatred of heart.

And when one goeth through the fire for his doctrine—what is proved thereby? Verily, it is more that one's own doctrine should come of one's own burning!

A hot heart and a cold head—where these concur ariseth the mob-orator, the 'saviour'.

Verily, there have been men greater and more nobly born than those which the folk call saviours, these all-compelling mob-orators!

And ye, my brethren, would ye find the way to freedom, ye must be saved by greater than any saviours that have been.

Never *yet* has there been a Superman. I have seen both naked—the greatest man and the least.

They are still far too like one another. Verily, even the greatest found I—all too human!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF THE VIRTUOUS

WITH thunders, with heavenly fireworks, must one speak to indolent and sleeping minds.

But the voice of beauty speaketh softly: it stealeth only into the most awakened souls.

This day my shield shook with soft laughter: it is the holy laughing and shaking of beauty.

At you, ye virtuous, my beauty laughed this day! And thus came her voice to me: They wish also for *payment*!

Ye wish also for payment, ye virtuous? Ye desire a reward for virtue, heaven for earth, and eternity for your to-day?

And now are ye wroth at my doctrine that there is no rewarder and no paymaster? Verily I teach not even that virtue is its own reward.

Alas! That is my trouble: men have established the lie of reward and punishment in the very foundation of things—even in the depths of your souls, ye virtuous!

But like a swine's snout shall my word harrow up the depths of your souls; I would have you call me a ploughshare.

All the secrets of your souls shall be brought to light; and when ye shall lie ploughed and harrowed beneath the sun your lie shall be separated from your truth.

For this is your truth: ye are too *cleanly* for the filth of such words as revenge, punishment, reward, retaliation.

Ye love your virtue as a mother her child; but heard ye ever that a mother desired payment for her love?

It is your dearest self, your virtue. The thirst of the Ring is within you: for every ring striveth and turneth about that it may reach itself again.

And every work of your virtue resembleth a star extinguished: its light travelleth ever onwards—and when will it cease to travel?

Thus the light of your virtue travelleth on, even when its work is done. Be it forgotten or dead, its beam of light yet liveth and travelleth.

That your virtue is yourself, no external thing, no skin nor mantle—this is the truth in the depths of your soul, ye virtuous!

Yet are there indeed men to whom virtue is a writhing beneath the lash; and ye have listened too long to their cries!

Others there are which name the sluggishness of their vices virtue; and when for once their hatred and their jealousy fall asleep, their 'righteousness' awaketh and rubbeth its sleepy eyes.

And there are others which are dragged downwards: their devils drag them. But the deeper they sink the more ardently gleameth their eye with desire for their God.

Alas, their cry also hath reached your ears, ye virtuous: That which I am *not*, that, that for me is God and virtue!

And others there are which go heavily, creaking like wagons carrying stones downhill: these talk much of dignity and virtue—their drag-chain call they virtue!

And others there are which are wound up like clocks; they go on ticking and will have it that ticking is virtue.

Verily, I have my sport with these! Wheresoever I find such clocks I wind them up with my mockery; let them whirl at that.

And others are proud of their handful of righteousness, and for its sake commit outrages on all things: so that the world is drowned in their unrighteousness.

Alas, how ill the word 'virtue' cometh from their mouth! And when they say: I am righteous, it soundeth ever like: I am revenged!¹

With their virtue they seek to scratch out the eyes of their enemies; they raise themselves only to abase others.

And again others there are which sit in bogs and speak thus from among the rushes: 'Virtue—it is sitting quietly in the bog.

We bite none and avoid him that seeketh to bite; and in all things we hold the opinions we have received.'

And again there are some that love gestures and deem virtue a kind of gesture.

Their knee ever worships, and their hands are a laudation of virtue, but their heart knoweth naught thereof.

And again there are some that deem it virtue to say: 'Virtue is necessary': but in reality they believe only that police are necessary.

And many an one that cannot see the sublime in mankind calleth it virtue to see too well what is base: thus he calleth his evil eye virtue.

And some desire to be edified and raised up, and call it virtue; and others desire to be cast down—and also call it virtue.

¹ A play on words. Ger. *gerecht* and *gerächt*.—TRANS.

In this way almost all believe they share in virtue; each one, at least, holds himself an expert as to 'good' and 'evil'.

But Zarathustra is not come to say to these liars and fools: 'What know ye of virtue? What *could* ye know of virtue?'—

—But that ye, my friends, may grow weary of the old words which ye have learned of fools and liars.

—Weary of the words 'reward', 'retaliation', 'punishment', 'righteous vengeance'—

—Weary of saying: 'A deed is good if it be *unselfish*'.

Alas, my friends! May *yourself* be in your deed as a mother is in her child; I would fain this were *your* definition of virtue!

Verily, perchance I have taken from you an hundred definitions and the dearest playthings of your virtue; and now are ye wroth with me as children are.

They played on the seashore—then came a wave and swept all their toys away into the deep: now they weep.

But this same wave shall bring them new playthings and cast new coloured shells at their feet.

Thus shall they be comforted; and like them ye also, my friends, shall have your comforts—and new coloured shells!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF THE RABBLE

LIFE is a well-spring of delight;¹ but wheresoever the rabble drink all wells are poisoned.

I incline to all things cleanly; but I love not to see the gaping mouths and the thirst of the unclean.

They cast their eye upon the well; now I see their hateful smile reflected from the well.

They have poisoned the sacred waters with their concupiscence; and in calling their filthy dreams delight¹ they have poisoned words also.

The flame waxeth wroth when they lay their clammy hearts upon the fire; the very spirit seetheth and smoketh whensoever the rabble approach the fire.

Sickly-sweet and overripe waxeth fruit in their hand; ready to fall and top-withered waxeth the fruit-tree beneath their gaze.

And many an one that hath turned from life hath turned only from the rabble: he cared not to share with them well-spring and fire and fruit.

And many an one that went into the desert and suffered thirst with the wild beasts, cared only that he should not sit about the cisterns with filthy camel-drivers.

And many an one that came as a destroyer, and as a hail-storm upon the cornfields, desired only to put his foot upon the neck of the rabble and thus to stop their mouth.

And the morsel that stuck hardest in my gullet was not that life demandeth enmity and death and crosses of torture—

But that once I asked, and was almost choked by my question: What? Doth life need even the rabble?

Are poisoned wells needed, and stinking fires, and foul dreams, and maggots in the bread of life?

Not my hatred but my disgust gnawed hungrily at my life! Alas, oft wearied I of intellect when I found ingenuity also amongst the rabble!

And I turned my back upon rulers when I saw that they now call rule—to chaffer and bargain for power with the rabble!

I dwelt among peoples of a strange tongue and stopped my

¹ Ger. *Lust*. This word means primarily 'joy', 'delight', but has a secondary meaning as in common English use.—TRANS.

ears, that the speech of their chaffering might remain unknown to me, and their bargaining for power.

And holding my nose I went angrily through all yesterdays and through to-day. Verily, all yesterdays and all to-day stinketh of the scribbling rabble!

Like a cripple that became deaf and blind and dumb: thus lived I long that I might not live with the power-rabble, and the scribbling-rabble, and the lust-rabble.

Toilsomely and cautiously my spirit climbed the stairs; alms of delight were its refreshments; the blind man's life crept upon a staff.

What befell me? How did I free myself of disgust? How did mine eye renew its youth? How soared I to those heights where no rabble sit by the wells?

Did my very loathing lend me wings and the power to divine wells? Verily, I had to fly to uttermost heights to rediscover the well of delight!

Oh, my brethren, I found it! Here, upon the topmost heights, the well of delight floweth for me! And here is a cup of life in which no rabble hath share!

Almost too strong thou flowest, well-spring of delight! And oft dost thou empty the cup even in the filling thereof!

Yet must I learn to draw nigh thee more modestly: too stormily my heart goeth out to thee:—

My heart, wherein my summer burneth—brief, hot, sad, all-too-blessed summer! How doth my summer heart yearn for thy coolness!

Past are the troubled uncertainties of my spring! Past the malice of snowflakes in June! All summer am I become and summer-noon!

Summer on the topmost heights, amidst cool wells and blessed stillness! Oh come, my friends, that the stillness may be yet more blessed!

For this is *our* height and our home. Too high and too steep dwell we here for the unclean and their thirsts.

Cast your pure eyes upon the well of my delight, ye friends! How should it become sullied thereby! It shall laugh back on you with *its* purity.

In the tree of the future we build our nest. Eagles shall bring food in their beaks to us solitaries!

Verily, no food in the eating of which the unclean might share! They would deem they ate fire and burned their mouths therewith!

Verily, no homes have we here prepared for the unclean. To their bodies our bliss would be as a cave of ice, and to their minds also!

And like strong winds we will dwell above them, neighbours to the eagles, neighbours to the snow, neighbours to the sun; thus dwell strong winds.

And like a wind shall I one day blow amongst them and with my spirit take away the breath of their spirit; thus my future willeth.

Verily, a strong wind is Zarathustra to all lowlands; and thus adviseth he his enemies and all that spitteth and throweth dirt: Take heed how ye spit *against* the wind!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF TARANTULAS

BEHOLD, here is the den of the tarantula! Wouldst thou see itself? Here hangeth its web: touch it that it may quiver.

Lo, there cometh it willingly! Welcome, tarantula! Black upon thy back is thy triangle, thy mark; I know, moreover, what is in thy soul.

Revenge is in thy soul: where thou bitest, black scab waxeth; thy poison maketh the soul giddy in vengeance.

Thus speak I to you in a parable, ye that make giddy the soul, ye preachers of *equality*! I see you as tarantulas taking hidden revenge!

But I shall speedily bring your hiding-places to light. Therefore laugh I my high laughter in your face.

Therefore I pluck at your web that rage may tempt you from your lying caves and that your vengefulness may leap forth from behind your talk of 'justice'.

For *to save man from vengeance*—that deem I the bridge to the highest hope, and a rainbow after long tempests.

But tarantulas would have it otherwise. 'This we call justice, to fill the world with the tempests of our revenge'—thus they speak with one another.

'Revenge we will have, and we will abuse all that are not as we are'—thus vow the tarantulas in their hearts.

'And the "will to equality"—this in the future shall be named virtue; and we will raise our clamour against all that hath power!'

Ye preachers of equality, the tyrant-madness of impotence thus crieth in you for 'equality'. your most secret tyrant-lusts disguise themselves thus under words of virtue!

Disappointed arrogance, suppressed envy, perchance the arrogance and envy of your fathers: in you they break forth as a flame and a frenzy of revenge.

That which the father kept close cometh to utterance in the son; and oft found I the son the revealed secret of the father.

They are like unto the inspired; yet not the heart inspireth them—but revenge. And when they grow subtle and cool, not mind, but envy maketh them subtle and cool.

Their jealousy leadeth them in the paths of the thinker; and

it is the sign of their jealousy that they ever go too far, so that their weariness must at length lie down in the snow to sleep.

In all their lamentations soundeth vengeance, in all their praises spitefulness, and they hold it bliss to be judges.

But thus I counsel you, my friends: Mistrust all in whom the impulse to punish is powerful!

These are folk of ill kindred and descent. From their faces peer the hangman and the bloodhound.

Mistrust all which talk much of their justice! Verily, it is not honey only that their souls lack.

And if they call themselves 'the Good and the Righteous' forget not that to become Pharisees they lack naught but—power!

My friends. I will not be confounded with and mistaken for others!

There are some that preach my doctrine of life, and are at the same time preachers of equality, and tarantulas.

If they speak well of life—although they sit in their dens, these poison spiders, and have turned away from life—it is because they wish thereby to do harm.

They desire to do harm to them which now hold power: for with these latter the preachers of death are still most acceptable.

Were it otherwise the tarantulas would teach otherwise: for they themselves were formerly the foremost amongst the slanderers of this world and the foremost amongst the burners of heretics.

I will not be confounded with and mistaken for these preachers of equality. For to *me* Justice saith: 'Men are not equal'.

Neither shall they become so! Where were my love for the Superman if I spake otherwise?

Upon a thousand bridges and gangways shall they press towards the future, and ever more war and inequality shall there be amongst them: thus my great love constraineth me to speak!

Images and phantoms shall they invent in their enmity, and with their images and phantoms shall they fight with one another the supreme battle!

Good and evil, rich and poor, high and low, and all names of values: these shall be weapons and resounding signals that life must ever and again surmount itself!

Life itself striveth to raise itself by pillars and stairs: it longeth to gaze into far distances and away over rapturous beauties—*therefore* it needeth height!

And because it needeth height it needeth stairs and a conflict between stairs and them that climb thereon! Life striveth to rise and in rising to surmount itself.

And now behold, my friends! Here, by the den of the tarantula, rise the ruins of an ancient temple—gaze ye thereon with enlightened eyes!

Verily, he that here of old made his thoughts tower upwards in stone, he knew, like the wisest, the secret of all life!

That there is conflict and inequality even in beauty and war for power and supremacy: he teacheth it here in the plainest of parables.

How divinely do vaults and arches strive with each other in contrast! How in light and in shade they wrestle together, divinely aspiring!

Let our enemies also be thus secure and beautiful, my friends! Divinely will we strive *against* one another!

Alas! The tarantula, mine old enemy, hath bit me! Divinely, securely, beautifully it hath bit my finger!

‘There must be punishment and justice,’ it deemeth. ‘Not in vain shall he sing here his songs in honour of enmity!’

Yea, it hath taken its revenge! And alas, now with revenge will it even make giddy my soul!

But that I may *not* be giddy, my friends, tie me fast to this pillar! Rather will I be a pillar-saint than a whirlpool of vengefulness!

Verily, no whirlwind or cyclone is Zarathustra; and if he be a dancer, he will never dance the tarantula!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF FAMOUS WISE MEN

YE have served the people and the superstitions of the people, all ye famous Wise Men,—ye have *not* served truth! And for that very reason have ye been revered.

And for the same reason your unbelief was tolerated—because it was a jest and a byword to the people. Thus the lord alloweth licence to his slaves and amuseteth himself even with their wantonness.

But he that is hated by the people as a wolf by hounds is the free-thinker, the enemy of fetters, the man that will not worship, that dwelleth in the wilds.

To hunt him up from his lair the people hath ever called this—‘A sense of what is right’: against him they yet bait their sharpest-toothed hounds.

For, ‘Where truth is there are the people! Woe, woe to the seeker!’ This was ever the cry.

Ye sought to justify your people in their worship: ye called this ‘will to truth’, ye famous Wise Men!

And ever your heart said within itself: From the people I came; thence also came the voice of God unto me!

Stiff-necked and cunning, like the ass, were ye ever, as the people’s advocates.

And many a mighty one that sought to stand well with the people hath harnessed before his steeds some little ass, some famous Wise Man.

And now, ye famous Wise Men, I would ye would utterly cast off the lion’s skin!

The hide of the beast of prey, striped and spotted, the shaggy mane of the investigator, the explorer, the conqueror!

Ah, am I to learn to believe in your ‘genuineness’, ye must first destroy your will to venerate!

True call I him that goeth out into godless wastes and hath destroyed his heart that venerates.

Amidst yellow sands burned by the sun, verily he looketh thirstily towards isles full of springs, where life reposes beneath shady trees.

But yet his thirst persuadeth him not to become as these sons of ease; for where there are oases there are also idols.

Hungering, fierce, lonely, godless: thus the lion-will will have itself.

Free from the happiness of slaves, delivered from gods and worships, fearless and fear-inspiring, great and lonely: thus it is the will of true souls to be.

The true have ever dwelt in the desert, free-thinkers, the desert's lords; but in cities dwell well-fed, famous Wise Men—beasts of burden.

Being asses, they ever draw—the *people's* carts!

Not that I am wroth with them therefor; but I see them as menials, and as harnessed beasts, even when they glitter in golden harness.

And often were they good servants and worth their hire. For thus speaketh virtue: 'If thou must be a servant, seek him to whom thy service will be of the most use!

The mind and the virtue of thy master shall grow in that thou art his servant: thus thou thyself shalt grow in his mind and his virtue!'

And, verily, ye famous Wise Men, ye servants of the people! ye yourselves have grown with the people's mind and virtue—and the people through you! To your honour I say it!

But people ye remain to me, even in your virtues, people with purblind eyes—people that know not what is mind!

Mind is that life which cutteth into life: by its own pain it increaseth its own knowledge.—Knew ye this already?

And the mind's happiness is this: to be anointed and consecrated by tears as a sacrificial victim.—Knew ye this already?

And the very blindness of the blind and his groping and fumbling shall bear witness to the power of the sun whereon he gazed.—Knew ye this already?

And he that knoweth shall learn to *build* with mountains! It is a small thing for the mind to remove mountains.—Knew ye this already?

Ye know only the sparks of the mind: but ye see not that it is an anvil, nor see ye the cruelty of its hammer!

Verily, ye know not the pride of the mind! But still less could ye endure the humility of the mind, were it to speak.

And never yet could ye cast your mind into a pit of snow: thereto are ye not hot enough. Thus are ye ignorant also of the delights of its coldness.

But in all respects hold ye yourselves too familiar with the mind; and of wisdom have ye often made an alms-house and an hospital for bad poets.

Ye are no eagles: thus have ye never known the happiness in terror of the mind. And he that is no bird should not dwell above abysses.

I find you lukewarm; but all deep knowledge floweth cold. Ice-cold are the innermost well-springs of the mind—a refreshment to hot hands and to them that labour.

I see you stand respectable and stiff, with stiff backs, ye famous Wise Men!—no strong wind nor will bloweth upon you.

Saw ye never a sail pass over the seas, rounded and bellying and shaken with the fury of the wind?

As that sail, shaken with the fury of the spirit, my wisdom saileth over the seas—my Wild Wisdom!

But ye servants of the people, ye famous Wise Men—how *could ye* go with me!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

THE NIGHT-SONG

It is night: now all springing wells talk louder. And my soul also is a springing well.

It is night: now only all lovers' songs awake. And my soul also is the song of a lover.—

A thing never stilled, a thing never to be stilled, is within me: it seeketh utterance. A desire for love is within me and it speaketh the very language of love.

I am light: ah, would that I were night! But this is my loneliness, to be girded about with light.

Oh, that I were dark like the night! How would I suck at the breasts of light!

And I would bless even you, ye little, sparkling stars, ye glow-worms on high—and be blessed by your gifts of light!

But I live in mine own light, I drink again the flames that break forth from me.

I know not the happiness of the taker—and oft have I dreamed that to steal must be yet sweeter than to take.

It is my poverty that my hand never resteth from giving; it is mine envy that I see expectant eyes and the starlit nights of desire.

Oh, unblestness of them that give! Oh, eclipse of my sun! Oh, desire for desire! Oh, raging hunger in the midst of satiety!

They take of me: but do I touch their soul? There is a gulf between giving and taking; and the smallest gulf is the last to be bridged.

An hunger groweth out of my beauty: fain would I do hurt to them that I lighten; fain would I rob them to whom I gave my gifts—thus I hunger for wickedness.

Drawing back my hand even as another is outstretched for it; hesitating like the waterfall that pauseth even as it falleth—thus do I hunger for wickedness.

Mine abundance meditateth such vengeance; such malice welleteth up from my loneliness.

My joy in giving hath died of giving, my virtue wearieth of its own abundance!

He that ever giveth is in peril lest he lose his shamefastness;

he that ever distributeth, his heart and hand grow callous through naught but distributing.

Mine eye overfloweth no longer at the shame of them that beg; my hand is grown too hard to feel the trembling of filled hands.

Where are the tears of mine eyes, and the softness of my heart? Oh, loneliness of them that give! Oh, speechlessness of them that shine!

Many a sun circleteth in the void: to all that is dark they speak by their light—to me they are silent.

Oh, this is the enmity of light against that which shineth! Pitiless it goeth on its course.

Unjust at heart to that which shineth, chill towards suns—thus marcheth every sun.

The suns pursue their courses like the tempest—such are thier marches. They follow their inexorable will—such is their coldness.

Ah, ye alone, ye dark ones, ye of the night, ye alone draw their warmth from the shining ones! Ah, ye alone drink milk and refreshment from the udders of light!

Alas, there is ice about me, my hand burneth touching this iciness! Alas, a thirst is within me that panteth for your thirst!

It is night: alas, that I must be light!—and thirst for that which is of the night!—and loneliness!

It is night: now, like a well-spring, my desire breaketh forth. I desire to speak.

It is night: now all springing wells talk louder. And my soul also is a springing well.

It is night: now only all lovers' songs awake. And my soul also is the song of a lover.

Thus sang Zarathustra.

THE DANCE-SONG

ON a certain night Zarathustra walked in the forest with his disciples: and as he sought for a well, behold! he came to a green, still meadow set about with trees and bushes, where damsels danced together. As soon as the damsels saw that it was Zarathustra they ceased from dancing; but Zarathustra approached them with friendly mien and spake these words:

Cease not from dancing, sweet damsels! No spoil-sport hath come to you with evil eye, no enemy to damsels.

I am God's advocate before the devil: who himself is the Spirit of Gravity. How should I, ye airy ones, be hostile to divine dances? Or to maiden's feet with slender ankles?

I am indeed as a forest and as a shade of sombre trees, but he that feareth not my darkness findeth banks of roses beneath my cypresses.

And doubtless he shall also find the little god whom maidens love best: close by the spring he lieth, quiet, with closed eyelids.

Verily, he fell asleep in broad daylight, the sluggard! Chased he too long after butterflies?

Be not wroth, ye lovely dancers, if I a little chastise that little god! No doubt he will cry and weep—but he is laughable even in his tears!

And with tears in his eyes shall he beg you for a dance; and I myself will sing a song to his dancing:

A dance-song, a song to mock the Spirit of Gravity, which is for me the highest and mightiest of devils, whom they call 'the Lord of the World'.—

And this is the song that Zarathustra sang whilst Cupid and the damsels danced together.

Of late I gazed into thine eyes, O Life! And meseemed I sank there into the unfathomable.

But thou drewest me out with thy golden hook. Mockingly didst thou laugh when I called thee unfathomable.

'Thus speak all fish,' saidst thou. 'What *they* fathom not is unfathomable.

Yet I am but mutable and wild and altogether a woman, and no virtuous one—

Even though I be called by you men "the Deep" or "the Faithful", or "the Eternal" or "the Mysterious".

But you men ever endow us with your own virtues—oh, you virtuous ones!

Thus laughed she, the incredible one! But I never believe her nor her laughter when she speaketh ill of herself.

And when I talked alone with my Wild Wisdom, she said to me angrily: Thou willest, thou desirest, thou lovest—only therefore thou *praisest* Life!

Almost had I answered in anger and spoken truth to the angry one; and one cannot answer more angrily than in 'telling the truth' to one's Wisdom.

Thus, then, it standeth with us three. In my heart of hearts love I Life alone—and, verily, most of all when I hate her!

But that I hold Wisdom dear, and oft too dear—it is because much she remindeth me of Life!

Wisdom hath Life's eye, Life's laughter, and even Life's little golden fishing-rod: is it my fault that the two are so like one another?

And once when Life asked me: 'Wisdom, who is she?'—I made haste to reply: 'Ah, Wisdom!—

One thirsts for her and one's thirst is not quenched; one peereth through veils; one straineth through nets.

Is she beautiful? What know I! But even the oldest of carps rise to her bait.

Mutable is she and defiant; oft have I seen her bite her lip and pass the comb against the flow of her hair.

Perchance she is wicked and deceitful, and altogether a baggage; but when she speaketh ill of herself she most seduceth.—

When I spoke thus unto Life, she laughed wickedly and closed her eyes. 'Tell me, of whom dost thou speak? Is it of me?

And suppose thou wert right—doth a man say *this*—to my face! But speak now of thy Wisdom also!

Ah! now openedst thou again thine eyes, beloved Life! And meseemed again I sank into the unfathomable.—

Thus sang Zarathustra. But when the dance was over and the damsels had departed, he grew sorrowful.

The sun is long gone down, said he at length; the meadow is damp, and from the forest cometh a chill.

Some unknown thing draweth nigh and gazeth meditatively.
What? Livest thou yet, Zarathustra?

Why? Wherefore? Whereby? Whither? Where? How?—
Is it not folly still to live?

Alas! my friends, it is the evening that asketh thus in me!
Forgive me my sadness!

Evening is come. Forgive it me that evening is come!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

THE GRAVE-SONG

YONDER is the Isle of Graves, the silent place: yonder also are the graves of my youth. Thither will I bear an evergreen wreath of life.

Resolving thus in my heart I sailed over the sea.

Oh, ye sights and visions of my youth! Oh, all ye glances of love, ye moments divine! How could ye die so soon! I think of you this day as of my dead.

From you, my beloved dead, cometh a sweet fragrance unto me, that freeth my heart and my tears. Verily, it shaketh and freeth the heart of the lonely seafarer.

Still am I the richest and the most to be envied—I, the loneliest! For I *have had* you, and ye have me still: say, for whom else, as for me, have such rosy apples fallen from the tree?

Still am I heir and heritage of your love, blossoming to your memory with many-hued wild-flower virtues, O most beloved!

Ah, we were made for one another, ye strange and blessed wonders; and not as shy birds came ye to me and to my desire—nay, but as trusting ones to the trustful!

Yea, like me, ye were made for faithfulness, and for loving eternities: must I now name you for your faithlessness, ye divine glances and moments; no other name learnt I yet.

Verily, too soon have ye died, ye fugitives. Yet did ye not flee me, nor I you: guiltless are we one to another in our faithlessness.

To kill *me* they strangled you, ye singing birds of my hopes! Yea, at you, my beloved, malice shot his arrows—that he might pierce my heart!

And pierced it he hath! For ye were ever my heart's dearest, possessed and possessing me. *Therefore* ye died young and much too soon!

The arrow was aimed at my most vulnerable possessions—at you whose covering is like down, and yet more like the smile that dieth by a glance!

But I say this to mine enemies: What is any manslaughter by comparison with that ye have done to me!

Ye have done a more wicked thing to me than any man-

slaughter; ye have taken from me that which is irrecoverable thus I say to you, mine enemies!

For ye have slain the visions and dearest marvels of my youth! For ye have taken from me my playmates, those blessed spirits! To their memory I lay here this wreath and this curse.

This curse be upon you, mine enemies! For ye have cut short mine eternity as a tone dieth in the chilly night! Fleeting as a glance of divine eyes it came to me—but a moment!

Thus in a good hour once spake my purity: 'All beings shall be to me divine!'

Then ye came upon me with filthy phantoms. Alas, whither then fled that good hour?

'All days shall be holy to me'—thus spake once the wisdom of my youth: verily, the speech of a joyous wisdom!

But ye, mine enemies, stole from me my nights and sold them to sleepless pain: ah, whither now is fled that joyous wisdom?

Once I looked to the birds for happy omens. Then sped ye a monstrous owl across my path, an adverse omen. Ah, whither fled then my tender hope?

Once I vowed to renounce all disgust. Then changed ye those nigh and nighest to me into ulcers. Ah, whither fled then my noblest vow?

As a blind man walked I once in blessed ways: then threw ye filth in the blind man's way: and now hath the blind man disgust of his accustomed paths.

And when I did my best and celebrated the triumph of my victories, ye caused them that loved me to cry out that I hurt them sore.

Verily, ye did ever so: ye poisoned my sweetest honey and the labours of my best bees.

Ye sent ever the most impudent beggars for my charities: ye offered for my pity the incurably shameless. Thus ye wounded my virtues in their faith.

And did I bring my holiest as a sacrifice, speedily your 'piety' laid its fatter gifts thereby: thus in the reek of your fat offerings my holiest was stilled.

And once I desired to dance as never I had danced: I longed to dance over and beyond all heavens. Then ye over-persuaded my best-beloved singer,

So that he raised a dull and dreary air: ah, he piped a dismal horn in mine ears!

Murderous singer, tool of the wicked, most innocent tool!
I stood prepared for the best of dances: then thou didst murder
my rapture with thy tones!

In the dance alone can I speak a parable of highest things—
and now my highest parable remaineth unspoken in my limbs!

Unspoken and undelivered remaineth my highest hope!
And all the visions and comforts of my youth perished!

How did I bear it? How did I transmute and overcome
such wounds? How did my soul rise again from these graves?

Yea, a thing invulnerable, unburi-able is within me, a thing
that blasteth rocks: it is called *my will*. Silent and unchanged
it passeth through the years.

It holdeth its course upon my feet, mine old will; it is in its
nature hard of heart and invulnerable.

Invulnerable am I in my heel alone. There ever dwellest
thou and art thyself, thou most patient one! Thou hast ever
burst all graves, and dost so yet!

In thee liveth yet mine unrealized youth. And as life and
as youth sittest thou hopeful here upon the sear ruins of graves.

Yea, thou art still for me the destroyer of all graves!. All
hail, my will! Only where there are graves are there
resurrections.—

Thus sang Zarathustra.

OF SELF-SURMOUNTING

'WILL to truth' call ye that, ye wisest, that inspireth and inflameth you?

'Will to the conceivableness of all being'—thus call *I* your will!

All being ye seek now to *make* conceivable: for ye do right to doubt if it be yet conceivable.

But it shall submit itself and bow before you! Thus your will willeth. Smooth it shall become and subject to the mind, as its mirror and reflected image.

That is your whole will, ye wisest—a will to power—even when ye speak of good and of evil and of the setting-up of values.

Ye will to create the world before which ye may kneel: therefore it is your final hope and ecstasy.

The unwise, indeed, the people—they are like to a river upon which a boat glideth: and in the boat are seated estimates of values, in solemn masquerade.

Your wills and your values have ye set afloat upon the river of becoming; in that in which the people believe as good and evil I discern an ancient will to power.

You it was, ye wisest, that set such guests in the boat and endowed them with pomp and proud names—you and your dominating will!

Now the river beareth onwards your boat; it *must* bear it onwards. Little matter that the breaking wave foameth and angrily resisteth the keel!

It is not the river that is your peril and the end of your good and evil, ye wisest: it is the will itself, the will to power—the unspent, procreative life-will.

But that ye may understand my word of good and evil, I will give you also my word of life and of the nature of all things living.

I followed after the living thing, I went upon the broadest and the narrowest paths that I might know its nature.

In an hundredfold mirror I caught its glances when its lips were dumb, that its eye might speak to me. And its eye spake unto me.

But wheresoever I found the living thing, there also I heard speak of obedience. All living is an obedience.

And this is the second thing that I heard: he is commanded that cannot obey his own self. Such is the nature of the living thing.

But the third thing that I heard is this: to command is harder than to obey. And not alone in that he that commandeth beareth the burden of all that obey, and that this burden may perchance crush him:—

But I perceived that there is experiment and jeopardy in all commanding; and ever, in commanding, the living thing ventureth itself thereon.

Yea, even when it commandeth itself: even then it must pay the price of its command. It must become judge and avenger and victim of its own law.

How is this? I asked myself. What persuadeth the living thing so that it obeyeth and commandeth and obeyeth even in commanding?

Now hearken to my word, ye wisest! Prove well whether I have not crept into the very heart of life, and to the very roots of its heart!

Wheresoever I found living things I found the will to power; and even in the will of them that serve, I found the will to be master.

To serve the stronger the weaker is persuaded by its own will that desireth to be master over that which is weaker yet: this joy alone it will not forgo.

And as the lesser giveth itself to the greater, that it may have joy of and power over the least: so even the greatest giveth itself, and for the sake of power staketh—life.

This is the devotion of the greatest, that it dareth danger and death on the cast of the dice.

And wheresoever there is sacrifice and service and appearance of love: there too is the will to be master. There creepeth the weaker by secret ways into the citadel and into the very heart of the more powerful—and there stealeth it power.

And this secret Life itself told unto me: 'Behold,' it said, 'I am that *which must ever surmount itself*.'

Ye call it, indeed, will to procreation, impulse to the end, to the higher, to the more remote, to the more manifold: but all this is one thing and one secret.

Rather would I perish than renounce that one thing; and, verily, wheresoever there is decay and the fall of the leaf, lo, there life sacrificeth itself—for the sake of power!

War must I be, and becoming and end and conflict of ends; ah, he that divineth my will, divineth also, I doubt not, by what *crooked* ways he *must* walk!

Whatsoever I create and howsoever I love it—soon must I become its adversary and the adversary to my love: thus my will willeth it.

And even thou, thou that hast understanding, art but path and footsteps to my will. Verily, my will to power goeth upon the feet of thy will to truth!

Verily he missed the truth that aimed thereat the word “will to being”: such a will is not!

For that which is not cannot will; but that which is in being, how should it strive for being?

Only where there is life is there will: not will to life, but—thus do I teach thee—will to power!

Much doth the living value higher than life itself; but in the very act of valuing speaketh—the will to power!’

Thus hath Life taught me: and by this, ye wisest, I read you the riddle of your hearts.

Verily, I say unto you: intransient good and evil—they do not exist! By their nature they must ever and again surmount themselves.

With your values and your words of good and evil ye exercise power, ye that establish values; and herein is your secret love, the shining, the trembling, the overflowing of your souls.

But a stronger power groweth out of your values, and a new surmounting: it breaketh both egg and egg-shell.

And he that must be a creator in good and evil—verily, he must first be a destroyer and break values in pieces.

Thus pertaineth the highest evil to the highest good: and this is creativeness.

Let us *speak* thereof, ye wisest, even if it be evil. To be silent is worse; all unuttered truths grow poisonous.

And whatsoever can be broken upon our truths, let it break! Many an house is yet to build!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF EMINENT MEN

STILL are the depths of my sea: who could guess that it hideth sportive monsters!

Not to be moved is my deep, yet it gleameth with swimming riddles and laughters.

An eminent man saw I to-day, a solemn one, an intellectual penitent: oh, how my soul laughed at his ugliness!

With chest puffed out as one that draweth in his breath—thus stood he, the eminent man, and was silent:

Clothed was he in ugly truths, the spoil of his hunting, and rich in torn garments; many thorns also hung upon him—but I saw no rose.

Not yet had he learned laughter and beauty. Frowning this hunter returned from the forests of knowledge.

From strife with wild beasts came he home; but a wild beast looketh yet out of his seriousness—a beast that he hath not overcome!

He standeth there like a tiger, about to spring; but I love not these tense souls; these reserved ones are not to my taste.

—And ye tell me, friends, that there is no disputing about tastes? But all life is a dispute about tastes!

Taste—it is at once the weight and the balance and the weigher; and woe to all living that would live without dispute over weights and balances and weighers!—

If he would but grow weary of his eminence, this eminent man—then only would his beauty begin—and then only should I taste him and find him to my taste!

And not until he turneth from himself will he leap over his own shadow—lo! straight into *his* own sunshine!

Too long hath he sat in the shadow; the cheeks of the intellectual penitent have grown pale; almost he starved to death in the midst of his expectations.

Contempt is yet in his eye; and loathing lurketh about his mouth. True, he resteth now, but he resteth not yet in the sun.

He should do as doth the steer; his happiness should smell of earth and not of contempt of earth.

Gladly would I see him as a white steer that snorteth and belloweth and goeth before the plough: and even his bellowing should praise all that is earthly.

Dark is his face as yet; the shadow of his hand lieth over it. Overshadowed as yet is the glance of his eye.

His deed is itself the shadow that lieth upon him; the hand obscureth him that handleth. Not yet hath he surmounted his own deed.

Truly I love in him the steer's neck: but I would also see the angel's eye.

He must yet unlearn his hero will: he shall yet be one that is lifted high, and not merely an eminent man: the ether itself shall lift him without will of his!

He hath subdued monsters, he hath solved riddles: but he must yet resolve his monsters and his riddles, he must change them to heavenly children.

Not yet hath his knowledge learned how to smile and to be without jealousy; not yet hath his torrent passion grown still in beauty.

Verily, not in satiety shall his desire grow mute and cease, but in beauty! Grace is a part of the generosity of the magnanimous.

His arm laid above his head—thus should the hero rest, thus should he also surmount his resting.

But chiefly to the hero the *beautiful* is hardest of all things. Unattainable is beauty by the vehement will.

A little more, a little less—this is herein much—the most.

To stand with muscles relaxed and with will unharnessed: this for you is hardest, ye eminent men!

When power becometh gracious and condescendeth to the visible—beauty call I such condescension.

And of none demand I beauty so eagerly as of thee, thou man of power: let thy gentleness be thy last self-surmounting!

All evil I expect of thee; therefore I desire of thee the good.

Verily, many a time have I laughed at the weaklings which think themselves good because they have lame paws!

Thou shalt strive after the virtue of the pillar: as it riseth it groweth ever more graceful and more delicate, but within ever harder and more able to bear the load.

Yea, thou eminent man, one day shalt thou be beautiful and hold up the mirror to thine own beauty.

Then will thy soul thrill with godlike desires; and there will be adoration even in thy vanity!

For this is the secret of the soul: not until the hero hath left it, doth there draw nigh to it in dreams—the Superhero.

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF THE LAND OF CULTURE

I ADVENTURED too far into the future: horror seized upon me.

And when I looked about me, lo! Time was mine only contemporary!

Then returned I homewards in haste—and in ever greater haste. Thus came I to you, ye men of the present, and to the land of culture.

For the first time I came with an eye to see you, and hearty desire. Verily, I am come with longing in my heart.

But what, then, befell me? Despite my fears I was constrained to laugh! Never hath mine eye beheld a scene so motley!

I laughed and laughed whilst my foot yet trembled and my heart also: Here, indeed, is the home of all paint-pots! said I.

With fifty daubs of paint on face and limbs, sate ye there and amazed me, ye men of the present!

And with fifty mirrors about you, to flatter and give back your medley of colours!

Verily, ye could wear no better masks, ye men of the present, than your own faces! Who could know you?—

Covered in the writings and signs of the past, and with these signs over-painted with new signs—thus have ye well concealed yourselves from all interpreters of signs!

And even could one practise hieromancy—who would believe that ye have reins? Ye seem to be compounded of colours and of gummed fragments of paper!

All eras, all peoples, peer multi-coloured through your veils; all customs and beliefs speak multi-coloured in your gestures.

If one stripped from you veils and garments and colours and gestures, he would leave just enough to scare the birds.

Verily, myself am a scared bird that for a moment saw you naked and colourless; and I flew away when the skeleton ogled me.

Rather would I be a day-labourer in the underworld and amongst the shades of the past! For fatter and fuller than ye are even the denizens of the underworld!

This, yea, *this* is bitterness to my bowels, that I can endure you neither naked nor clothed, ye men of the present!

The terror of the unknown future, all that ever scared strayed birds—verily it is more homely, more comfortable, than your 'reality'.

For thus ye say: We are altogether real and without beliefs or

superstitions. Thus ye puff yourselves up—alas, even though ye be without breasts!

Nay, but how could ye believe, ye motley ones—ye that are compound pictures of all that hath ever been believed!

Ye are walking refutations of belief itself, and a dislocation of all the limbs of thought. *Untrustworthy*—thus I name you, ye realists!

All eras rant against one another within your minds: the dreams and idle talk of all eras were more real than your waking thoughts!

Barren are ye: *therefore* ye lack faith. But the born creator had ever his prophetic dreams and signs in the heavens—and he believed in believing!

Half-open doors are ye, whereat grave-diggers wait. And this is *your* reality: 'All things are worthy to perish'.

Ah, how I behold you, how barren, how lean in the ribs! And many of yourselves have seen the same—

And have said, 'Whilst I slept, a God, perchance, hath secretly filched something from me? Verily, enough to form a woman thereof!'

'Strange is the poverty of my ribs!' saith many a man of the present.

Yea, ye constrain me to laugh at you, ye men of the present! And above all when ye marvel at yourselves!

And woe is me if I cannot laugh at your amazement, and if I be forced to swallow all the loathsomeness of your platters!

But I will take you the more lightly in that I have *heavy things* to bear; and what care I if also beetles and winged insects alight on my burden!

Verily, it will not thereby grow heavier! And not by you, ye men of the present, shall my great weariness come.

Alas! whither shall I now ascend with my longing? From every mountain-top I seek for fatherland and motherland.

But a home found I nowhere; I rest not in any city, I pass out of every gate.

Alien to me and a mockery are the men of the present whither my heart lately drove me; I am banished from fatherland and motherland.

Therefore I love only *my childrens'-land*, the undiscovered in remotest seas: for it I bid my sails ever seek.

To my children will I make amends for being my father's child; and to all the future will I make amends for *this* present!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF IMMACULATE PERCEPTION

WHEN the moon rose yesternight, mescemed he¹ was about to give birth to a sun: so big and full he lay on the horizon.

But a liar was he with his child-bearing; and I will rather believe in the man in the moon than in the woman.

To be sure little of a man is he either, this furtive night-prowler. Verily, he walketh the roofs with an evil conscience.

For he is lascivious and jealous, this monk in the moon, lusting for the earth and all lovers' delights.

Nay, I love him not, this tom-cat on the tiles! My gorge riseth against all such as slink round half-closed windows!

Piously and silently goeth he upon starry carpets. But I love not soft footsteps of men, with never the clink of a spur.

The honest man's step speaketh aloud; but the tom-cat creepeth over the ground. Lo, like a cat goeth the moon, dishonestly!

This parable I give you, you delicate hypocrites, you, the 'pure knowers'. I call you—lechers!

Ye too love earth and earthly things—verily I have found you out!—but shame and a bad conscience are in your love: ye are like the moon!

Your mind hath been persuaded to despise earthly things, but not your bowels: but these are the strongest thing within you!

And now is your mind ashamed to be at the behest of your bowels, and goeth about by byways and lies to escape its own shame.

'For me it were highest,' saith your lying mind within itself, 'to gaze on life without desire, and not like a dog with slaving tongue:

To be content to gaze, with the will dead, without the graspingness and greed of selfishness—with the whole body cold and grey as ashes, but the eyes drunken like the moon's!

This were my choice'—thus the perverted perverteth himself —'to love earth even as the moon loveth her and only with the eye to touch her beauty.

And this call I *immaculate perception* of all things, if I desire

¹ In German the moon is of the masculine gender.—TRANS.

naught of them but leave to lie before them as a mirror with an hundred eyes.'—

Oh, ye delicate hypocrites, ye lechers! Ye lack innocence in desire: and therefore ye slander desire!

Verily, not as creators, as procreators, as they that rejoice in becoming, do ye love the earth!

But where is innocence? There, where there is the will to procreation. And he that willeth to create beyond himself hath, in mine eyes, the purest will.

Where is beauty? There, where I am *constrained to will* with all my will, where I will to love and to perish that an image may not remain an image only.

Loving and perishing,—these have been paired from all eternities. The will to love,—it is also willingness for death. Thus speak I to you, cowards!

But now you call your emasculate ogling 'contemplation'. And that which giveth itself to the touch of cowardly eyes is to be christened 'beautiful'! Oh, ye befoulers of noble names!

But this shall be your curse, ye immaculate, ye pure knowers, that ye never shall give birth: even though ye lie big and full on the horizon!

Verily, ye fill your mouth full with noble words, and ye would have us believe that your heart overfloweth, ye liars!

But *my* words are mean, contemptible, crooked words: willingly do I gather up that which falleth from the tables of your banquets.

Yet they serve well enough to tell hypocrites the truth! Yea, my fishbones, my empty shells, my prickly leaves, shall tickle the noses of hypocrites!

The air is ever foul about you and your banquets: for your lascivious thoughts, your lies and secrecies, hang in the air!

Dare first to believe in yourselves—in yourselves and in your bowels! He that believeth not himself is ever a liar.

Ye hide yourselves behind the mask of a god, ye 'pure ones': your vile worm hath crept into the mask of a god.

Verily, ye deceive, ye 'contemplatives'! Zarathustra himself was once the dupe of your godlike disguises; he guessed not at the worms with which they were filled.

Once methought I saw the soul of a god at play in your sports, ye pure knowers! Once methought your arts the best of all arts!

Distance hid from me the filthiness of serpents and the foul odours: and the lustful cunning of a lizard creeping therein.

But I came nigh unto you: then day dawned for me, and now dawneth it for you—the moon's loves are at an end!

Behold! Detected and pale he standeth—before the dawn!

Already she¹ cometh, the shining one—*her* love for earth cometh! All sun-love is innocence and creative desire.

Behold, how impetuously she cometh over the sea! Feel ye not the thirst, the hot breath of her love?

She would suck the sea, and draw up its depths to her heights: the desire of the sea offereth a thousand breasts.

It *desireth* to be kissed and sucked by the thirst of the sun; it *desireth* to become vapour and height, a pathway for the light, and light itself!

Verily, like the sun I love life and all deep seas.

And this *I* call perception: all that is deep shall be raised up—to my heights!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

¹ In German the sun and the dawn are of the feminine gender.—TRANS.

OF SCHOLARS

WHILST I lay sleeping, a sheep nibbled at the ivy-wreath about my head—nibbled, and nibbling said, Zarathustra is no longer a scholar.

Saying this it departed with clumsy pride. A child told me thereof.

I love to lie here where children play by the crumbling wall, amongst thistles and red poppies.

A scholar am I yet to the children and the thistles and the red poppies. Innocent are they, even in their wickedness.

But not so to the sheep: thus willeth my lot—blessed may it be!

For this is the truth: I have forsaken the house of scholars, and I have slammed the door behind me.

Too long hath my soul sat hungry at their tables; not as they do can I address myself to knowledge as to the cracking of nuts.

Freedom I love, and the fresh airs of earth. And rather would I repose upon oxhides than upon their honours and respectabilities.

I am too hot, I am scorched by mine own thoughts; often they rob me of breath. Then I must go into the open air, away from dusty rooms.

But they sit cool in cool shades: they love in all things to be spectators and take heed lest they sit where the sun burneth on the steps.

Like such as stand in the street and gaze at passing folk—thus tarry they and gaze on thoughts thought by others.

If one graspeth them they give off dust like meal-bags, involuntarily: but who could guess that their dust cometh from the corn and the golden delight of summer fields?

When they give themselves airs of wisdom, I am chilled by their petty saws and maxims. Often hath their wisdom an odour, as if it sprang from the swamp: and, indeed, I have heard the frog's croak therein!

They are clever, they have cunning fingers: what hath my simplicity to do with their multiplicity? Their fingers know well how to thread and knit and weave: thus they knit stockings of the mind!

Good clocks are they: but take heed to wind them up aright! Then will they tell the hour without deception, ticking modestly the while.

They work like millstones, and corn-crushers—if grain be thrown into them! They know but too well how to grind corn and make white dust thereof.

They watch one another well, and trust not one another over-much. Ingenious in petty stratagems, they lie in wait for those whose knowledge goeth on lame feet; like spiders they wait.

I have seen how they ever prepare poison with caution; they neglect not to draw on gloves of glass in so doing.

They know, moreover, how to play with loaded dice; and I have found that they play thereat so hotly that they sweat.

We are as strangers to one another, and their virtues are yet more repugnant to me than their falsehoods and loaded dice.

And when I dwelt amongst them I dwelt above them. Therefore they bore a grudge against me.

They love not to hear that any goeth over their heads. Therefore they have laid wood and earth and refuse betwixt me and their heads.

Thus have they deadened the sound of my footsteps; and hitherto the most learned have heard me least.

They laid the falsity and weakness of all humanity betwixt themselves and myself; ‘false ceiling’ they call it in their houses.

But nevertheless I and my thoughts go *above* their heads; and even if I should go upon mine own faults, I should yet be above them and their heads.

For men are *not* equal: so speaketh justice. And that which I will *they* cannot will!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF POETS

SINCE I learned better to know the body, said Zarathustra to one of his disciples, I have held mind as *mere* mind; and as for the 'immortal'—it is but a similitude.

I have heard thee speak thus aforetime, replied the disciple. And when thou spakest thus thou didst add: 'But the poets lie beyond measure'. Wherefore saidst thou that poets lie beyond measure?

Wherefore? said Zarathustra, thou askest wherefore? I am not of them which may be asked for their wherefores.

Is mine experience but of yesterday? Long since have I tested by experience the grounds of mine opinions.

Must I not needs be a very cask of memory, if I am to keep my grounds by me?

It is overmuch for me even to keep mine opinions; and many a bird taketh wing.

And sometimes I find a stray bird in my dove-cot, that is strange to me, and that trembleth when I lay mine hand upon it.

But what said Zarathustra aforetime unto thee? That the poets lie beyond measure? But Zarathustra also is a poet.

Believest thou now that he spake truth herein? Wherefore believest thou so?

The disciple answered: I believe in Zarathustra. But Zarathustra shook his head and smiled.

Belief rejoiceth not me, said he, least of all belief in myself.

But granted that one said in all earnestness that the poets lie beyond measure: he is right—we lie beyond measure.

Moreover we know too little and are bad scholars: therefore are we driven to lie.

And which of us poets hath not adulterated his wine? Many a poisonous brew hath been brewed in our cellars, many an indescribable thing hath been done therein.

And because we know little we love with all our hearts the poor in spirit—especially if these be young women!

And we crave even those tales that the old wives tell one another of nights. This we call in ourselves the 'eternal feminine'.

And as though there were a special secret access unto wisdom,

barred against them which learn aught—we believe in the folk and its 'lore'.

But this all poets believe: that he that pricketh up his ears as he lieth on the grass or on lonely steeps learneth somewhat of the things that are betwixt heaven and earth.

And when they feel tender emotions, the poets ever deem that nature herself is in love with them:

And that she stealeth to their ear and whispereth secrets and love-flatteries: whereof they preen and puff themselves before all other mortals!

Alas, there are many things betwixt heaven and earth of which only poets have dreamed!

And yet more *above* the heavens: for all gods are poets' allegories, poets' tricks!

Verily, we are ever drawn upwards to the realm of clouds: thereon we set our gaudy puppets and call them gods and supermen.

Light enough indeed are they for such seats—these gods and supermen!

Alas, how weary am I of all these inadequacies that they insist are actualities! Alas, how weary am I of poets!

Whilst Zarathustra thus spake his disciple was wroth against him but kept silence. And Zarathustra also kept silence; and his eye was turned inwards, as though he gazed into far distances. At length he sighed and drew breath.

Then said he: I am of to-day and of the past; but there is that within me which is of to-morrow and of the day after to-morrow and of the far future.

I grow weary of poets, of the old and of the new. Superficial I hold them all, shallow seas.

They thought not deep enough: therefore their emotion reached not to the bottom.

A little voluptuousness, a little tediousness: these have yet been their best meditations.

Their harp-strummings are to me as the sighs and rustlings of ghosts; what have they known as yet of the ardours of music!

Moreover I find them not cleanly enough: they all muddy their waters that they may seem deep.

And they love to call themselves reconcilers: but to me are they go-betweens and meddlers, and half-breeds and uncleanly!

Alas, I indeed cast my net in their seas and sought to catch good fish; but I ever drew up some old god's head.

Thus the sea gave the hungry a stone. And perchance they themselves are born of the sea.

True, one findeth pearls in them: so much the more they resemble hard shell-fish. And in place of a soul oft have I found salt slime in them.

From the sea they learned even its vanity: is not the sea the peacock of all peacocks?

It spreadeth its tail even before the ugliest of buffaloes; it wearieth never of its lace-fan of silver and silk.

Truculently glareth the buffalo thereon, in his soul akin to the sand, yet more akin to the thicket, but nearest akin to the swamp.

What careth he for beauty and the sea and peacock-charms? This parable I give to the poets.

Verily, their mind itself is the peacock of all peacocks, and an ocean of vanity!

The spirit of the poet craveth onlookers—even if they be but buffaloes!

But I have wearied of that spirit: and I foresee a time when it will weary of itself.

I have already seen the poets changed, and turning their glances against themselves.

Intellectual penitents saw I come: they grew out of the poets.

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF GREAT EVENTS

THERE is an island of the sea—not far from Zarathustra's Happy Isles—whereon a volcano ever smoketh; of which the people, and especially the old wives amongst the people, say that it is set as a rock to bar the gate of the underworld: yet through the volcano itself there goeth down a narrow path which leadeth to that gate of the underworld.

Now about the time that Zarathustra abode in the Happy Isles, it came to pass that a ship cast anchor at that island whereon is the smoking mountain; and her crew went ashore to shoot rabbits. But about the noontide hour, when the captain and his men had mustered again, suddenly they saw a man come unto them through the air, and a voice said plainly: It is time! It is high time! But when the figure was nighest to them (for it passed by them flying quickly like a shadow, in the direction of the volcano) they saw with great amazement that it was Zarathustra; for all, save the captain, had seen him before, and they loved him as the people love—that is to say, blending love and awe in equal parts.

'Lo there!' said the old helmsman, 'there goeth Zarathustra into hell!'

About that same hour wherein these sailors landed upon the fiery isle, there went a rumour abroad that Zarathustra had vanished; and when they inquired of his friends these told how he had taken ship by night and had said not whither he went.

Thus they feared; but after three days the story of the sailors added to this fear—and now all the people said that the devil had taken Zarathustra. His disciples, indeed, laughed at this saying, and one amongst them even said: I believe rather that Zarathustra hath taken the devil. Yet at heart they were all filled with sorrow and longing: thus great was their joy when, on the fifth day, Zarathustra appeared again amongst them.

And this is the tale of Zarathustra's speech with the Fiery Hound:

Earth, said he, hath a skin; and this skin hath diseases. One of these diseases, for example, is called 'Man'.

And another of these diseases is called 'Fiery Hound'; whereof men have told and have heard many lies.

To discover this mystery I went overseas. And verily, I have seen truth naked—barefoot to the neck!

Now know I the truth concerning that Fiery Hound; and therewith concerning all the devils of overthrow and revolution, which not only old wives fear.

‘Come up, Fiery Hound, from thy deeps!’ I cried, ‘and declare how deep are those deeps! Whence cometh that which thou snuffest?’

Thou drinkest deeply of the sea: that thy salt eloquence bewrayeth! Verily, for an hound of the deeps thou feedest too much upon the surface!

At best hold I thee as the world’s ventriloquist, and whensoever I have heard the cries of the devils of revolution and overthrow, I have found them like thee—salt, deceitful, and shallow.

Ye know how to bay and to darken the sky with ashes! Ye are the best of all braggarts and have sufficiently learnt the art of making mire to boil.

Where ye are, there must ever be mire nigh at hand, and much that is rotten, hollow, and collapsed: such things will out.

Freedom is the cry you love best: but I have lost my belief in those “great events” which are enveloped in clamour and smoke.

And believe me, friend Hellish Noise! The greatest events are not our noisiest but our stillest hours.

The world revolveth not about the inventors of new noise, but about the inventors of new values; *inaudibly* it turneth.

And now confess! Little, indeed, had ever happened when thy noise and smoke were dispersed. What matter that a town were mummified, and that a statue lay in the mire!

And this word have I for overthrowers of statues. It is surely the greatest of follies to cast salt into the sea, or statues into the mire.

In the mire of your contempt lay the statue: but it is the very law of its being, that from contempt it taketh again life and living beauty!

With diviner features it now ariseth, seductive through suffering; and verily, it shall one day thank you for o’erthrowing it, ye overthrowers!

But with this counsel I counsel kings and churches and all that is weakened by old age and virtue: Allow yourselves to be o’erthrown!—That ye may return to life, and that—virtue may return to you!’

Thus spake I to the Fiery Hound: then he interrupted me snarlingly and asked: Church? What is that?

Church? I replied. It is a kind of State, and that the falsest

kind. Yet, be silent, thou hypocritical hound! Thou surely best knowest thine own kind!

The State, like thyself, is an hypocritical hound; like thyself it loveth to speak in smoke and clamour—making believe, like thee, that it speaketh from the womb of things.

For its whole will is to be the most important beast on earth, the State. And it is held to be so.

When I had said thus, the Fiery Hound showed himself as though mad with envy. How? cried he, the most important beast on earth? And it is held so to be? And such vapours and terrible clamours rose from his gullet, that I deemed he would choke for anger and envy.

At length he grew quieter, and his panting ceased. But as soon as he was quiet I laughed and said:

Thou art angry, Fiery Hound. Therefore I have judged thee aright!

But that I may maintain the right, hear of another Fiery Hound which truly speaketh out of the heart of earth.

His breath breatheth gold and a golden rain: thus his heart willeth. What hath he to do with ashes and smoke and hot phlegm?

Laughter fluttereth from him like a rosy cloud; he misliketh thy gurglings and spittings and thy spasms of the bowels!

But his gold and his laughter—he taketh them out of the heart of earth: for if thou but knewest it—*the heart of earth is of gold.*

When the Fiery Hound had heard this, he could endure no longer to listen to me. In shame he lowered his tail; he uttered a faint-hearted bow-wow, and crept down into his lair.—

Thus Zarathustra told his tale. But his disciples scarcely listened to him, so great was their desire to tell him of the sailors, the rabbits, and the flying man.

What should I think thereof? said Zarathustra. Am I then a ghost?

But it may have been my shadow. Ye have surely heard of the Wanderer and his Shadow?

But one thing is sure: I must keep it shorter—else will it harm my reputation.

And Zarathustra shook his head again and wondered. What should I think thereof? he repeated.

Wherefore cried that ghost: It is high time?

For what is it—high time?

Thus spake Zarathustra.

THE SOOTHSAYER

—AND I saw a great sadness come over men. The best grew weary of their works.

A doctrine was put forth, a faith accompanied it: 'All is hollow, all is one, all hath been!'

And from all hills there re-echoed: 'All is hollow, all is one, all hath been!'

We have indeed harvested: but wherefore became all our fruits rotten and withered? What fell thereon from last night's evil moon?

Vain hath been all our work, our wine hath become poison, an evil eye hath seared and yellowed our fields and hearts.

Arid are we all become; and if fire falleth upon us we become dust like ashes—yea we have wearied fire itself.

All well-springs failed us; the very sea receded. The soil itself gapeth, but the abyss will not swallow!

Alas, where remaineth there a sea that one might drown therein?—thus echoeth our lament across the shallow marshes.

Verily, we are now too weary to die; we wake yet and live on—in burial vaults!

Thus Zarathustra heard a Soothsayer cry; and his prophecy entered into his heart and transformed him. He wandered forlorn and weary; and he became like them of whom the Soothsayer had spoken.

Verily, said he to his disciples, Yet a little while, and there cometh this long twilight. Alas, how can I save my light beyond it!

Would that it might not be extinguished in that sadness! For it is meant as a light to worlds yet far off, and to farthest nights!

Thus went Zarathustra, grieved at heart; and for three days he took neither drink nor food, rested not, and lost his speech. At length it came to pass that he fell into a deep sleep. But his disciples sat about him in the long night-watches and waited sorrowing to see whether he would wake and speak again and be healed of his affliction.

This is the discourse that Zarathustra spake when he awoke; but his voice came to his disciples as from a far distance:

Now hear the dream which I dreamed, ye friends, and help me to discern its meaning!

A riddle is it yet to me, this dream. Its sense is hidden and entangled within it, and hovereth not yet above it with free pinions.

I dreamed I had renounced life wholly. I was become night-watchman and grave-watchman, there upon the lonely hill-fortress of death.

There I guarded his coffins: the damp vaults were filled with these signs of his triumph. Vanquished life gazed on me from out of glass coffins.

I breathed the odour of dusty eternities: parched and dust-shrouded lay my soul. And who could have aired his soul in such a place!

Brightness of midnight was ever about me, loneliness cowered beside me; and, for a third, death-rattle stillness, evildest of my friends.

I bore keys, the rustiest of keys; and with them I could open the loudest-creaking of doors.

When that door turned on its hinges the sound ran through the long galleries like a very evil croaking; weirdly shrieked that raven, loving not to be awakened.

But more frightful yet, more strangling to the heart, was the returning silence, when all about grew still and I sat alone with that malignant silence.

Thus time went creeping, if time there were—what know I! But at length that came to pass which awakened me.

Three blows struck upon the door like thunder-strokes; thrice the vaults re-echoed and groaned: then went I to the door.

Alpâ! cried I, Who beareth his ashes to the mountains? Alpa! Alpa! Who beareth his ashes to the mountain?

And I turned the key and tried the door, and strove. But it opened not by a finger's breadth—

Then a furious wind wrenched its two wings asunder. Whistling and shrieking it hurled a black coffin to my feet.

And amidst the howling and whistling and shrieking the coffin brake and spat out a thousandfold laughter.

And from a thousand strange masks of children, angels, owls, fools, and butterflies as big as children, it laughed and mocked and roared at me.

It made me sore afraid; it threw me down. And I cried out in terror, as never before I cried.

But mine own cry awakened me; and I came to myself—

Thus Zarathustra told his dream and thereafter was silent. For he knew not yet the interpretation thereof. But the disciple whom he most loved arose quickly and took Zarathustra's hand, and said:

Thy life itself is shown to us in this dream, O Zarathustra!

Art not thou thyself the shrilly whistling wind, that bursteth the doors of the castles of death?

Art not thou thyself the coffin with many-hued wickednesses and the angel-masks of life?

Verily, like the thousandfold laughter of children Zarathustra entereth the chambers of the dead, laughing at night-watchmen and grave-watchmen, and whosoever else rattleth gloomy keys.

Thou wilt terrify and o'erthrow them with thy laughter; impotence and awakening shall prove thy power over them.

And even when the long twilight cometh, and the mortal weariness, *thou* shalt not set in our heavens, thou advocate of life!

Thou madest us to see new stars and new glories of the night; verily, thou didst stretch laughter itself like a bright-hued tent above our heads.

Now for ever the laughter of children shall leap forth from coffins; now for ever a strong wind shall come victoriously upon mortal weariness: of this thou thyself art our witness and soothsayer!

Verily, *thou didst dream thyself thine enemies*; that was thy sorest dream!

But as thou didst awake from them and camest to thyself, even so shall they awake from themselves and—come to thee!

Thus spake the disciple; and all the others then thronged about Zarathustra and took him by the hand and would have him leave his bed and his sadness and return unto them. But Zarathustra sat upright upon his couch and his glance was strange. Like unto one that returneth home from long sojourning abroad he gazed at his disciples and searched their faces; but as yet he recognized them not. But when they lifted him and set him on his feet, lo, then his eye changed immediately; he understood all that had befallen, he stroked his beard, and said with a loud voice:

Up! The time is come. But see to it, my disciples, that we make a good meal, and that right soon! Thus would I do penance for bad dreams!

But the Soothsayer shall eat and drink at my side: and, verily, I will yet show him a sea in which he can drown!

Thus spake Zarathustra. But thereafter he gazed long into the face of the disciple which had given the interpretation of his dream, and he shook his head.

OF REDEMPTION

ON a day, as Zarathustra went over the principal bridge, the cripples and beggars thronged about him, and a hunchback spake thus unto him:

Behold, Zarathustra! Even the people learn of thee, and come to believe thy teaching: but that they may believe thee wholly one thing more is wanted—thou must first persuade us cripples! Here thou hast a fine choice, and, verily, opportunity with more than one forelock to thy grasp! Thou canst heal the blind and make the lame to run; and thou couldst well take somewhat from him that hath too much upon his back—that, think I, were the true way to make cripples believe in Zarathustra!

But Zarathustra replied thus to him which had spoken: If one take his hump from the hunchback, one taketh away his spirit—thus the people teacheth. And if one give the blind his eyes he seeth too many evil things on earth, so that he curseth him that hath healed him. But he that maketh the lame to run doeth him the greatest hurt; for no sooner hath he learned to run than his vices run away with him—thus teach the people concerning cripples. And wherefore should not Zarathustra also learn from the people, when the people learneth from Zarathustra?

But I hold it the least of evils, since I came among men, to see that this one lacketh an eye and that an ear, and a third a leg, and that there are others which have lost tongue or nose or head.

I see and have seen worse evils, and many so abominable that I care not to speak of all; and of some I care not even to be silent: namely, men that lack all save one thing, of which they have too much; men that are naught but one great eye, or one great mouth, or one great belly, or one thing else great—inverted cripples, call I such.

And when I left my solitude and first passed over this bridge I trusted not mine eyes, and looked and looked again, and said at length: That is an ear, an ear as great as a man! I looked again more closely: and truly beneath the ear something moved, something pitifully small and poor and waste. And, verily, that monstrous ear was borne on a small, thin stalk—and the

stalk was a man! He that peered through a glass might even discern a small, envious face; moreover a little puffed-up soul hung upon the stalk. The people, however, told me that that great ear was not merely a man, but a great man, a genius. But I never believed the people when they spake of great men—and I hold to my belief that he was an inverted cripple which had too little of all things and too much of one thing.

When Zarathustra had thus spoken to the hunchback and to them whose mouthpiece and advocate the man was, he turned to his disciples in deep distress and said:

Verily, my friends, I go amongst men as amongst fragments and severed limbs of men!

This is terrible to mine eye, that I find man broken in pieces and scattered as upon a battle-field and a shambles.

And fleeth mine eye from to-day into the past, it findeth ever the same: fragments and severed limbs and grisly accidents—but no men!

The present and the past upon earth—alas! my friends, this is *my* heaviest burden! And I could not live, were I not a seer of that which is to come.

A prophet, a man of will, a creator, a future and a bridge unto the future—and, alas, also, as it were, a cripple upon that bridge! All this is Zarathustra.

And ye too have often asked amongst yourselves: What is Zarathustra to us? How shall we name him? And as I do, ye gave yourselves questions for answers.

Is he one that promiseth, or one that fulfilleth? A conqueror or an inheritor? An autumn or a ploughshare? A physician or a convalescent?

Is he a poet, or a speaker of truth? A liberator or subjugator? A good man, or a bad?

I go amongst men as amongst fragments of the future: of the future that I see.

And my whole imagination and endeavour is this—to assemble and bring together that which is fragment and riddle and grisly accident.

And how could I endure to be man, if man were not poet and riddle-reader and redeemer of the accidental!

To redeem the men of the past and to change each 'Thus it was' into a 'Thus I would have it'—this alone I call redemption!

Will—it is the name of the liberator and bringer of joy: thus have I taught you, my friends! But now learn also this: the Will itself is yet a prisoner.

Willing liberateth: but how call ye that which putteth even the liberator in chains?

'Thus it was'; so is it named, the Will's teeth-gnashing and loneliest wailing. Impotent against that which is done, it is an evil onlooker of all that is past.

That the Will cannot will retrospectively—that it cannot defeat time and the lust of time—this is the loneliest affliction of the Will.

Willing liberateth: what doth willing itself devise that it may be rid of its affliction and mock its prison?

Alas, every prisoner becometh a fool! Foolishly, likewise, imprisoned Will delivereth itself.

It is wroth that time runneth not backwards. 'That which was' is named the stone which it cannot roll away.

Therefore it heaveth stones in wrath and indignation and taketh vengeance on that which feeleth not wrath and indignation as it does.

Thus Will, the liberator, became a torturer: on all that can suffer it taketh vengeance because it cannot enter the past.

This, yea, this alone, is very vengeance!—Will's abhorrence of time and its 'Thus it was'.

Verily, a great folly dwelleth in our Will; and it is become a curse on all humanity that this folly learned to have mind!

The avenging mind; my friends, this hitherto hath been man's best concept; and that wheresoever there was affliction, there there must be punishment.

'Punishment'—thus vengeance calleth itself: with a lying word it feigneth for itself a good conscience.

And because he that willet is afflicted for that he cannot will retrospectively, therefore all willing and all living were held to be—punishment!

And now cloud upon cloud rolled over the mind, until at length madness preached: All things perish, therefore, all things are worthy to perish!

And this itself is justice, the law of time, whereby it must devour its own children: thus madness preached.

Things are morally ordered according to justice and punishment. Oh, where is salvation from the flux of things and the punishment of 'existence'? Thus madness preached.

Can there be salvation if there be eternal justice? Alas, immovable is the stone 'Thus it was': therefore all punishments must be eternal! Thus madness preached.

No act can be annihilated: how could it be undone by

punishment! This, *this*, it is which is eternal in the punishment of 'existence'—that existence itself must eternally repeat action and guilt!

Unless it be that at length the Will should save itself and willing become not-willing!—But ye know, my brethren, this fabulous tale of madness!

I led you away from these fabulous tales when I taught you: The will is a creator.

All 'Thus it was' is a fragment, a riddle, a grisly accident, until the creative Will saith unto it: But thus I would have it!—

Until the creative Will saith unto it: But thus I will it! Thus I shall will it!

But spake it ever thus? And when shall this be? Is the Will yet unharnessed from its own folly?

Is Will become its own saviour and joy-bringer? Hath it unlearned the spirit of revenge and the gnashing of teeth?

And who hath taught it reconciliation with time and that which is higher than all reconciliation?

The Will that is will to power must will that which is higher than all reconciliation: yet how may it attain thereto? And who hath taught it how to will retrospectively?

—But here it came to pass that Zarathustra suddenly paused and seemed altogether as one that is very sore afraid. With a fearful eye he looked upon his disciples; his eye pierced their thoughts and the thoughts behind their thoughts as it were with arrows. But in a little while he laughed again and said, appeased:

It is hard to live with men because silence is so hard. Especially for a talkative man.

Thus spake Zarathustra. But the hunchback had listened to the discourse and had covered his face, but when he heard Zarathustra laugh he looked up curiously and said slowly:

But why speaketh Zarathustra otherwise to us than to his disciples?

Zarathustra answered: What cause is there for amazement? With the hunchback one may well speak in a hunchbacked way!

Good, said the hunchback; and amongst scholars one may well talk of school.

But why speaketh Zarathustra otherwise to his scholars—than to himself?—

OF MANWARD-DISCRETION

Not the height but the drop is terrible!

—That precipice, wherein the glance falleth *down* whilst the hand gropeth *up*. It is there that the heart groweth dizzy because of its double will.

Ah, friends, do ye rightly divine *my* heart's double will?

This, this is *my* precipice and my peril, that my glance falleth *up* whilst my hand would fain clutch and depend upon—the depths!

My will clingeth to man, with chains bind I myself to man, because I am drawn upwards to Superman: for thither tendeth mine other will.

And *to this end* do I live blindfold amongst men, as though I knew them not—that my hand might not wholly lose its belief in firmness.

I know not you men: this darkness and consolation oft covereth me.

I sit in the gate at the service of every rascal and ask: 'Who desireth to defraud me?'

It is my first manward-discretion that I suffer myself to be defrauded that I may not have to be on my guard against defrauders.

Alas, if I were on my guard against man, how could man be as an anchor to my balloon? Too easily would it draw me up and away!

This providence ruleth my fate, that I must be without caution.

And he that would not die of thirst amongst men must learn to drink out of all beakers; and he that would remain clean amongst men, must know how to cleanse himself even in dirty water.

Thus spake I oft to comfort myself: Courage, old heart! Thou hast missed a misfortune: rejoice in this as thy—bliss!

But this is my second manward-discretion: I spare the *Vain* rather than the Proud.

Is not wounded vanity the mother of all tragedies? But when pride is wounded there springeth up a thing that is better than pride.

That life may be a fine spectacle its play must be well played: but for that it needeth good actors.

I perceive that the Vain are ever good actors: they play desiring that others may love to behold their playing—and all their mind is in this purpose.

They produce *themselves*, they discover *themselves*; I love to look at life in their company—it is a cure for melancholy.

Therefore I spare the Vain because they physic my melancholy and hold me fast bound to man as by a drama.

Moreover, who can measure the full depth of the vain man's modesty! I am well disposed and compassionate towards him because of his modesty.

He desireth to learn of you to believe in himself; he feedeth upon your glances, he eateth praise out of your hands.

He believeth your lies when ye lie in his praise: for in the depths of his heart he sigheth: What am I?

And if that be true virtue that knoweth not itself—well, the vain man knoweth not his own modesty!

But this is my third manward-discretion, that I permit not your timorousness to spoil for me the spectacle of the *Wicked*.

I rejoice to see those marvels which an hot sun gendereth: tigers, palms, and rattlesnakes.

Amongst men also the hot sun hath fair offspring and there is much that is wonder-worthy in the wicked.

Verily, even as I found your wisest men not very wise, so I found man's wickedness less than the fame thereof.

And oft I have asked, shaking my head: 'Why continue to rattle, ye rattlesnakes?'

Verily, for wickedness also there is a future! And the hottest south is yet undiscovered by man.

How much is now called supreme wickedness which is but twelve shoes wide and three months long! But one day greater dragons will come into the world.

For that the Superman may not lack his dragon—a Super-dragon worthy of him—many a hot sun must yet shine upon damp primeval forests!

Tigers must come of your wild-cats, and crocodiles of your poisonous toads: for the good hunter shall have good hunting!

And, verily, ye Good and Just! much in you is laughable, and above all your fear of that which was heretofore called 'the Devil'!

So alien to your soul is the great that the Superman would seem to you *terrible* in his goodness!

And ye men of wisdom and knowledge, ye would flee from the burning sun of wisdom in which the Superman rejoiceth to bathe his nakedness!

Ye highest men that mine eye hath seen, this is my doubt of you and my secret laughter: I divine that ye would call my Superman—'the Devil'!

Alas, I have grown weary of these highest and best!—from their 'heights' I would fain rise up, out, away to the Superman!

Horror overcame me when I saw these best men naked: then I grew pinions to fly away to remote futures.

To ever remoter futures, to ever more southern souths than artist ever dreamed: thither, where gods are ashamed of all clothing!

But I would have *you* disguised in clothes, ye neighbours and contemporaries, well adorned and vain and esteemed as 'the Good and Righteous'—

And I myself will sit disguised amongst you—that I *may know* neither you nor myself, for this is my last manward-discretion.

Thus spake Zarathustra.

THE STILLEST HOUR

WHAT hath come upon me, my friends? Ye see me troubled, driven forth, unwillingly obedient, ready to depart—alas, to depart from *you*!

Yea, once again must Zarathustra seek his solitude: but this time the bear retreateth sadly to his cave!

What hath befallen me? Who commandeth this?—Alas, mine angry mistress will have it so, and she hath spoken unto me—have I ever named her name amongst you?

Yestereven *my Stillest Hour* spake unto me: that is the name of my terrible mistress.

And thus it came about—for I must tell you all, that your heart may not harden towards him that suddenly taketh leave!

Know ye the terror of him that falleth asleep? From head to foot he is all terror because earth falleth from him and dream beginneth.

I tell you this in a parable. Yesterday at the Stillest Hour earth fell from me: dream began.

The dial hand moved on, the clock of my life drew breath—never yet heard I such stillness about me: so that my heart was afraid.

Then without voice came the words unto me: '*Knowest thou it, Zarathustra?*'

And I cried out for fear at that whispering, and the blood forsook my face: but I was speechless.

Then the voiceless words came again unto me: '*Thou knowest it, Zarathustra, but thou speakest it not!*'

And at length I answered, as one defiant: '*Yea, I know it, but I will not speak it!*'

The voiceless words came again unto me: '*Thou wilt not, Zarathustra? Is this true? Hide not thyself in thy defiance!*'

And I wept and trembled like a child and I said: '*Alas, I would, but how can I! Forgive me this one thing! It is beyond my power!*'

Then again the voiceless words came unto me: '*What matter for thyself, Zarathustra? Speak thy word and break in pieces!*'

And I answered: '*Alas, is this my word? Who am I? I*

await a worthier one; I am not worthy even to be broken in pieces thereon'.

Then again the voiceless words came unto me: 'What matter for thyself? I find thee not yet humble enough. Humility hath the thickest skin'.

And I answered: 'What hath not the skin of my humility already endured! I dwell at the foot of my heights: how high be my summits? None hath yet told me how high. But well I know my valleys'.

Then again the voiceless words came unto me: 'O Zarathustra, he that must move mountains moveth valleys and lowlands also'.

And I answered: 'Not yet hath my word moved any mountain, and that which I spake hath not reached men. I went indeed unto men but not yet have I reached them'.

Then again the voiceless words came unto me: 'What knowest thou *thereof*? The dew falleth upon the grass when the night is most silent'.

And I answered: 'They mocked me when I found mine own way and walked therein; and verily my foot then faltered.

And thus spake they unto me: Thou hast forgotten the path; now thou forgettest also how to walk!'

Then again the voiceless words came unto me: 'What matter for their mocking? Thou art one that hath forgotten obedience: now shalt thou command!'

Knowest thou not whereof all have greatest need? Even he that shall command great things.

To do great things is hard; but to command great things is harder.

This is most unpardonable in thee, that thou hast power and wilt not rule'.

And I answered: 'I lack the lion's voice of command'.

Then again as a whispering came the words unto me: 'The stillest words are they which bring the storm. Thoughts which come on doves' feet rule the world.

O Zarathustra, thou shalt walk as a shadow of that which is to come: thus shalt thou command and in commanding be a forerunner'.

And I answered: 'I am ashamed'.

Then again the voiceless words came: 'Thou must yet become a child and without shame.

The pride of youth is yet in thee; late in time hast thou grown young; but he that would become a child must surmount even his youth'.

And long I meditated and trembled. But at length I said as I had first said: 'I will not'.

Then there was a laughter about me. Ah, how that laughter tore my bowels and pierced my heart!

And it was said unto me for the last time: 'O Zarathustra, thy fruits are ripe, but thou art not ripe for thy fruits!

Therefore must thou go again into solitude; for thou shalt yet grow mellow'.

And again there was laughter and it fled: then was all still about me as with a twofold stillness. But I lay upon the ground, and the sweat poured from my limbs.

—Now have ye heard all and know the reason why I must return to my solitude. I have hidden naught from you, my friends.

But this too ye have heard of me who is ever the most silent of men—and willeth so to be!

Alas, my friends! I had yet more to tell you, I had yet more to give you! Wherefore do I not give it? Am I then niggardly?

But when Zarathustra had spoken these words he was smitten with great anguish because his leave-taking from his friends drew nigh, so that he wept aloud; and none could comfort him. But at night he went forth alone and left his friends.

THE THIRD PART

Ye look up when ye desire to be exalted: and I look down, for that I am exalted.

Which amongst you can both laugh and be exalted?

He that scaleth highest mountains laugheth at all tragedies whether of game or earnest.

Zarathustra I, 'Of Reading and Writing.'

THE WANDERER

It was nigh midnight when Zarathustra took his way over the central ridge of the island that he might come early in the morning to the farther shore: for there he purposed to take ship. For there was in those parts a good roadstead wherein even foreign ships were wont to cast anchor, and these took many from the Happy Isles which desired to go thence overseas. Now, therefore, as Zarathustra climbed the hill-side, he thought by the way of his many lonely wanderings from his youth up, and of how many an hill and mountain ridge and summit he had already ascended.

I am a roamer and a hill-climber, said he in his heart; I love not the plains, and meseemeth I cannot long sit still.

And whatsoever is yet to be my fate and experience—roaming and hill-climbing will have part therein: for in the end a man experienceth naught but himself.

The time is past when I was yet subject to chance; and what *could* befall me now that is not already mine own?

It but returneth, it cometh at length home—mine own self, and whatsoever thereof hath been long abroad and dispersed amongst all manner of things and accidents.

And one thing more I know: I stand now before my final summit and before that which hath been longest reserved for me. Alas, I must climb mine hardest path! Alas, I have begun my loneliest journey!

But whosoever is of my kin escapeth not this hour—the hour which saith unto him: Now only goest thou thy way of greatness! Summit and precipice—these twain are now one!

Thou goest thy way of greatness: now is that become thy final refuge which hath been hitherto thine extremest peril.

Thou goest thy way of greatness: thy highest courage must it be that there is no longer any way back!

Thou goest thy way of greatness: here shall none steal after thee! Thine own foot hath effaced the path behind thee, and thereon standeth written: Impossibility.

And if henceforth all ladders fail thee thou shalt know how

to mount upon thine own head: how otherwise wouldest thou ascend?

Upon thine own head and over thine own heart! Now must that which is gentlest in thee become hardest.

He that hath ever spared himself falleth sick at length of his much sparing. Praised be that which maketh hard! I praise not the land where butter and honey—*flow*!

To see *much* one must look away from oneself: this hardness must be in every mountain-climber.

But he that seeketh knowledge and hath over-eager eyes, how can he see more of things than their superficial reasons?

But thou, O Zarathustra, desiredst to see the ground and background of all things: therefore must thou mount above thyself—on and up, until thou seest even thy stars beneath thee!

Ay, to look down upon myself and even upon my stars! That alone call I my *summit*: that hath been reserved for me as my *last* summit.

Thus spake Zarathustra within himself as he climbed, comforting his heart with harsh sayings: for he was sore at heart as never before. And when he was come to the top of the ridge, lo! the further sea lay spread before him: and he stood still and was long silent. But the night was cold on that height, and clear and bright with stars.

I know my lot, said he at length, and sorrowfully. Up! I am ready. My final loneliness beginneth even now.

Ah, this dark, sad sea beneath me! Ah, this heavy, nightmare distress! Ah, fate, ah, sea! Now must I *go down* unto you!

Before my highest mountain stand I, and before my longest journey; therefore must I first descend deeper than ever I descended—

—Deeper into pain than ever I descended, even into its darkest flood! Thus my fate willeth. Up! I am ready.

Whence come the highest mountains? asked I once. Then I learned that they come from the sea.

This testimony is written in their stones and in the walls of their peaks. Out of the deepest must the highest rise to its height.

Thus spake Zarathustra upon the summit of the mountain where it was cold: but when he came nigh unto the sea and stood at length alone beneath the cliffs, he had grown weary by the way and felt a deeper yearning than ever before.

Now all things sleep, said he: even the sea sleepeth. Its eye looketh upon me, strange and drunk with sleep.

But warm is its breath—I feel it. And I feel also that it dreameth. Dreaming it tosseth on hard pillows.

Hearken! Hearken! How it groaneth for evil memories! Or for evil anticipations?

Ah, I sorrow with thee, thou dark monster, and I reproach myself for thy sake.

Alas, that my hand hath not strength enough! Fain, indeed, would I deliver thee from evil dreams!

And while Zarathustra thus spake he laughed sorrowfully and bitterly at himself. What, Zarathustra! said he. Wilt thou sing comfort even to the sea?

Oh, thou kind-hearted fool Zarathustra, thou too blindly confiding one! But thou wast ever so: ever drewest thou nigh familiarly to all that is terrible.

Thou wouldest caress every monster. A whiff of warm breath, a little soft tuft on the paw—and forthwith thou wast ready to love and to coax it.

Love is the peril of him that is most lonely—love for all *that doth but live*! Laughable indeed is my folly and my humility in love!

Thus spake Zarathustra and laughed withal a second time: but then he bethought him of his forsaken friends, and as though he had done them wrong in his thoughts he was angry with himself for his thoughts. And forthwith it befell that the laughèr wept—Zarathustra wept bitterly for anger and yearning.

OF THE VISION AND THE RIDDLE

I

WHEN it was rumoured amongst the sailors that Zarathustra was upon the ship (for a man of the Happy Isles had embarked along with him), great curiosity and expectation arose. But Zarathustra was silent for two days and was cold and deaf for sorrow, so that he answered neither looks nor questions. But on the evening of the second day he lent ear again, although he still kept silence: for there was much that was strange and perilous to be heard on this ship which came from a far distance and went yet farther. But Zarathustra was a friend to all that make far voyages and care not to live without danger. And lo! as he listened at length his own tongue was loosened and the ice in his heart brake:—then began he to speak thus:

To you, bold explorers, experimenters, and whoso embarketh with cunning sails on terrible seas—

To you that delight in riddles, that love the twilight, whose soul is lured as by flutes to every labyrinth—

(For ye love not with coward hand to grope your way by a thread; and where ye can *divine* ye scorn to *deduce*.)

To you alone I tell this riddle that I *saw*—a vision of the loneliest one.—

Mournfully I walked of late in a death-pale dusk—mournfully and heavily with compressed lips. Not one sun only had set for me—

My path mounted defiantly amidst the scree, an evil, solitary path cheered neither by herb nor bush, a mountain-path, that gritted its teeth beneath my spurning foot.

Striding mute over mocking rattle of pebbles, crushing the treacherous sliding stone, my foot forced its upward way.

Upwards—in that spirit's despite that drew it downwards, abysswards—that Spirit of Gravity, my devil and arch-enemy.

Upwards—although that Spirit sate upon me, half-dwarf, half-mole; lame and making lame; dropping lead-drops into mine ear and thoughts as heavy as lead into my brain.

'O Zarathustra,' it whispered, mockingly and slow, 'thou stone of wisdom! Thou hast thrown thyself up high, but every stone that is thrown up must—fall!

O Zarathustra, thou stone of wisdom, thou sling-stone, thou star-destroyer!—Thou hast thrown thyself very high—but every stone that is thrown must—fall!

Condemned to thyself and to thine own stoning: O Zarathustra, far indeed hast thou thrown the stone—but upon *thee* shall it fall!

Then that Dwarf was silent; long was he so. But his silence weighed upon me; and such companionship is, verily, lonelier than solitude!

I climbed, I climbed, I dreamed, I thought—but all things weighed upon me. Like a sick man was I that falleth asleep outwearied by cruel anguish, and that, by a crueler dream, is awakened from his sleep.

But there is a thing within me that I call courage. Hitherto it hath slain my every discouragement. This courage bade me at length stand still and say: 'Dwarf! Either thou or I?'

—For courage is the best of slayers—courage that *attacketh*, for in every attack there is a stirring battle-music.

But Man is the most courageous of beasts: thereby he hath conquered every beast. With stirring battle-music hath he conquered every pain—yet is human pain the deepest pain.

Courage slayeth even giddiness on the edge of the abyss: and where standeth Man not upon the edge of abysses! Is not sight itself—the sight of abysses?

Courage is the best of slayers; courage slayeth even pity. But pity is the deepest abyss: as deep as Man looketh into life, so deep he looketh into suffering.

But courage is the best of slayers, the courage that *attacketh*; it slayeth even death, for it saith: 'Was this life? Well, then—again!'

But in such a saying is much stirring battle-music. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.—

2

'Stay, Dwarf!' said I. 'I, or thou? But I am the stronger of us twain—thou knowest not mine abysmal thought! It thou couldst not endure!'

Then came to pass that which lightened my load: for the Dwarf, being curious, sprang from my shoulder! And he squatted upon a stone before me. But there chanced to be a Gateway where we halted.

'Behold this Gateway, Dwarf,' said I: 'it hath two faces! Two roads meet here and none hath ever reached the ends thereof.

This long lane behind us: it endureth an eternity. And that long lane before—it is another eternity.

They oppose one another, these ways; they directly controvert one another—and here, in this Gateway, do they meet. The name of the Gateway standeth written thereon—*Moment*.

But whosoever should follow either, farther and ever farther—believest thou, Dwarf, that these roads controvert one another *eternally*?’

‘All straightness is a lie,’ muttered the Dwarf contemptuously. ‘All truth is crooked and time itself is a circle.’

‘Thou Spirit of Gravity!’ said I, being wroth, ‘answer me not too lightly! Else will I leave thee to squat where thou squattest, lame-leg—and I have carried thee *high*!’

Behold,’ I continued, ‘this Moment! From this Gateway called Moment a long, unending road runneth *back*—behind us lieth an eternity.

Must not all that *can* run have already run this road? Must not all that *can* happen have already happened, have already been accomplished, have already gone by?

And if all hath already been, what thinketh the Dwarf of this Moment? Must not this Gateway also have previously existed?

And are not all things thus knotted so fast together that this moment draweth after it *all* that is to come? *And therefore* itself also?

For all that *can* run—even the length of this long road—*must* run it yet again!

And this slow spider that creepeth in the moonlight, and this moonlight itself, and I and thou in the Gateway, whispering together, whispering of things eternal, must not we all have been before?

—And must we not come again and run the length of that other road before us—this long haunted road—must we not return eternally?’—

Thus spake I and ever more softly! For I feared mine own thoughts and the thoughts behind my thoughts. Then, of a sudden, I heard a dog *howl* near by.

Heard I ever a dog howl so? My thoughts ran back. Yea! When I was a child, in my remotest childhood:

Then heard I a dog howl so. And saw him, moreover, with hair bristling, head upturned, quivering, at deadeast midnight, when even dogs believe in ghosts—

So that I pitied him. And even at that moment the full moon passed above the house in deathlike silence; at that very moment he stood, a glowing disk, motionless upon the roof, as though he were a trespasser.

Therefore was the dog afraid; for dogs believe in thieves and ghosts. And as again I heard that howling, again I felt that pity.

Whither was the Dwarf gone now? And the Gateway? And the spider? And our whispering? Dreamed I or did I wake? Suddenly, betwixt wild cliffs I stood desolate, in most desolate moonshine.

But there lay a man! And lo! the dog, leaping, with bristling hair, whimpering—now he saw me come, now he howled yet again, then *cried*. Heard I ever a dog cry so for help?

And, verily, the sight I saw, its like had I never seen. I saw a young Shepherd writhing, choking, quivering, with face distorted, from whose mouth a black and heavy snake hung down.

Saw I ever so much loathing and wan horror in one face? Perchance he had slept—then had the serpent crept within his throat, and clung there biting.

My hand tore at the serpent and tore—in vain! I could not tear the serpent from his throat. Then a voice within me cried: Bite! Bite!

Bite off its head! Bite!—thus cried the voice of my horror, my hate, my loathing, my pity, all the good and evil in me cried out.—

Ye men about me! Ye explorers, experimenters, and who-soever embarketh with cunning sails on unexplored seas! Ye that delight in riddles!

Interpret me the riddle, which then I saw! Show me the vision of the most solitary!

For a vision it was, a vision of the future. What beheld I then as in a parable? And *who* is he that must one day come?

Who is this Shepherd into whose throat the snake thus crept? *Who* is the man into whose throat all that is bitterest and blackest *shall* creep?—

But the Shepherd bit, as my cry counselled him; he bit with all his strength! He spat the snake's head far from him—then up he sprang—

No longer a shepherd, no longer a man—but one transfigured, light-encompassed, one that *laughed*! Never yet on earth laughed man as he laughed!

O my brethren, I heard laughter that was no human laughter—and now a thirst consumeth me, a longing that is never stilled.

My longing for that laughter consumeth me. Oh, how can I endure yet to live! And how could I endure now to die!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF BLISS UNSOUGHT

WITH such riddles and such bitterness in his heart Zarathustra passed overseas. But when he was gone four days' journey from the Happy Isles and from his friends, he had conquered all his pain: victorious and firm of foot he again abode by his fate. Then spake Zarathustra thus to his exultant conscience:

Alone once more am I, and will be—alone with clear heavens and open sea; and again noontide is about me.

At noontide I first found my friends; at noontide I found them the second time—at the hour when all light groweth more still.

For whatsoever of happiness travelleth yet betwixt heaven and earth seeketh now a soul of light for its habitation: for joy hath all light now grown more still.

Oh, noontide of my life! Once *my* happiness also descended to the valley to seek a home: thus found she these open, hospitable souls.

Oh, noontide of my life! What have I not given for this one thing: this living garden of my thoughts, this dawn of my highest hope!

Once the creator sought companions and children of *his* hope: and lo! it came to pass that he might not find them save he himself created them.

Thus I, in the midst of my work, go to my children and leave them again. For his children's sake must Zarathustra perfect himself.

For at heart one loveth only one's child and one's work; and if one greatly loveth himself it is a sign of pregnancy. So have I found it.

As yet are my children verdant in their first spring, planted close together, shaken by the same winds—the trees of my garden and of my richest soil.

And, verily, where such trees stand together, there *are* the Happy Isles!

But on a day I will take them from their bed and plant out each alone: that he may learn loneliness and defiance and caution.

Gnarled and crooked and with supple hardness will I have him stand by the sea, a living lighthouse of life indestructible.

There, where storms rush down upon the sea and the moun-

tains lower their muzzles to drink, each shall one day keep his day- and his night-watches, that *he* may be proved and known.

Known and proved shall he be, whether he be of my kin and descent, whether he be lord of an enduring will, silent even when he speaketh, and yielding so that in giving he *taketh*—

That he may one day become my companion and one that createth with me and harvesteth with me: such an one as writeth my will on my tables: a fuller perfection for all things.

And for his sake and for his like's sake I must perfect *myself*: therefore I now flee my happiness and offer myself to all misfortune—that I, for the last time, may be proved and known.

And, verily, it was high time that I went away; and the Wanderer's Shadow, and the longest sojourn, and the stillest Hour—all counselled me: *It is high time!*

The wind blew through my keyhole saying: *Come!* My door opened slyly of itself saying: *Go!*

But I lay fettered by my love for my children: desire laid this trap for me—desire for love, so that I might become my children's prey, and lose myself in them.

To desire—that hold I to have lost myself. *But I have you, my children!* In this possession shall be all security and no desire.

But the sun of my love lay brooding upon me; Zarathustra stewed in his own sap—then shades and doubts flew over me.

I longed now for frost and winter: Oh, that frost and winter would make me to crackle and to crunch again! I sighed—then icy mists rose from me.

My past burst open her graves; many a pain, buried alive, awoke—it had but slept its fill, disguised in grave-clothes.

Thus all things cried to me by signs: *It is time!* But I—heard not: until at length mine abyss moved and my thought bit me.

Oh, abysmal thought that art *my* thought! When shall I find strength to hear thee burrowing, and yet tremble no more?

My heart beateth in my throat when I hear thee burrowing! Thy silence even will choke me, thou that art shent as the abyss!

Never yet have I dared to call thee *up*: it was enough that I—carried thee with me! Not yet was I strong enough for this last lion-insolence and wantonness.

Terrible enough for me was ever even the burden of thy weight. But the day yet cometh when I shall find strength and the lion's voice to call thee up!

When I shall have therein overcome myself I shall surmount myself also in a greater matter; and *victory* shall be the seal of my perfection!

In the meantime I sail upon precarious seas; chance flattereth me with smooth tongue; forward and backward I gaze—yet do I perceive no end.

Not yet is come the hour of my last strife—or cometh it even now? Verily, sea and life lie all about me in treacherous beauty.

Oh, noontide of my life! Oh, joy before eventide! Oh, haven on the high seas! Oh, peace in the midst of uncertainty! How do I mistrust you all!

Verily, I mistrust your treacherous beauty! I am like the lover that mistrusteth too silken a smile.

As he putteth from him the beloved woman—tender even in his hardness, the jealous lover—even so I put from me this blissful hour.

Away with thee, thou blissful hour! With thee bliss came to me against my will! I stand here prepared to meet my deepest pain—thou camest out of season!

Away with thee, thou blissful hour! Rather find lodging far hence amongst my children! Hasten, and bless them ere eventide with *my* joy!

Lo, evening cometh: the sun is set. Hence—my happiness!

Thus spake Zarathustra. And all night he waited for misfortune: but he waited in vain. The night remained clear and still, and happiness herself drew nigh and ever nigher to him. But towards morning Zarathustra laughed in his heart, saying mockingly: Happiness runneth after me. This cometh to pass because I run not after women.—And happiness is a woman.

BEFORE SUNRISE

Oh, thou Heaven above me—pure and profound, an abyss of light! Gazing on thee, I tremble with divine desires.

To plunge into thy height—it is *my* deep! To hide myself in thy purity—it is *mine* innocence!

As his beauty veileth a god, so thou hidest thy stars. Thou speakest not: *thus* thou proclaimest to me thy wisdom.

Mute above clamorous seas hast thou risen above me this day; thy love and thy shamefastness speak revelation to my clamorous soul.

Thou camest unto me, beautiful, veiled in thy beauty; thou spakest unto me, silent, manifest in thy wisdom—

Oh, how should I not divine all the shamefastness of thy soul! *Before* the sun camest thou unto me, the most solitary.

We are friends from the beginning: we share woe and horror and earth; even the sun we share.

We speak not to one another because we know too much: we gaze silently on one another, we smile our wisdom to one another.

Art thou not light to my fire? Hast thou not the sister-soul of mine insight?

Together we have learned all; together we have learned to climb above ourselves to ourselves, and cloudlessly to smile—

Cloudlessly to smile down, shining-eyed and very remote, when beneath us violence and purpose and guilt steam like rain.

And when I strayed alone—for *what* did my soul hunger in nights, and on errant paths? And if I climbed the mountains—*whom* did I ever seek, save thee, upon the mountains?

And all my wandering and climbing—it was but a need and a makeshift of my helplessness: to *fly* alone my whole will willeth, to fly into *thee*!

And what have I hated more than drifting clouds and all that defileth thee! And I hated even mine own hatred because it defiled thee!

I am wroth with drifting clouds, those stealthy, thievish cats: they take from thee and me that which we have in common—that vast, that infinite Yea- and Amen-saying.

We are wroth with these go-betweens and meddlers—the drifting clouds: these half-and-halves that have learned neither to bless nor to curse wholeheartedly.

I will rather sit in a tub with heaven shut out; I will rather sit in the skyless abyss, than see thee, my Heaven of light, defiled by drifting clouds!

And oft I longed that I might pin them fast with the jagged gold nails of the lightning, that like the thunder I might beat my tattoo on their pot-bellies.

—An angry drummer, because they rob me of thy Yea and Amen, thou Heaven above me, pure and bright, an abyss of light!—and because they rob thee of *my* Yea and Amen!

For I would rather have clamour and thunder and storm-curses than this cautious, hesitant cat-silence: and also amongst men I hate most all eavesdroppers and half-and-halves and hesitant, slow, drifting clouds.

And ‘he that cannot bless shall *learn* how to curse!’—this bright doctrine came to me out of the bright heavens, this star standeth in my sky even in black nights.

But I am one that blesseth and saith Yea: if thou be but around me, thou pure, thou bright one, thou abyss of light! Then I bear my Yea-saying and its blessing even to all abysses.

I am become one that blesseth and saith Yea: and thereto strove I long and was a wrestler, that I might at length free my hands to bless.

And this is my blessing: to stand above each thing as its own heavens, its arching roof, its azure dome, and everlasting security: and blessed is he that blesseth thus!

For all things are baptized at the well-spring of eternity, and beyond good and evil; but good and evil themselves are but intervening shadows and rainy afflictions and drifting clouds.

Verily, it is a blessing and no blasphemy when I teach: Above all things standeth the Heaven of chance, the Heaven of innocence, the Heaven of hazard, the Heaven of sportiveness.

‘Sir Hazard’—his is the most ancient title of nobility in earth: him have I restored to all things, I have saved them from the slavery of ends.

This freedom and heavenly brightness I set over all things as an azure dome, when I taught that above them and in them there willeth no ‘eternal will’.

This sportiveness and this folly I set in place of that Will when I taught: ‘In all things one thing is impossible—reasonableness!’

A *little* of reasonableness indeed, a seed of wisdom scattered

from star to star—this leaven is mingled in all things: for folly's sake is wisdom mingled in all things!

A little of wisdom, maybe—but this blessed confidence found I in all things—that they would rather *dance* on chance's feet!

Oh, Heaven above me, pure and high! To me thou art pure for that in thee is no eternal Spider of reason, no spider's webs of reason—

For that thou art a dancing-floor of divine chance—for that thou art a divine gaming-table to divine dice and dice-players!

Yet thou blushest? Uttered I then things unutterable? Blasphemed I when I sought to bless thee?

Or is it the shamefastness of twain that hath made thee to blush? Biddest thou me go and be silent, because now—*Day* cometh?

The world is deep—and deeper than ever Day hath deemed it. Not all things may find utterance by day. But Day cometh! Now therefore let us part!

Oh, Heaven above me, shamefast, glowing! Oh, thou my bliss before sunrise! The Day cometh! Now, therefore, let us part!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF VIRTUE THAT DIMINISHETH

I

WHEN Zarathustra came to the mainland he went not straightway to his mountains and his cave, but journeyed hither and thither and asked many questions and learned this and that, so that he said of himself in jest: 'Behold a river that with many windings floweth back to its source'. For he desired to learn what had in the meantime become of *Man*, whether he had grown greater or less. And it happened that he saw a row of new houses; then he marvelled and said:

What mean these houses? Verily, no great soul set them up as his likeness!

Did some foolish child take them from his toy-box? Would that another child would put them back into the box!

And these parlours and bedchambers—can *men* go in and out there? Meseems they were made for silken dolls, or for nibblers of dainties—such as no doubt also suffer others to nibble them.

And Zarathustra stood still and meditated. At length he said sorrowfully: *All things* have grown less!

On all sides I see lower doorways: he that is of my kin can yet pass through them—but he must stoop!

Oh, when shall I return to my home wherein I need stoop no more—stoop no more *to littleness*! And Zarathustra sighed and gazed into the distance.

That same day he discoursed of the virtue that diminisheth.

2

I go amongst this people and shut not mine eyes. This people forgiveth me not that I envy not their virtues.

They snarl at me because I say to them: Small folk need small virtues—and because it is hard for me to believe that small folk are needed!

I am even as a cock in a strange farmyard, at whom even the hens peck; but I am not therefore ill-disposed to these hens.

I am courteous to them as to all petty annoyances; to bristle at the petty I hold wisdom for hedgehogs.

All speak of me when they sit about the fire at evening—all speak of me, but none thinketh of me!

This is the new quietude I have learned: their clamour about me spreadeth a mantle over my thoughts.

They clamour amongst themselves: What doth this gloomy cloud amongst us? Let us take heed lest it bring us a pestilence!

And of late a woman caught her child to her when it would have come to me: Take the children away! cried she; such eyes scorch children's souls!

They cough when I speak: they hold coughing a protest against strong winds—they divine naught of my stormy bliss!

We have no time for Zarathustra, they object; but what value hath an age that hath 'no time' for Zarathustra?

And if they should ever praise me, how could I rest in *their* praise? Their praise is as a girdle of thorns: it smarteth yet, even when I cast it from me.

And this too I have learned amongst them: he that praiseth pretendeth that he repayeth; but in truth he desireth further gifts!

Ask my foot if it loveth the music of their praise and flattery! Verily, to such an humdrum measure it loveth neither to dance nor to stand still.

They would fain flatter and praise me into petty virtues; they would fain persuade my foot to the humdrum measure of petty happiness.

I go amongst this people and shut not mine eyes: they have grown *smaller* and grow ever smaller—and *the cause thereof is their doctrine of happiness and virtue.*

For they are moderate even in virtue—because they are desirous of ease. But only moderate virtue is compatible with ease.

True, after their fashion they learn to go, and to go forward: I call it *hobbling*.—Thereby they become a stumbling-block to every one that hasteneth.

And many of them go forward yet in so doing look backward, with stiffened neck: I love to run against the bellies of such!

Foot and eye should not lie, nor give the lie to one another. But there is much lying amongst petty folk.

Some amongst them *will*, but most *are willed*. Some of them are genuine, but most are bad play-actors.

There are unconscious play-actors amongst them, and involuntary play-actors—the genuine are ever rare, especially genuine play-actors.

There is little manliness amongst them: therefore their

women make themselves manly. For only he that is man enough can *save the woman* in woman.

And this hypocrisy found I worst amongst them—that even they that command feign the virtues of them that serve.

‘I serve, thou servest, we serve’—thus prayeth the hypocrisy of their rulers—and woe if the highest ruler be no more than the highest servant!

Alas! the curiosity of mine eye discovereth even their hypocrisies: and well I divined all their fly-like happiness and their humming on sunlit window-panes.

So much kindness, so much weakness I see. So much righteousness and pity, so much weakness.

Smooth, fair, and kindly are they towards one another, even as grains of sand are smooth, fair, and kindly to grains of sand.

Modestly to embrace a petty happiness—this they call ‘submission’! And meanwhile they look discreetly from the corners of their eyes in search of another petty happiness.

At heart they desire one thing above all—to be hurt by no one. Therefore they oblige all men and do well by them.

But this is *cowardice*, though it be called ‘virtue’.

And if ever they speak harshly, these petty folk—I hear therein merely their hoarseness—for each breath of air maketh them hoarse.

Discreet are they; their virtues have discreet fingers. But they lack clenched fists; their fingers know not how to curve into fists.

For them virtue is that which maketh modest and tame: thereby they have made the wolf a dog, and Man himself man’s best domestic animal.

We take our stand in the *midst*—declareth their smirking unto me—as far from dying gladiators as from contented swine.

But this is *mediocrity*, though it be called moderation.—

3

I go amongst this people and let fall many a word: but they know neither how to take nor how to keep.

They marvel that I am not come to revile lusts and vices; and verily I am not come to bid them beware of pickpockets!

They marvel that I am not ready to give wit and point to their clevernesses; as if there were not wisecracks enough amongst them, whose voices grate on mine ear like slate-pencils!

And when I cry: Curse upon all the cowardly devils within

you that would fain whine and fold hands and adore—they cry: Zarathustra is godless.

And more especially do their teachers of submission cry thus—into whose ears I love to cry: Yea! I *am* Zarathustra the Godless!

These teachers of submission! Like lice they creep wherever things are puny and sickly and scabby: and my disgust alone hindereth me from cracking them.

Lo! this is my sermon for *their* ears. 'I am Zarathustra the Godless, that asketh: Who is more godless than I, that I may rejoice in his doctrine?'

I am Zarathustra the Godless: where shall I find my like? And all those are my like that are a will unto themselves and renounce all submission.

I am Zarathustra the Godless: I ever boil each event in *mine own* pot. And not until it hath been well boiled therein do I welcome it as *my* meat.

And, verily, many an event came to me imperiously: but my *will* spake to it yet more imperiously: then it fell immediately upon its knees—

Beseeching that it might find shelter in my heart, and coaxing me with flattery: Behold, O Zarathustra, how friend cometh to friend!

But wherefore speak I where none hath *mine* ears! And therefore I will proclaim it to all winds:

Ye grow ever less, ye petty folk! Ye crumble away, ye comfortable ones! The day cometh that ye shall perish—

Ye shall perish of your many petty virtues, of your many petty omissions, of your much petty submission!

Too much sparing, too much yielding—this is your soil! But to grow *tall* a tree must wind hard roots round hard rocks!

Even that which ye omit to do weaveth the web of all Man's future; even your naught is a spider's web and a spider that liveth on the sap of the future.

And when ye take aught it is as though ye stole it, ye petty virtuous; but even amongst thieves honour sayeth: One shall steal only when one cannot rob.

'It is given'—this is. one of your doctrines of submission. But I tell you, ye comfortable ones: '*It is taken*'—and shall ever increasingly be taken from you!

Oh, that ye would renounce all half-willing and would be resolute in idleness as in action!

Oh, that ye would understand my *word*: Do what you will—but be first such men as *can will*!

Love your neighbour as yourselves—but be first such as *love themselves*—

Such as love themselves with a great love, with a great contempt! Thus saith Zarathustra the Godless.

But wherefore speak I where none hath *mine* ears! It is yet too early an hour for me.

Mine own forerunner am I amongst this people, mine own cock-crow in dark alleys.

But *their* hour cometh! And mine also cometh! Hour by hour they grow smaller, poorer, less fruitful—poor pot-herbs and poor soil!

And *soon* I shall see them stand as dry grass and prairie, and, verily, wearied of themselves!—and longing more for fire than for water!

Oh, blessed hour of the lightning! Oh, mystery ere Noonday! Running fires will I one day make of them, and heralds with tongues of fire.—

They shall proclaim with fiery tongues: It cometh, it is nigh, *the Great Noon!*

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

WINTER, an ill guest, sitteth with me at home; my hands are blue from his friendly handclasp.

I honour him, this ill guest, but gladly let him sit alone. Gladly I run from him; and if one runneth hard one escapeth him!

With warm feet and warm thoughts I run thither where the wind is still, to the sunny corner of my mount of olives.

There I laugh at my stern guest and yet am well disposed to him because at home he catcheth the flies for me and silenceth many petty noises.

For he suffereth not a midge to sing, still less two midges; he maketh even the lane lonely so that by night the moonlight is afraid there.

An hard guest is he—but I honour him, and I pray not, as weaklings do, to the fat-bellied fire-god.

Rather a little chattering of the teeth than worship of idols!—thus willeth a man of my kind. And especially do I hate all lustful, smoking, stifling fire-gods.

Whom I love, love I better in winter than in summer: better I mock mine enemies and more valiantly now that winter sitteth in my house.

Valiantly indeed, even when I crawl into my bed—even then my hidden happiness laugheth and sporteth, my deceptive dream laugheth.

I, a—crawler! Never in my life have I crawled before the mighty; and if ever I lied, I lied for love. Therefore I rejoice, even in my wintry bed.

A poor bed warmeth me better than a rich bed; for I am jealous of my poverty. And in winter it is most faithful to me.

With some wickedness I begin each day; I mock at winter with a cold bath: therefore my stern house-mate grumbleth.

Besides I love to tickle him with a little wax-candle: so that at last he may suffer the sky to come out from an ash-grey dawn.

For I am particularly wicked in the morning: at that early hour when the pail clattereth at the well and the horses whinny warm breath in the grey alleys—

Impatiently I wait, until, at length, the clear sky is revealed

to me, the wintry sky with its beard of snow, an old, white-headed fellow—

The silent wintry sky that oft keepeth back even its sun!

Learned I therefrom my long, shining silence? Or hath it learned it of me? Or hath each of us for himself discovered it?

The origin of all good things is thousandfold—all good roguish things spring into being for joy: how should they do so once only!

A good and roguish thing is this long silence; and, like the wintry sky, to stare round-eyed from a bright countenance—

Like it to keep back one's sun and one's inflexible sun-will—verily, this art and this winter-roguishness have I learned *well*!

My best-loved wickedness and art it is that my silence has learned not to betray itself by silence.

With rattling of words and dice I outwit them that are solemnly expectant: my will and my purpose shall elude all these earnest watchers.

That none might peer into my heart and ultimate will—therefore devised I for myself my long, shining silence.

So many a clever one have I found, that veiled his face and muddied his waters, that none might look through them and down into them.

But to him came the more clever unbelievers, the crackers of nuts: these fished out from him his best hidden fish!

But the bright ones, the brave, the transparent—these I hold the wisest of the silent: for their bottom is so *deep* that even the clearest water betrayeth it not!

Thou silent wintry sky with beard of snow, thou white-head above me with thy round eyes! Oh, thou heavenly likeness of my soul and its gaiety!

And *must* I not hide myself, like one that hath swallowed gold, lest they rip up my soul?

Must I not go upon stilts, that my long legs may escape the notice of these envious and malicious folk about me?

These souls—smoky, stuffy, used-up, mouldy, sullen—how *could* their envy endure my happiness!

But I will show them only the ice and winter upon my summits—*not* that my mountain girdeth itself with all the girdles of the sun!

They hear only the howl of my wintry storms—*not* that I also traverse warm seas, like the yearning, heavy, hot winds of the south.

They have pity on my accidents and chances—but *my* word is this: Let chance come as it will: it is innocent as a little child!

How *could* they endure my happiness if I wrapped it not about with accidents and winter hardships and bearskin caps and coats of snowy skies!—

If I pitied not their *pity*—the pity of the envious and malicious!—

If I myself sighed not in their presence and chattered with cold and suffered myself patiently to be wrapped in their pity!

This is the wise roguishness and kindliness of my soul, that it *hideth not* its winter and its snowstorms; it *hideth not* even its chilblains.

There is one loneliness that is the refuge of the sick; there is another loneliness that is a refuge *from* the sick.

Let them hear me shiver and sigh for the winter's cold, all these poor, squinting knaves about me! With sighing and shivering I flee their overheated parlours.

Let them pity me and groan with me over my chilblains. 'We shall have him freeze to death one day, from the ice of knowledge!' they mourn.

Meanwhile I walk with glowing feet hither and thither upon my mount of olives: in the sunny corner of my olive-mount I sing and mock at pity.

Thus sang Zarathustra.

OF PASSING BY

PASSING thus slowly through many peoples and divers cities, Zarathustra returned by roundabout ways to his mountains and to his cave. And, behold, whilst he journeyed he came unawares to the gate of the *Great City*: but here a slobbering Fool ran to meet him with outstretched hands and stood in his way. And this was that same Fool which the people called 'the Ape of Zarathustra': for he had learned of him something of the turn and cadence of his speech, and had borrowed, perchance not unwillingly, of the treasure of his wisdom. Thus spake the Fool unto Zarathustra:

O Zarathustra, here is the Great City: here hast thou naught to seek and all to lose.

Wherefore wouldest thou wade through this mire? Have pity on thy foot! Rather spit upon the city gate, and—turn thee about!

Here is the hell of hermits' thoughts: here great thoughts are seethed alive and boiled to rags.

Here great emotions moulder: here only thin, dry little emotions are suffered to stir and rustle.

Dost thou not already smell the shambles and cook-shops of the spirit? Doth not this city reek of the smell of butchered spirit?

Seest thou not the souls hang like limp and filthy rags?—and they make newspapers of these rags!

Hearest thou not how in this place the spirit is become a bandying of words? Loathsome verbal slops are vomited!—and they make newspapers of these verbal slops!

They hound one another and know not whither. They make one another hot and know not why. They tinkle their pinch-beck, they jingle their gold.

They are cold and seek warmth in distilled waters; they are hot and seek coolness in frozen spirits; they are all sick and full of sores from public opinion.

All lusts and vices are here at home; but here too are the virtuous, here are many useful, applied virtues—

Many useful virtues with clerkly fingers and buttocks hardened to sitting and waiting, blessed in petty decorations on the chest and padded hipless daughters.

Here also is much piety and much orthodox toadying before the Lord of Hosts.

For 'from above' drop decorations and gracious spittle: and every undecorated breast yearneth upwards.

The moon hath her court, and the court its moon-calves: but this beggar-folk with its beggar-virtues prayeth to all that cometh of the court.

'I serve, thou servest, we serve'—thus prayeth all useful virtue to the Prince, that the well-earned star may at length be pinned to the narrow chest!

But the moon revolveth about all things earthly: thus the Prince also turneth about that which is earthiest of the earthy—the shopkeeper's gold.

The Lord of Hosts is no lord of golden bullion: the Prince proposeth, but the shopkeeper disposeth!

By all that is light and strong and good in thee, O Zarathustra, spit on this city of shopkeepers and turn thee about!

Here the blood floweth rotten and lukewarm and scummy in all veins: spit upon the Great City, the great sewer where all scum simmereth!

Spit on this city of cramped souls and narrow breasts, of prying eyes and sticky palms—

On this city of thrusters, of shameless ones, of ranting writers and talkers, of them that sweat for ambition—

Where all is tainted, infamous, lecherous, murky, over-ripe, ulcerous, seditious—

Spit on the Great City and turn thee about!

But here Zarathustra broke in upon the slobbering Fool and shut his mouth.

Hold thy peace! Zarathustra cried. Long have I loathed thy speech and thy kind!

Wherefore dwelledst thou so long by the swamp till thou becamest thyself a frog and a toad?

Floweth not a rotten, scummy swamp-blood through thine own veins, that thou hast learned thus to croak and to slander?

Why wentest thou not to the forest? Or why didst thou not plough the soil? Is not the sea full of green islands?

I despise thy despising: and if thou warnedst me—why didst thou not warn thyself?

For love alone shall my bird of contempt and warning soar upwards; but not from the swamp!

They call thee mine Ape, thou slobbering Fool: but I call thee

my grunting swine. By thy grunting thou spoilest even my praise of folly.

What, then, was it that first made thee to grunt? Because none *flattered* thee enough—therefore thou didst sit down by this filth that thou mightest have cause for much grunting—

That thou mightest have cause for much *revenge*! For revenge, thou idle Fool, is all thy raging: verily I have found thee out!

But thy foolish word harmeth *me*, even when thou speakest truth! And if Zarathustra's word were an hundred times true thou wouldst ever use my word falsely!

Thus spake Zarathustra; and he gazed long upon the Great City and sighed and was long silent. At length he spake thus:

I loathe indeed this Great City, and not merely this Fool. In neither is there aught that can be bettered or aught that can be worsened.

Alas, for this Great City!—Would I saw already the pillar of fire which shall burn it!

For even such pillars of fire must precede the Great Noon. But this thing hath its time and its own fate.

—But this teaching I give thee, thou Fool, at parting: 'Where one can no longer love, one should—*pass by*'—

Thus spake Zarathustra and passed by the Fool and the Great City.

OF APOSTATES

I

ALAS, how lieth all withered and grey that of late stood green and flowery within this meadow! And how much honey of hope carried I hence to my beehives!

These young hearts are all grown old—and not even old, but merely weary, vulgar, and indolent: they say: ‘We have grown pious once more’.

Of late I saw them run forth on brave feet at dawn: but their feet of knowledge grew weary, and now they malign their morning valour!

Verily, many an one once lifted up his feet like a dancer when the laughter in my wisdom beckoned to him—then he bethought himself. Even now I saw him crouching to the Cross.

They fluttered once, like gnats and young poets, round light and freedom. A little older, a little colder—and speedily they became obscurantists and mumblers and stay-at-homes.

Did their heart fail them because solitude swallowed me up like a whale? Did their ear crave long *and vainly* for me and for my trumpet-peals and herald-calls?

Alas, there are ever but few of them whose heart hath enduring valour and gaiety; and in such the spirit is also patient. But the rest are *cowards*!

The rest: they are ever the great majority, the commonplace, the superfluous, the much-too-many—all these be cowards!

To him that is of my kin will come the experiences of my kin: and therefore his first companions shall be corpses and buffoons.

But his second companions—they will call themselves his *believers*—a living hive, much love, much folly, much beardless veneration.

Whosoever is of my kin amongst men shall not bind his heart to these believers; whosoever knoweth the fickle and cowardly amongst men shall put no faith in such springtimes and bright-hued meadows!

Could they *do* otherwise they would also *will* otherwise. Half-and-halves spoil every whole. Leaves wither—wherefore lament it?

Let them go, let them fall, O Zarathustra, and lament not!
Rather blow amongst them with rustling winds!

Blow amongst these leaves, O Zarathustra, that all that is
withered may run yet faster from thee!

2

'We have grown pious once more', confess these apostates;
and some of them are too cowardly even to confess it.

I look into their eyes; to their faces and blushing cheeks I say
it: 'You are of them that return to *prayer*!'

But prayer is shameful! Not for all, but for thee and for
me and for him that hath his conscience in his brain! For *thee*
it is shameful to pray!

Well thou knowest it: the cowardly devil within thee that
would fain fold his hands and lay them in his lap and have
things made easier—this cowardly devil persuadeth thee 'there
is a God!'

Thereby thou belongest to that kindred that feareth the light,
that cannot find rest in the light. Now daily must thou bury
thy head deeper in night and vapours!

And, verily, thou chocest well thine hour; for even now the
nightbirds fly again. The hour of all folk that fear the light is
come, the hour of evening and of feasting, which is no feast.

I hear and smell it: their hour is come for hunting and for
going forth, not indeed to hunt the wild, but to hunt the tame,
the lame, the snuffling, the eavesdroppers and prayer-mutterers—

To hunt soulful hypocrites: all their mousetraps have they set
again to catch hearts! And wheresoever I lift a curtain, some
night-moth fluttereth out.

Lurked it there with some other night-moth? For every-
where I smell small hole-in-corner congregations; and in every
little parlour there are new devotees and the stench of devotees.

They sit long evenings together saying: 'Let us become again
as little children and say "dear God!"'—and mouth and
stomach are disordered by pious comfit-makers.

Or they gaze long evenings at some artful, lurking spider of
the Cross that preacheth prudence to the spiders and teacheth
thus: 'Beneath Crosses are good places for cobweb-spinning!'

Or they sit all day with fishing-rods over the marshes, and
thereby think themselves *profound*. But him that fisheth where
no fish are I call less than superficial!

Or they learn piously and joyously to play the harp from

some song-writer that would fain harp himself into young women's hearts, being weary of old wives and their praises.

Or they learn to shudder with some learned half-wit that waiteth in darkened rooms for the spirits¹ to come unto him—whilst the intellect¹ fleeth altogether away!

And they hearken to some old, cross-grained, tramping piper that hath learned sad strains from dreary winds; now he whistleth as the wind and preacheth sorrow in sad strains.

And some have even become night-watchmen: they have learned to blow their horns and to go to and fro by night and awaken old matters that long since fell asleep.

Five words of such old matters heard I last night by my garden wall: they were spoken by even such old, dreary, and withered night-watchmen.

'For a father He taketh too little care of His children: human fathers do better!'

'He is too old! He no longer taketh any care of His children'—answered the other night-watchman.

'*Hath* He children? None can prove it, if He prove it not Himself! I have long wished He would prove it once for all and thoroughly.'

'Prove? As though He hath ever proved aught! He loveth not to prove; He layeth much store thereby, that folk *believe* Him.'

'Ay! Ay! Belief rejoiceth Him—belief in Him. It is the way with old folk! It will be thus with us too!'

Thus they spake one with another, the two old night-watchmen and light-scarers, and thereupon blew sadly on their horns: even thus it came to pass yesternight by my garden wall.

But my heart rocked with laughter and was like to burst and was beside itself, and sank to the midriff.

Verily, it will yet be my death that I choke with laughter when I see asses drunken and hear night-watchmen thus doubt God.

Is not the time *long* since passed for all such doubts? Who at this time of day dare awaken such ancient, sleepy, light-shy matters?

For the old gods ended long since—and, verily, they had a good and joyful and godly end!

They died not like lingering twilight—although that lie is told! Nay, they *laughed* themselves to death!

¹ German, *Geist*, meaning either 'spirit' = ghost, or 'intellect' = mind or understanding.—TRANS.

This came to pass when a god himself spake the most godless word, the word: 'There is one God! Thou shalt have none other gods but Me!'

An old grim-beard of a God, a jealous God, thus forgot Himself:

Then all the gods laughed and shook on their thrones and cried: 'Is not this indeed godliness that there are gods, but no God?'

He that hath ears let him hear—

Thus spake Zarathustra in the city that he loved and that is called The Dappled Cow. Thence he had but two more days to journey ere he returned into his cave and to his beasts. And his soul rejoiced without ceasing as his home-coming drew nigh.

HOME-COMING

O SOLITUDE! O Solitude my *home*! Too long have I dwelt an alien in alien places to return to thee without tears!

Now shake thy finger at me, as mothers do; now smile at me, as mothers do, now speak and say: 'And who was it that once fled from me like a storm-wind?

Who, taking leave, cried: Too long have I sat with Solitude; thus have I unlearned silence! Peradventure thou hast learned it now?

O Zarathustra! I know all: I know that thou wast more forsaken amongst the many, thou Solitary, than ever thou wast with me!

To be forsaken is one thing, to be alone is another—*that* hast thou now learned!—And that thou shalt ever be alien and strange amongst men—

Alien and strange even when they love thee; for above all they wish to be *spared* of all!

But here thou art in thine own house and home; here thou canst speak all and pour out all thy reasons. Naught here is ashamed of hidden and pent-up emotions.

Here all things come fondling to thy speech and flatter thee; for they desire to ride on thy back. Here thou mayst ride on every parable to every truth.

Uprightly and sincerely mayest thou here speak to all things: and, verily, they think it praise that one speaketh frankly with all things!

But otherwise it is with forsakenness. For rememberest thou, O Zarathustra, when thy bird cried above thee as thou stoodest in the forest uncertain whither to go, unknowing, close by thee a corpse?—

When thou spakest: Let my beasts lead me. More perils found I amongst men than amongst beasts?—*That* was forsakenness!

And rememberest thou, O Zarathustra, when thou didst sit on thine isle; a fountain of wine amidst empty beakers, giving and spending; amidst thirsty folk bestowing and distributing—

Until at length thou satest alone, thirsty amidst drunken folk, and wailedst: Is it not more blissful to take than to

give? And to steal yet more blissful than to take? *That* was forsakenness!

And rememberest thou, O Zarathustra, when thy stillest hour came and drove thee from thyself, when it spake, evilly whispering: Speak and break in pieces?

When it made thee loathe thy waiting and thy silence, and abashed thine humble courage? *That* was forsakenness!

O Solitude! Solitude, my home! How sweetly and tenderly speaketh thy voice to me!

We question not one another, we accuse not one another, we go openly together through open doors.

For all is open and bright with thee; and even the hours run here on lighter feet. For in the dark time is an heavier burden than in the light.

Here the words and word-shrines of all Being open suddenly unto me: here all Being desireth to become speech, all Becoming desireth to learn speech of me.

But there below—all speech is vain! There it is best wisdom to forget and to pass by. *That* indeed have I learned!

He that would understand all in Man must handle all. But for this my hands are too cleanly.

I love not so much as to breathe their breath. Alas, that I have lived so long amidst their clamour and foul breath!

Oh, blissful stillness about me! Oh, clean odours about me! Oh, how this stillness draweth pure breath from deep lungs! Oh, how it hearkeneth, this blessed stillness!

But there, below—all speaketh, all is misheard. If a man should proclaim his wisdom by pealing of bells, the shopkeepers in the market-place will outring him with their jingling pence!

There all speaketh, none now knoweth how to understand. All falleth into water, naught now falleth into deep wells.

There all speaketh, naught now succeedeth and cometh to its end. All cackleth—but who will now sit still on the nest and hatch eggs?

There all speaketh, all is talked to pieces. And that which was yesterday too hard for time itself and time's tooth, to-day hangeth gnawed and chewed in pieces from the mouths of the men of to-day.

There all speaketh, all is betrayed. And that which was once called secret and a mystery of deep souls, belongeth to-day to street-trumpeters and other butterflies.

Oh, marvellous mankind! Thou clamour in dark alleys! Now once more thou liest behind me! My greatest peril lieth behind me!

In sparing and in sufferance lay ever my greatest peril: and all mankind desireth to be spared and suffered.

With truths suppressed, with foolish hand and befooled heart, rich with the petty lies of compassion—thus have I ever lived amongst men.

Disguised I sat amongst them, ready to deny *myself* that I might suffer *them*, and willing to persuade myself: 'Thou fool, thou knowest not men!'

One unlearneth men when one dwelleth amongst men: there is too much foreground in all men—what have far-seeing, far-searching eyes to do there?

And when they mistook me—fool that I was, I spared them therefor more than I spared myself! For I was accustomed to be hard upon myself, and oft I took revenge upon myself for this sparing.

Stung from head to foot by poisonous flies and hollowed like a stone by many drops of wickedness, I sat amongst them and told myself: 'Innocent of its pettiness is every petty thing!'

Especially them that call themselves 'the Good'—them I found most poisonous of flies: they sting in all innocence, they lie in all innocence: how *could* they be just unto me!

Whosoever liveth amongst the Good, is taught to lie by compassion. Compassion stifeth the air for all free souls. For the stupidity of the Good is unfathomable.

To hide myself and my riches—*that* have I learned there below: for I found all to be poor in spirit. That was the lie of my compassion, that I knew each—

That I immediately saw and smelt in each what was *enough* of spirit for him, and what was *too* much of spirit for him!

Their stiff wise men—I called them wise, not stiff—thus I learned to slur words. Their grave-diggers—I called them researchers and experimenters—thus I learned to juggle with words.

The grave-diggers dig up diseases for themselves. Beneath old rubbish lie bad odours. One should not stir the swamp. One should live in the mountains.

With blessed nostrils I breathe again mountain-freedom. Saved is my nose at length from the odour of mankind!

Tickled by sharp breezes as by sparkling wines, my soul sneezeth. It sneezeth and in triumph crieth: 'God bless me!'

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF THE THREE EVILS

I

IN a dream, in a last dream ere morning, I stood this day upon a promontory—beyond the world's end; I held a balance and *weighed* the world.

Alas, that the dawn came too soon for me! She waked me with her light, the jealous one! Jealous is she ever of the light of my morning dreams.

Measurable by him that hath time, weighable by him that is a skilled weigher, attainable by flight of strong pinions, divivable by divine riddle-readers—thus my dream found the world to be.

My dream, a bold sailor, half ship, half whirlwind, silent as a butterfly, eager as a falcon—wherefore had it this day patience and leisure to weigh the world?

Spake my Wisdom to it silently, my laughing, wide-awake, daylight Wisdom that mocketh at all 'infinite worlds'? For she saith: Where there is force, there *number* becometh mistress; for *she* hath the greater force.

How confidently did my dream look on this finite world, not curious for new things nor for old, not fearing, not praying—

As if a round apple were offered to my hand, a ripe, golden apple, with a cool, smooth, velvet skin—thus the world offered itself unto me—

As if a tree beckoned unto me, broad-boughed and tough, bent for a support and a footstool to the weary wanderer—thus stood the world upon my promontory—

As if delicate hands proffered me a casket, a casket open for the delight of shy admiring eyes—thus the world offered itself to me this day—

Not riddle enough to scare away human love, not solution enough to put to sleep human wisdom;—a good, human thing for me this day was this world of which such ill things are said!

How I thank my morning dream because early this morning I thus weighed the world! As a good, human thing it came to me, this dream and comforter of the heart!

And that I may do its like by day and learn and copy its best I will now put the three most evil things in my balance and weigh them well and humanly!

He that taught to bless taught also to curse: Which are the three most accursed things in the world? These will I put in my balance.

Voluptuousness, lust of power, selfishness—these three have been hitherto most accursed, ill-famed, and calumniated. These three will I weigh well and humanly.

Up, then! Here is my promontory and there the sea that tumbleth towards me, shaggy-haired, fawning, faithful old hundred-headed dog-monster that I love!

Up, then! Here will I hold the balance above the tumbling sea! And, moreover, I choose a witness to look to my weighing—I choose thee, thou hermit-tree, fragrant, broad-arching, that I love!

By what bridge goeth the *Now* to the *Someday*? By what compulsion doth the high stoop to the low? And what biddeth even the highest grow upwards?

Now standeth the balance level and still: I have cast three weighty questions into it; three weighty answers are borne by the other scale.

2

Voluptuousness—to all hair-shirted despisers of the body a thorn and a stake—cursed as ‘the world’ by all otherworldlings: for it mocketh and befooleth all teachers of confusion and error.

Voluptuousness—to the rabble the slow fire whereon it roasteth: to all worm-eaten wood, to all stinking rags, an ever-ready oven of lust and lechery.

Voluptuousness—to free hearts, innocent and free, the garden-joy of the earth, the overflowing gratefulness of the future to the present.

Voluptuousness—sweet poison only to the withered, but a grand cordial to the lion-willed and a reverently stored king of wines.

Voluptuousness—the happy prototype of a higher happiness and of the highest hope. For to many an one marriage is promised, and more than marriage—

To many an one that is more strange to himself than are man and woman—and who comprehendeth wholly *how strange* are man and woman to one another?

Voluptuousness—but I will set hedges about my thoughts, and even about my words, lest swine and libertines break into my garden!

Lust of power—the fiery scourge of the hardest of the hard-hearted; the cruel torture reserved for himself by the cruelest; the dusky flame of living pyres.

Lust of power—the malicious gadfly that fixeth on the vainest peoples; the scorner of all uncertain virtue; that rideth every horse and every pride.

Lust of power—the earthquake that breaketh and shattereth all that is rotten and hollow; breaker of whited sepulchres; the shining interrogative set against premature answers.

Lust of power—before whose glance man creepeth and croucheth and drudgeth and becometh lower than serpent or swine—until at length the supreme contempt crieth out in him.

Lust of power—terrible teacher of the supreme contempt, which preacheth to cities and empires to their face: 'Away with thee!' until a cry echoeth out of them: 'Away with me!'

Lust of power—which yet mounteth sweetly to the pure and the solitary and to heights of self-content, glowing like the love that sweetly painteth rosy blisses on earth's heavens.

Lust of power—but who calleth it *lust* when the high *stoopeth* in its lust for power? Verily, there is naught sickly or diseased in such a longing and such a stooping!

That the lonely height may not for ever be lonely and self-contented; that the mountain may come down to the valley, and the winds of the height to the lowlands!

Oh! who could find the right name and titles for such a longing? The virtue that giveth—thus was the unutterable once named by Zarathustra.

And then also it came to pass—and verily for the first time!—that his words called *Selfishness* blessed—the wholesome, healthy selfishness that floweth from a mighty soul—

From the mighty soul to which the perfect body pertaineth, the beautiful, the victorious, the re-creative—about which all things become as a mirror—

The pliant, the persuasive body, the dancer whose likeness and abstract is the self-rejoicing soul. The self-rejoicing of such bodies and such souls proclaimeth itself 'Virtue'.

With its words of good and of evil such self-rejoicing hedgeth itself about as with sacred groves; by the names of its happiness it banisheth from itself all that is contemptible.

It banisheth from its face all that is cowardly; it saith: 'Evil—that is cowardly!' Contemptible it holdeth him that ever sorroweth, and sigheth, and is miserable, and whosoever seizeth even the smallest advantage.

It despiseth all wisdom that gloateth in misery: for, verily, there is also a wisdom that flourisheth in darkness, a nightshade wisdom that ever sigheth: 'All is vanity!'

Shy mistrust it holdeth in contempt, and whosoever desireth oaths rather than looks and handclasps; also all too-mistrustful wisdom, for such is the way of cowardly souls.

Lower yet it holdeth him that is quick to oblige, dog-like, that lieth at once on his back, that is submissive; and there is also a wisdom that is submissive and dog-like and pious and quick to oblige.

It hateth and loatheth him that will not defend himself, that swalloweth poisonous spittle and evil looks, the all-too-patient one, the long-sufferer, the all-too-compliant; for such is the manner of slaves.

Whether a man be servile before gods and before divine spurnings, or before men and before foolish human opinions—at *all* the tribe of slaves it spitteth, this blessed Selfishness!

Evil—so it calleth all that stoopeth and is knee-servile, that hath unfree blinking eyes, and oppressed heart, and that false, yielding tribe that kisseth with big cowardly lips.

And sham wisdom—thus Selfishness calleth all jesting of slaves and old men and weary ones; and in particular the whole bad, mad, over-clever foolishness of priests!

The sham wise men, however, the priests, they that are weary of the world, and they whose souls are of the tribes of women and slaves—oh! how have they ever ill-used Selfishness!

And this very thing they would have to be virtue and to be called virtue, *to* ill-use Selfishness! And 'unselfish'—thus, with good reason, these cowards and world-weary ones and spiders of the Cross would have themselves be!

And upon all these the day now cometh, the change, the sword of judgment, *the Great Noon*: then shall much be revealed!

And he that proclaimeth the *I* to be wholesome and holy, and selfishness blessed, verily he proclaimeth that he knoweth—a prophet indeed: '*Behold, it cometh, it is nigh, the Great Noon!*'

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF THE SPIRIT OF GRAVITY

I

My tongue—it is of the people: I speak too coarsely and frankly for Angora rabbits. And yet stranger soundeth my speech in the ears of all ink-fish and pen-foxes.

My hand—it is a fool's hand: woe to all tables and walls and whatsoever hath space for fools' scrawls and fools' scribbling!

My foot—it is a horse's hoof: therewith I canter and trot over stock and stone, hither and thither over the fields, and am a devil for love of fast going.

My belly—is it perchance an eagle's maw? For it loveth best to eat lamb's flesh. Surely it is a bird's maw!

Fed on innocent things and few, ready and impatient to fly, to fly away—thus am I now; how should not somewhat of birds' ways be in my ways!

And, above all, in that I am an enemy to the Spirit of Gravity—that is a bird's way: and, verily, a mortal enemy, an arch-enemy, a born enemy! Oh, whither hath mine enmity not already flown?

I could sing a song thereof, and *will* sing it, although I be alone in an empty house and must sing it to mine own ears.

True, there are other singers, whose throat softeneth, whose hand speaketh, whose eye lighteth, whose heart awaketh only when the house is well filled: I am not like unto these.

2

He that shall one day teach men to fly shall remove all landmarks; the very landmarks themselves shall take wing, the earth shall be new baptized by that man—as 'The Light One'.

The ostrich runneth faster than the swiftest horse, but even he droppeth his head heavily into heavy earth: thus doth man that cannot yet fly.

Earth and life are heavy to him; thus *willeth* the Spirit of Gravity! But whosoever will become light as a bird, he must love himself; thus *I* teach you.

Not indeed with the love of the sick and diseased: for with them even self-love stinketh!

One must learn how to love oneself—thus I teach you—with

a wholesome and healthy love: that one may find life with oneself endurable and be no gadabout.

Such gadding-about christeneth itself 'love of one's neighbour'. This word is the best lie and deception current hitherto, especially amongst them that feel the world heavy.

And, verily, it is no commandment for to-day and to-morrow to *learn* to love oneself. Rather is it the finest, the cunningest, the last, and most patient of arts.

For to him that possesseth it, all he possesseth is well hidden; and of all treasure-pits one's own is digged latest—this is the work of the Spirit of Gravity.

Almost in the cradle they give us heavy words and values. 'Good and evil' they call this dowry. For its sake we are forgiven for living.

And to that end they call little children to themselves, to forbid them in good time to love themselves: this is the work of the Spirit of Gravity.

And we—we carry faithfully that with which we are dowered, on hardened shoulders, over rough mountains! And if we sweat we are told: 'Yea, life is hard to bear!'

But only man himself is hard to bear because he beareth too many strange things upon his shoulders. Like the camel he kneeleth down and suffereth himself to be laden with an heavy load.

And especially the strong man that is able to bear the load is possessed by reverence. He hath taken upon his shoulders too many *strange*, heavy words and values: now life seemeth to him a desert.

And, verily, much even that is *one's own* is hard to bear! And many inward things in man are like to the oyster—loathsome and slippery and difficult to catch—

So that a noble shell with noble gems must plead therefor. But even this art must be learned—to *have* a shell and a lovely semblance and a cunning blindness!

Again, much in man is deceptive, in that many a shell is inferior and dull and too much a shell. Much hidden kindness and power is never divined; the most precious dainties find no tasters!

Women, the choicest of them, know this: a little fatter, a little leaner—oh, how much fate hangeth on so little!

Man is hard to discover, and hardest of all to himself: often the spirit belieth the soul. This is the work of the Spirit of Gravity.

But he hath discovered himself that saith: 'This is *my* good and evil': thereby he hath silenced the Mole and Dwarf that saith: 'Good for all, evil for all'.

Verily, neither love I such as call all things good and this world the best possible. Such I call the All-satisfied.

All-satisfaction that tasteth all things—it is not the best taste! I honour the obstinate, the fastidious tongues and stomachs that have learned to say 'I' and 'Yea' and 'Nay'.

To chew and to digest all things—that is the manner of swine. Ever to say 'Hee-haw'¹—that only the ass hath learned, and creatures of his kidney!

Deep yellow and hot red: this *my* taste willeth—it mixeth blood with all colours. But he that whitewasheth his house betrayeth to me a whitewashed soul.

Some fall in love with mummies, others with ghosts; and both are enemies of flesh and blood. Oh, how contrary are both to my taste! For I love blood.

And not *there* will I abide and dwell where every man spitteth and bespattereth; this, then, is *my* taste. Rather would I live amongst thieves and perjurers. None carrieth gold in his mouth.

But yet more loathsome to me are all lickspittles; and the most repulsive beast of a man known to me name I *toady*. He will not love and yet would live by love.

I call every man unblessed that hath but a single choice—either to become an evil beast or an evil tamer of beasts. With such I will build no tabernacles.

Unblessed also call I them which must ever *wait*—they all offend my taste—publicans and shopkeepers and kings and all keepers of lands and shops.

Verily, I also have learned to wait, and thoroughly—but only to wait for *myself*. And I have learned also to stand and to walk and to run and to leap and to climb and to dance over all things.

But this is my doctrine: whosoever will yet learn to fly, must first learn to stand and to walk and to run and to climb and to dance. One learneth not flying by flying!

By ladders of rope I learned to climb many a window and with nimble legs I climbed high masts. To sit upon the high masts of knowledge seemed to me no small bliss—

To flicker on high masts like a small flame—a small light

¹ In German the bray of the ass is rendered by the letters I-A, which are phonetically almost identical with *Ja* = 'Yes'.—TRANS.

indeed, yet a great comfort to sailors driven from their course, and to shipwrecked folk!

By many ways and modes I have come to my truth; not on one ladder only climbed I to the height whence mine eye searcheth my distance.

And ever unwillingly have I asked my way of others. That hath ever offended my taste! Rather I have asked and tried the ways themselves.

A trial and an inquiry hath all my journeying been: and, verily, one must also *learn* how to answer such questioning! But that is to my taste—

Not good, neither evil, but *my* taste, as to which I have neither shame nor concealment.

Here lies *my* way—where lies yours? I answered them which inquired of me ‘the way’. For *the* way—existeth not!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF OLD AND NEW TABLES

I

HERE sit I and wait, amidst old broken tables and new, half-written tables. When cometh mine hour?—

The hour of my down-going, of my destruction: for once again will I go unto men.

For this I now wait; for first of all must signs appear to me that it is *mine hour*—and these signs are the laughing lion with the Flock of Doves.

In the meantime I converse with myself as one that hath time. None telleth me news: therefore I tell myself to myself.

2

When I came unto men, I found them enthroned upon an ancient arrogance: all thought that they long had known what was good and evil for man.

All speech concerning virtue seemed to them an old, stale thing, and he that wished to sleep soundly spake of 'good and evil' ere bedtime.

This sleep I broke when I taught that none *yet knoweth* what is good and evil—unless it be he that is a creator!

But a creator is he that createth man's goal and giveth earth its meaning and its future: he it is that first maketh good and evil to be.

And I bid them overthrow their ancient professorial chairs, and all seats whereon that ancient arrogance had sat. I bid them laugh at their great masters of virtue and at their saints and poets and world-redeemers.

I bid them laugh at their gloomy sages, and whosoever aforetime sate like a black scarecrow, scaring them from the tree of life.

I sate down in the way of the graves of their great ones, yea, nigh unto carrion and vultures; and I laughed at all their past and its over-ripe, decaying splendours.

Verily, like unto the preachers of penitence and the fools, I cried wrath and destruction upon their great things and their small—their best things that are so very small! their wickedest things that are so very small!—therefore I laughed.

Therefore within me both cried and laughed my Wise Longing that is born on the mountains, a Wild Wisdom, verily!—my great Longing with her rush of pinions!

And oft she bore me off and up and away, and that in the midst of laughter: then meseemed I sped shuddering, as an arrow through sun-drunken rapture—

—Away into far futures, unseen as yet in any dream; into hotter souths than artist ever dreamed; thither, where gods dance naked, ashamed of any covering—

(Thus I speak in similes and, poet-like, halt and stammer: and, verily, I am ashamed that I must needs yet be a poet!)

—Where all Becoming meseemed as a dancing and a wantoning of gods, and the world, loosed and frolicsome, fleeing back upon itself—

As an eternal self-fleeing and self-returning of myriad gods, as a blessed self-contradiction, self-reconciliation, self-repossession of myriad gods—

—Where all time meseemed a blessed scorn of the moment, where necessity was very freedom, blissfully sporting with freedom's sting—

—Where I found again mine ancient devil and arch-fiend, the Spirit of Gravity, and all his works—compulsion and dogma, necessity and consequence, purpose and will, good and evil—

(For must there not be that *upon* which, and *over* which the dancer can dance? Must there not, for the sake of the airiest, the fairest, be moles and clumsy dwarfs?)

3

There also I gathered by the way the word *Superman*, and saw that Man is a thing to be surmounted—

That Man is a bridge and not an end, and that he rejoices in his noontide and his evening as the way to new dawns:

—The Zarathustra-word of the Great Noon, and whatsoever else I set up over man like rosy afterglows.

Verily, I made him to see new stars and new nights; and over cloud and day and night I spread laughter like a bright-hued canopy.

I taught him all *my* dreams and aspirations—to compose and fuse in one whatsoever in man is fragmentary, and a riddle, and a sorry chance—

As a poet, as a solver of riddles, and a redeemer of chance I taught him to work upon the future and in thus working to redeem all the past.

To redeem man's past and to transvalue every 'Thus it was' until Will saith: 'But so I willed! So shall I will!'—

This I called redemption, this alone I taught him to call redemption.

Now I await *my* redemption—that I may go unto men for the last time.

For once again will I go unto men: *amongst* men shall be my setting and, dying, I will give them my richest gift!

This I learned from the sun when he goeth down, the most bounteous one: then he poureth gold upon the sea from his inexhaustible store—

So that even the poorest fisherman roweth with golden oar! This saw I once, and gazing thereon I wearied not of tears.

As the sun shall Zarathustra go down: now sitteth he here and waiteth, amidst old broken tables—and new tables, half-written.

4

Behold here a new table! But where are my brethren to bear it down to the valley and to hearts of flesh?—

Thus biddeth my great love for the farthest: ¹ '*Spare not thy neighbour!* Man is a thing to be surmounted'.

There are many ways and modes of surmounting: see *thou* to it! But only a buffoon deemeth that man can also be *overleapt!*

Surmount thyself even in thy neighbour! And a right that thou canst take by force thou shalt not suffer to be given thee!

What thou dost can none do to thee again. Lo, there is no requital!

Whosoever cannot command himself must obey. And many an one *can* command himself, but falleth far short in obeying himself!

5

Thus willeth the race of noble souls: they desire to have naught for naught—least of all, life.

Whosoever is of the mob desireth life for naught: but we to whom life hath given itself—we meditate ever *what* we may best give *in return!*

And, verily, it is a noble speech, that saith: 'That which life promiseth, that promise *we* will keep unto life!'

A man shall not desire to enjoy where he giveth not enjoyment. And—man shall not *desire* to enjoy!

¹ See note, p. 52.

For enjoyment and innocence are very shamefast things: neither loveth to be sought. A man shall *have* them—but he shall rather *seek* for guilt and pain!

6

O my brethren, whosoever is a firstling is ever sacrificed. Now we are firstlings.

All we bleed on hidden sacrificial altars; all we burn and roast in honour of ancient idols.

Our best is yet young: that tickleth old palates. Our flesh is tender, our skin is but lambskin—how should we not excite the old idolatrous priests!

In *ourselves* he yet liveth, the old idolatrous priest that roasteth our best for his own banquet. Alas! my brethren, how should not firstlings be sacrifices?

But thus our race willeth; and I love them that desire not to spare themselves. They that go down and perish I love with all my love; for they go over—

7

To be true—few indeed are able! And he that is able willeth not, as yet. But least of all are the Good able.

Oh, these Good! *Good men never speak the truth*; for thus to be good is a sickness of the mind.

They yield, these Good, they submit themselves, their heart repeateth what is said thereunto, their very soul obeyeth: but he that obeyeth *heareth not himself*!

All that the Good call wicked must flow together that a truth may be born: O my brethren, are ye wicked enough for *this* truth?

Rash daring, long mistrust, cruel nay-saying, disgust, a cutting to the quick—how rarely do *all these* come together! But from such seed truth is begotten!

Heretofore hath all *knowledge* grown up with an evil conscience! Break, break, ye Knowers, the ancient tables!

8

Whilst posts stand in the water, whilst foot-bridge and hand-rail span the stream—verily, none findeth credit that saith: 'All is in flux'.

For simpletons gainsay him. 'How?' say the simpletons, 'All is in flux? Yet posts and bridges stand *above* the stream!'

'Above the stream all is firm, all values of things, bridges, concepts, all "good" and "evil"—all these are firm!'

And when hard winter cometh, tamer of streams, then even the wisest learn mistrust. And, verily, not simpletons only then say: 'Doth not *all stand still*?'

'At bottom all standeth still'—that is a very winter-doctrine, good for a barren time, good comfort for winter sleepers and fireside-mopers.

'At bottom all standeth still.'—But the thaw wind preacheth against this doctrine!

The thaw wind is a bull unknown to the plough—a raging bull, a destroyer that breaketh ice with wrathful horns! But ice—*breaketh bridges*!

O my brethren, say now, is not all *in flux*? Are not all rails and bridges fallen into the waters? Who would yet *cling* to 'good' and 'evil'?

'Woe and all hail! The thaw wind bloweth!' Thus preach, my brethren, in all lanes and byways!

9

There is an ancient illusion called Good and Evil. About soothsayers and astrologers hath the wheel of that illusion hitherto turned.

Once the people *believed* in soothsayers and astrologers, and therefore they believed: 'All is fate: thou shalt, for that thou must!'

Then again they mistrusted soothsayers and astrologers, and *therefore* they believed: 'All is freedom: thou canst, for thou wilt!'

O my brethren, of the stars and of the future there hath heretofore been illusion only and no knowledge: and *therefore*, of Good and Evil hath there also been illusion only and no knowledge!

10

'Thou shalt not steal!' 'Thou shalt not kill!'—such words were once deemed sacred; before them men once bent knee and head and put their shoes from off their feet.

But I ask you: Where have there ever been greater thieves and murderers than even such sacred words?

Is there not in all life theft and murder? And in calling such words sacred did they not *murder* very truth?

Or was it a sermon of death to call that sacred which gainsaid all life and counselled against it? O my brethren, break, break the ancient tables!

II

This is my compassion for the past, that I see it exposed—

Exposed to the mercy, the mind, the madness of each generation that cometh and maketh of all that hath been its own foot-bridge!

Some great potentate may arise, some cunning monster, to strain and wrest all the past with his mercy and his lack of mercy, until it become to him a bridge and an omen, an herald and a cock-crowing.

But there is another danger and another pity—whosoever is of the rabble, his memory goeth back to his grandfather, but with his grandfather time ceaseth.

Thus is the past exposed: for one day it may come to pass that the mob shall be master, and all time shall then be drowned in shallow waters.

Therefore, O my brethren, it needeth a *new nobility* opposed to the rabble and to all tyrannies, to write anew on new tables the word 'noble'.

For it needeth many noble men, and noble men of many kinds, *that there may be a nobility!* Or, as I spoke once in a similitude: 'This is true godliness, that there should be gods, but no God!'

12

O my brethren, I consecrate you to be, I point you the way to, a new nobility: ye shall be begetters and breeders and sowers of the future—

Verily, not a nobility that ye might buy like shopkeepers and with shopkeepers' gold: for that which hath its price is ever little worth.

Not whence ye come shall henceforth be your honour, but whither ye go! Your will and your foot that willeth to pass beyond yourselves—be this your new honour!

—Verily, not that ye have served a prince—of what concern are princes now?—or that ye have been a bulwark to that which standeth that it might stand the firmer!

—Not that your kin hath grown courtly in courts, and that ye have learned to stand long hours in shallow ponds, flamingo-like, brightly apparelled—

(For to be *able to stand* is a merit in courtiers; and all courtiers believe that *to be permitted to sit* is part of the bliss after death!)—

—Nor that a spirit, called Holy, led your forefathers into lands of promise, which *I* praise not (for there, where grew the evildest of all trees, the tree of the Cross—in that land there is naught worthy of praise!)—

And, verily, wheresoever this ‘Holy Ghost’ led his knights, goats and geese and cross-heads and wrong-heads ever headed the train!—

O my brethren, not back shall your nobility gaze, but *forward*! Ye shall be driven out from all lands of your fathers and forefathers!

Your *children’s land* shall ye love (be this love your new nobility!), the land undiscovered, in remotest seas! Towards this land I bid you ever set your sails!

In your children shall ye *make amends* that ye were your fathers’ children. *Thus* shall ye redeem the past! This new table I set up over you!

13

‘Wherefore live? All is vanity. To live—it is to thrash straw: to live—it is to burn oneself and yet not to grow warm.’

Such ancient babble is yet held to be ‘wisdom’; even *because* it is ancient and smelleth mustily it is honoured the more. Mouldiness conferreth nobility.

Children might well speak thus. They *fear* the fire because it hath burned them! There is much childishness in the old books of wisdom.

And he that ever ‘thrasheth straw’—how dare he blaspheme thrashing? The mouths of all such fools should be muzzled!

Such sit down at table and bring naught with them, not even a good hunger—and then they blaspheme: ‘All is vanity!’

But to eat well and to drink well, O my brethren, is, verily, no vain art! Break, break me the tables of them that are never joyful!

14

‘To the pure all things are pure’—thus say the people. But I say unto you: ‘To the swine all things are swinish!’

Therefore the dreary visionaries whose very hearts are bowed down, preach: ‘The world itself is a filthy monster’.

For they are all of an unclean mind; especially they that

have neither peace nor rest unless they see the world *from behind*¹—these otherworldlings!

I say to their face, though it sound not seemly: 'Therein the world resembleth man, in that it hath a backside—*thus much* is true!'

There is much filth in the world—*thus much* is true! But the world itself is not therefore a filthy monster!

Yet there is wisdom in the saying that much in the world smelleth ill: even disgust createth wings and well-divining powers!

Even in the best there is something loathsome. And even the best is a thing to be surmounted!

O my brethren, there is much wisdom in the saying that there is much filth in the world!

15

These maxims heard I pious otherworldlings repeat to their consciences, and, verily, without craft or guile—though there is naught more guileful in the world, nor more wicked.

'Let the world be the world! Lift not so much as a finger against it!

'Let him that will throttle and stab and flay and skin the people and lift not so much as a finger against it! Thereby they will yet learn to renounce the world.

'And as for thine own reason—thou shalt thyself throttle and stifle it; for it is a reason of this world: thereby thou thyself learnest to renounce the world.'

Break, break, O my brethren, these old tables of the pious! Break in pieces by your speech the maxims of the world-calumniators!

16

He that learneth much, unlearneth all violent desires'—thus men whisper into one another's ears to-day in every dark alley.

'Wisdom maketh weary, naught is worth while, thou shalt not desire!'—this new table found I set up even in the open market-places.

Break, O my brethren, break also this *new* table! The world-weary have set it up, the preachers of death, and the jailers also: for, lo, it too is an exhortation to slavery!

Because they learned ill and not the best and all too soon and all too quickly: because they *ate* ill their stomach is soured.—

¹ See note, p. 23.

For their mind is a soured stomach: it counsellcth death! For, verily, my brethren, the mind *is* a stomach!

Life is a well-spring of delight: but to him in whom a soured stomach speaketh, the father of affliction, to him all wells are poisoned.

To know—it is joy to the lion-willed! But he that becometh weary is himself merely 'willed'; with him all waves make play.

And thus is it ever with weak men: they lose themselves on the way. And at length their weariness asketh: 'Wherefore did we set out? All is indifferent!'

It soundeth sweetly in their ears when one preacheth: 'Naught hath value! Ye shall not will!' But it is an exhortation to slavery.

O my brethren, as a fresh roaring wind cometh Zarathustra to all that are weary of the way: many a nose will he make to sneeze.

Even through walls my free breath bloweth, into dungeons and imprisoned spirits!

Will delivereth, for to will is to create: thus I teach. And *solely* to create shall ye learn!

And even learning shall ye first *learn* of me—good learning! Whosoever hath ears, let him hear!

17

There standeth the boat—it goeth perchance into the great Naught. But who willeth to embark in this 'Perchance'?

None of you is willing to embark in the boat of death! How then can ye be *world-weary*?

World-weary! And ye are not even earth-withdrawn! I found you lusting yet for earth, in love with your own earth-weariness!

Not in vain your lip droopeth—a little earthly desire sitteth yet thereon! And in your eye—swimmeth not therein a little cloud of unforgotten earthly lust?

There are on earth many excellent devices, some useful, some pleasant: for their sake earth is to be loved.

And many things there are so well devised that they are, like a woman's breasts, both useful and pleasant.

But ye world-weary 'ones! Ye lazy ones of earth! Ye should be lashed with whips! With whip-lashes shall your legs be again made nimble!

For if ye be not sick and worn-out wretches of whom earth is weary, then are ye cunning sluggards or lickerish, lurking

night-prowlers. And if ye will not *run* again, and merrily, ye shall perish!

To the incurable one must not seek to be a physician: thus teacheth Zarathustra—therefore shall ye perish!

But it needeth more *courage* to make an end than to make a new poem—as all physicians and poets know.

18

O my brethren, there are tables framed by weariness, and tables framed by sloth, corrupt slothfulness: and although these speak alike, they would not be heard alike.

Behold here this languishing one! But a span's distance is he from his goal, yet for weariness he hath laid himself obstinately in the dust—this 'brave fellow!

For weariness he yawneth at roadway, and earth, and goal, and himself: not another step will he take—this brave fellow!

Now the sun burneth upon him and the dogs lick his sweat: but there he lieth in his obstinacy and will rather die of thirst—

A span's distance from his goal will he die of thirst! Verily, by the hair must ye hale him to his heaven—this hero!

But better it is that ye let him lie where he hath laid himself, that sleep, the comforter, may come unto him with cool, murmurous rain.

Let him lie until he wake of himself—until he himself repudiate weariness and all that weariness hath taught through him!

Only, my brethren, drive the dogs from him, the lazy skulkers, and all the swarming vermin—

All the swarming vermin of the 'educated', who feast themselves full on the sweat of every hero!

19

I trace circles about me and sacred barriers: fewer and fewer climb with me higher and higher mountains: I build up a mountain range of ever holier mountains.—

But whithersoever ye climb with me, O my brethren, beware lest a *parasite* climb with you!

A parasite—it is a worm, a creeping, cringing worm, that seeketh to fatten on your hidden sores and wounds.

And *this* is its cunning, that it divineth when climbing souls grow weary: in your sorrow and dejection, in your sensitive shamefastness, it buildeth its loathsome nest.

Wheresoever the strong is weak and the noble is over-gentle—

there it buildeth its loathsome nest: the parasite dwelleth wheresoever the great hath small and hidden sores.

Which is the highest of all beings, and which the lowest? The parasite is the lowest: but whosoever is of the highest nourisheth most parasites.

For that soul which hath the longest ladder and can descend lowest, how should not the most parasites fix upon it?—

That most spacious soul that can farthest stray and rove within itself—that most urgent soul that for joy casteth itself upon chance—

That *Being* soul which plungeth into *Becoming*—that soul that *hath*, yet willeth to will and to desire—

That soul that fleeth from itself and overtaketh itself in widest circle—that wisest soul that is most allured by foolishness—

That soul that best loveth itself, in which all things have their flow and counter-flow, their ebb-tide and flood-tide—oh, how should *that highest soul* not have the vilest parasites?

20

O my brethren, am I then cruel? But I say: 'That which already falleth shall be thrown down'.

The All of to-day—it falleth, it decayeth: who would preserve it? But I—I *will throw* it down!

Know ye the delight of rolling stones over the steep? These men of to-day—behold them, how they roll into my abyss!

A prelude am I to better players, O my brethren! An example! *Act* upon mine example!

And him that ye teach not to fly, I bid you teach him to *fall the quicker!*—

21

I love the brave: but it is not enough to be a swordsman—a man must also know against *whom* to use the sword!

And often there is the greater courage in restraining oneself and passing by, that one may reserve oneself for the worthier foe!

Ye shall have such enemies only as are to be hated, not such as are to be despised: ye shall be proud of your enemy: thus have I taught you aforetime.

Ye shall reserve yourselves for the worthier foe, O my friends: therefore, ye must pass by many things—

Especially must ye pass by much rabble that dinneth in your ears of the people and of peoples.

Keep your eye clean of their For and Against! There is much right and much wrong therein: whosoever looketh thereon waxeth wroth.

To cast eye thereon, to draw the sword therein—here these two are one: therefore depart to the forests and put your sword to sleep!

Go *your* ways. And let the people and peoples go theirs!—dark ways verily, unlighted by one hope!

Let the shopkeeper rule where all that yet shineth is shopkeepers' gold. It is no more the age of kings: for that which to-day calleth itself the people deserveth no kings.

Behold how these peoples do as do the shopkeepers! They hunt the smallest advantage amidst dust-heaps!

They lie in wait for one another, they cheat one another—this call they 'good neighbourliness'. Oh, blessed days of old, when a people said within itself: 'I will be *master* over peoples!'

For, my brethren, the best shall rule, the best *will* rule! And where there is another doctrine the best is *lacking*.

22

Had they their bread for naught, alas,—for what would they cry! Their maintenance—it is their proper entertainment: and their life *shall* be hard.

Beasts of prey are they: in their 'work' there is plunder, in their 'earning' there is overreaching! Therefore shall their life be hard!

Thus they shall become better beasts of prey, subtler, cleverer, *more like man*: for man is the finest beast of prey.

Man hath plundered their virtues from all the beasts: for man hath had the hardest life of all beasts.

Only the birds yet surpass him. And should man learn also to fly, ah, how high would his lust of prey soar upwards!

23

Thus would I have man and woman: the one fit for warfare, the other for giving birth, but both for the dance with head and with legs.

And be that day accounted lost wherein there is no dancing! And be every truth accounted falsehood which bringeth no laughter with it!

Your contracts of marriage—see to it that they be not bad contracts! Ye contracted too hastily; therefore there followeth—marriage-breaking!¹

And yet, better is marriage-breaking than marriage-bending and marriage-lying! Thus spake a woman unto me: 'True, I brake my marriage, but my marriage first brake me!'

Ill-coupled ones have I ever found the worst of the revengeful: they make all the world pay for it that they may no longer go singly.

Therefore I will that the honest say to one another: 'We love each other: let us *see* whether we may maintain our love! Or will our pledge prove an error?'

'Set us a term and a lesser marriage that we may see whether we be fit for the greater marriage! It is a great matter to be ever twain!'

Thus I counsel all that are honest: and where were my love for the Superman and for all that is to come if I should counsel and speak otherwise!

Ye shall propagate not merely *onwards*, but *upwards*. Thereto, O my brethren, may the garden of marriage aid you!

Lo! he that groweth learned in ancient origins will at length seek the springs of the future and new origins.

O my brethren, it shall shortly be that *new peoples* shall arise and new springs gush down to new depths.

For the earthquake stoppeth up many wells and causeth much thirst; but it also bringeth to light inner powers and hidden things.

The earthquake maketh new springs to appear: in the upheaval of ancient peoples new springs gush forth.

And whosoever crieth: 'Behold here a well for the many that thirst, an heart for the many that yearn, a will to use many tools'—about him there gathereth a *people*—that is, many that desire to *attempt*.

He that is able to command, he that must obey—thus is it put to the test! Ah, with what long seeking and guessing and failing and learning and re-testing!

Human society—it is an attempt—as I teach—a long seeking: but it seeketh a commander!—

¹ *Ehebrecken* = adultery, but literally 'marriage-breaking'.—TRANS.

An attempt, O my brethren, and *no* 'contract'! Break, break such a maxim for soft-hearts and half-and-halves!

26

O my brethren! In whom lieth the greatest peril to the whole future of mankind? Is it not in the Good and Righteous?—

In them which say and feel in their heart: 'We know already what is good and righteous; we possess it also; woe to them which still seek therefor!'

And whatsoever harm the wicked may do, the harm of the Good is the most harmful harm!

And whatsoever harm the world-slanderers may do, the harm of the Good is the most harmful harm!

O my brethren, a man once saw into the heart of the Good and Righteous, and said: 'They are the Pharisees'. But men understood him not.

The Good and Righteous themselves could not understand him: their mind is imprisoned in their good conscience. The stupidity of the Good is unfathomably clever.

But this is the truth: the Good *must* be Pharisees—they have no choice!

The Good *must* crucify him that inventeth for himself his own virtue! That *is* the truth!

But the next to spy out their land—the land, the heart, and the soil of the Good and Righteous—he it was that asked: 'Whom do they hate most?'

They hate most the *creator*—him that breaketh tables and ancient values, the law-breaker—they call him criminal.

For the Good *cannot* create: they are ever the beginning of the end—

They crucify him that writeth new values on new tables; they sacrifice *to themselves* the future; they crucify all the future of mankind!

The Good—they were ever the beginning of the end.

27

O my brethren, have ye understood also this word? And that which once I said of the 'Last Man'?

In whom is the greatest peril to the whole future of mankind? Is it not in the Good and Righteous?

Break, break the Good and Righteous!—O my brethren, have ye understood this word?

Ye flee from me? Ye are afraid? Ye tremble at this word?

O my brethren, when I bade you break the Good and the tables of the Good—not till then did I set Man on board ship for the high seas.

Not till now is come the great fear upon him, the wide gaze about him, the great heart-sickness, the great loathing, the great sea-sickness.

The Good taught you false shores and false securities; in the lies of the Good were ye born and bred. By the Good all hath been made altogether distorted and contorted.

But he that spied out the land 'Man', also spied out the land 'Man's future'. Now shall ye be my sailors, brave and patient!

Walk upright betimes, O my brethren, learn to walk upright! The sea rageth: many desire to raise themselves by you.

The sea rageth: the sea containeth all things. Up and on, ye brave seaman-hearts!

What of our fatherland? Our rudder bendeth thither where is our *children's land*. Thither away, more stormy than the sea, our great desire stormeth!

'Why so hard?' said the charcoal to the diamond, 'are we not near akin?'

Why so soft? O my brethren, thus *I ask you*: are ye not—my brethren?

Why so soft, so submissive, and yielding? Why is there so much disavowal and abnegation in your hearts? Why so little fate in your looks?

And if ye be unwilling to be fates, and inexorable, how can ye one day conquer with me?

And if your hardness will not sparkle and cut, and cut in pieces, how can ye one day create with me?

For creators are hard. And ye must deem it blessed to press your hand upon millenniums as upon wax—

Blessed to write upon the will of millenniums as upon brass—harder than brass, nobler than brass. The noblest only is utterly hard.

This new table, O my brethren, I set up over you: '*Become hard!*'

O thou my Will! Thou bender of all necessity, thou, *my* necessity! Save me from all small victories!

Thou providence of my soul that I call Fate! Thou Within-me! Thou Above-me! Save and spare me for a great destiny!

And thine utmost greatness, O my Will, spare it for thy last effort that thou mayst be inexorable *in* thy victory! Ah, who has not been conquered by his victory?

Alas, whose eye hath not grown dim in the drunken dawn? Alas, whose foot hath not staggered and forgotten how to stand—in victory?

That I may at length be ready and ripe in the Great Noon; ready and ripe like glowing ore, like a cloud charged with lightnings and an udder filled with milk—

Ready for myself and for my most secret will; a bow burning for its arrow; an arrow burning for its star—

A star, ready and ripe in its noon, glowing, pierced, blessed, by the annihilating arrows of the sun.

A sun itself and an inexorable sun-will, ready to annihilate in victory!

O Will, thou bender of all necessity, thou *my* necessity! Reserve me for one great victory!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

THE CONVALESCENT

I

ON a day, a little after his return to his cave, Zarathustra leaped from his couch like a madman, cried with a terrible voice, and made as though another lay on the couch and would not rise therefrom; and the sound of his voice was such that his beasts ran to him in terror, and that from every cave and lair that was nigh unto Zarathustra's cave all the beasts fled—flying, fluttering, creeping, bounding, each according as it was given him, by foot or feather. But Zarathustra spake these words:

Up, abysmal thought, from my depths! I am thy cock, thy dawn, thou sleepy worm! Up! Up! My voice shall crow thee awake!

Open thine ears and hear! For I desire to hear thee! Up! Up! Here is thunder enough to teach the very graves to hear!

And rub away sleep and all dimness and blindness from thine eyes! Hear me even with thine eyes! My voice is a medicine even to them that are born blind.

And being awake thou shalt remain awake for ay. It is not *my* way to awaken great-grandmothers from sleep that I may bid them—sleep again!

Thou stirrest, thou stretchest thyself, thou gruntest? Up! Up! Thou shalt not snore but speak unto me! Zarathustra the Godless calleth thee!

I, Zarathustra, the Advocate of Life, the Advocate of Suffering, the Advocate of the Circle—I summon thee, my most abysmal thought!

Triumph! Thou comest—I hear thee! Mine abyss *speaketh*, my deepest depth have I turned to the light!

Triumph! Draw nigh! Give me thy hand—ha! Avaunt!—ha! ha! ha!—Horror! horror! horror!—Ah, woe is me!

2

When Zarathustra had spoken these words he straightway fell down as one dead and long remained as one dead. But when he came to himself he was pale, and trembled and remained prostrate, and for long he would neither eat nor drink. Seven

days was it thus with him: but his beasts left him not day nor night, save that the Eagle flew to get food. And whatsoever he gathered, he laid it on Zarathustra's couch, so that at length Zarathustra lay beneath yellow and red berries, grapes, rosy apples, sweet-smelling pot-herbs, and pine-cones. But at his feet were spread two lambs which the Eagle, with much trouble, had snatched from their shepherd.

At length, after seven days, Zarathustra arose on his couch, took a rosy apple in his hand, smelled it, and found its odour sweet. Then his beasts deemed the time was come to speak to him.

O Zarathustra, said they, now hast thou lain so seven days, with heavy eyes: wilt thou not now stand again on thy feet?

Leave thy cave; the world awaiteth thee as a garden. The wind sporteth laden with sweet odours that seek for thee; and all brooklets would fain run after thee.

All things pine for thee since thou remainedst seven days alone. Step forth from thy cave! All things are ready to be thy physicians!

Hath a new knowledge come unto thee, a bitter and grievous knowledge? Thou didst lie even like leavened dough, thy soul rose and o'erflowed all her bounds.

O my beasts, answered Zarathustra, speak on and suffer me to listen! It refresheth me to hear your talk: where there is talk the world is to me as a garden.

How sweet a thing it is that words and melodies exist: are not words and melodies as rainbows and seeming bridges betwixt things eternally separate?

To each soul belongeth a different universe; to each soul every other soul is another world.

Betwixt things most like illusion telleth sweetest lies; for the smallest cleft is the hardest to bridge.

For me—how could there be aught outside me? There is *naught* without! But this we forget when we hear music. How sweet it is to forget!

Are not things given names and melodies that man may find refreshment in them? Speech is a sweet folly: thereby man danceth over all things.

How sweet is all speech and all falsehood of melody! To melody our love danceth on bright-hued rainbows—

O Zarathustra, then said the beasts, to such as think as we do, all things dance: they come and take hands and laugh and flee—and return.

All goeth, all returneth; eternally rolleth the wheel of Being. All dieth, all again blossometh; forever runneth the year of Being.

All breaketh, all is joined anew; forever this same house of Being buildeth itself. All things separate, all things greet one another again; forever the Ring of Being remaineth true to Itself.

At each moment Being beginneth; about every *Here* revolveth the ball *There*. The centre is everywhere. Curved is the pathway of eternity—

O ye wags and hurdy-gurdies, replied Zarathustra, and smiled again, how well ye knew that which must in seven days be fulfilled—

And how that monster crept within my throat and choked me! But I bit off its head and spat it from me.

And ye—ye have already made thereof an hurdy-gurdy song? But I lie here, weary yet from biting and spitting out, sick yet from mine own deliverance.

And looked ye upon all this? O my beasts, are even ye cruel? Desired ye to look on my great pain, as men do? For man is the cruelest of beasts.

In gazing on tragedies, bullfights, and crucifixions, hath he hitherto found his best happiness on earth: and when he invented hell for himself, lo, hell was his heaven upon earth.

When the great man crieth out, swiftly the small man runneth thither: and his tongue lolleth for lustfulness: but he calleth it his 'compassion'.

The small man, especially the poet—how eagerly doth he accuse life in words! Hearken to him, but fail not to hear the lust in all accusation!

These accusers of life—life overcometh them in the twinkling of an eye. 'Thou lovest me?' saith she, the shameless one. 'Wait a little; I have yet no time for thee.'

Man is the cruelest of beasts towards himself; and in all that call themselves 'sinners' and 'cross-bearers' and 'penitents', fail not to hear the lust in their complaints and accusations!

And I myself?—do I desire thereby to be the accuser of mankind? Alas, my beasts, this only have I learned hitherto, that the most evil thing in man is necessary to the best in him—

That all that is most evil is his best *power*, and hardest stone for the highest creator; and that man must become better *and* more wicked—

Not to *this* stake of torture was I bound, that I know that man is wicked—but I cried as none hath ever cried:

'Alas, that his wickedest is so very little! Alas, that his best is so very little!'

A great disgust of man—*that* choked me, *that* crept within my throat; and that which the Soothsayer told: 'All is one, naught is worth while, knowledge stiflenth'.

A long twilight limped before me, a death-weary, death-drunken sadness, and spake with yawning jaws:

'Eternally he returneth, that man of whom thou art weary, that small man'—thus yawned my sadness, and dragged its foot, and could not sleep.

To me man's earth became a grave, its chest fell in, all that liveth became for me mouldering dust and bones of men and a rotting past.

My sighing sat by all graves of men and could not rise; my sighing and questioning croaked like a toad and choked and gnawed and complained by day and by night:

'Alas, Man eternally returneth! The small man returneth eternally!'

Once I saw both naked, the greatest men and the least—all-too-like one another—all-too-human is even the greatest!

All-too-small the greatest!—this was my disgust of man! And the eternal recurrence even of the least—that was my disgust of all Being!

Alas! Horror! horror! horror!—thus spake Zarathustra, and sighed and shuddered; for he remembered his sickness. But his beasts would not suffer him to speak further.

Speak not further, thou convalescent!—thus his beasts answered him—but go out where the world awaiteth thee as a garden.

Go out to the roses and bees and flocks of doves! But especially to the singing birds, that thou mayst learn from them to *sing*!

For singing is good for the convalescent; the healthy man may speak. And when the healthy man also desireth songs, he desireth other songs than the convalescent.

O ye wags and hurdy-gurdies, be silent! Zarathustra replied, and smiled on his beasts. How well ye know what consolation I devised for myself in seven days!

That I *must* sing again—*that* comfort I devised for myself and

that convalescence: would ye make at once an hurdy-gurdy song even of that?

Speak not further, his beasts answered once again. Rather, thou convalescent, make thee first a lyre, a new lyre!

For, behold, O Zarathustra! for thy new songs it needeth new lyres.

Sing and overflow, O Zarathustra, heal thy soul with new songs, that thou mayst bear thy great fate that hath as yet been no man's fate!

For thy beasts well know, O Zarathustra, what thou art and must become. Behold, *thou'art the Teacher of Eternal Recurrence*—*that is thy fate!*

—And that thou must be first to teach this doctrine—how should this great fate not be also thy greatest peril and sickness?

Behold, we know what thou teachest; that all things recur eternally, and we ourselves with them, and that we have been infinite times already, and all things with us.

Thou teachest that there is a Great Year of Becoming, a giant amongst great years: it must, like an hour-glass, ever and again be upturned that it may again run down and run out—

So that all these years resemble themselves in greatest and in least, so that we ourselves resemble ourselves in each great year, in greatest and in least.

And shouldest thou now die, O Zarathustra—lo, we know what thou wouldst then say to thyself—but thy beasts beg thee not to die yet!—

Thou wouldst say, and without trembling, but rather breathing deep for bliss—for a great burden and oppression would be lifted from thee, thou most patient one!—

'Now I die and vanish,' thou wouldst say, 'and in a moment I shall be naught. Souls are as mortal as bodies.

But the knot of causation recurrereth, in the which I am intertwined—it will re-create me! I myself am amongst the causes of the eternal recurrence.

I come again, with this sun, with this earth, with this Eagle, with this Serpent—*not* to a new life, or to a better life, or to a similar life—

—I come again eternally to this self-same life, in greatest things and in least, that I may teach again the Eternal Recurrence of all things—

That I may speak again the word of the Great Noon of earth and of Man, that I may again proclaim the Superman to Man.

I have spoken my word, I am shattered upon my word: thus willeth mine eternal fate—as an herald I perish!

The hour now cometh when he that goeth down must bless himself. Thus—*endeth* Zarathustra's down-going.'—

When the beasts had said these words they were silent, expecting that Zarathustra should say somewhat to them: but Zarathustra knew not that they were silent. Rather he lay still, with closed eyes, like one that sleepeth, although he slept not: for he was communing with his soul. But the Serpent and the Eagle, finding him thus silent, respected his great stillness, and softly stole from him.

OF THE GREAT LONGING

O MY soul, I have taught thee to say 'To-day' and 'Once' and 'Long since', and to dance thy measure over every Here and There and Yonder.

O my soul, I have delivered thee out of all dark corners, I have brushed from thee dust and spiders and twilight.

O my soul, I have washed petty shame and corner-virtues from thee, I have persuaded thee to stand naked in the eye of the sun!

With that tempest which is called 'Mind', I have blown across thy surging seas: all clouds have I swept therefrom and have strangled even that strangler called 'Sin'.

O my soul, I have given thee the right like the tempest to say Nay, like the clear heavens to say Yea: now, still as light, thou standest and goest through gainsaying tempests.

O my soul, I have restored to thee freedom over things created and uncreated: and who knoweth, as thou dost, the lust of that which is to come?

O my soul, I have taught thee the scorn that cometh not like gnawing of worms, but the great, the loving scorn that loveth most where it scorneth most.

O my soul, I have taught thee so to persuade that thou even persuadest the elements to thy side, as the sun that persuadeth the sea to rise unto his heights!

O my soul, I have taken from thee all obedience, all bending of the knee and homage-paying; I myself have given thee these names—'Bender of Necessity' and 'Fate'.

O my soul, I have given thee new names and brightly coloured playthings, I have called thee 'Fate' and 'Orbit of Orbits' and 'Navel-string of Time' and 'Azure Dome'.

O my soul, as thy domain have I given thee all wisdom to drink, all new wines, and also all immemorially old, strong wines of wisdom!

O my soul, I have poured out every sun upon thee and every night and every silence and every longing: then I saw thee grow up like a vine.

O my soul, over-rich, over-laden thou standest, a vine with swelling udders and thick clusters of brown-gold wine-grapes—

Clustered and bursting with thy bliss, expectant in abundance, and shamefast for thy waiting.

O my soul, nowhere is there a soul more loving, readier to embrace, more all-embracing! Where could future and past be closer together than in thee?

O my soul, I have given thee all and my hands are become empty through giving unto thee! And now—now thou sayest to me, smiling and full of melancholy: 'Which of us must thank the other?

Must the giver not thank the taker for taking? Is not giving a necessity? Is taking not—compassion?'

O my soul, I understand thy melancholy smile: thy very superabundance now stretcheth forth longing hands!

Thy fullness gazeth o'er raging seas and seeketh and waiteth; the longings of superabundance gaze from the smiling heaven of thine eyes!

And, verily, O my soul! who might see thy smile and not melt in tears? Angels themselves melt into tears at the more-than-kindness of thy smile.

Thy kindness, thy more-than-kindness, that will neither lament nor weep! and yet, O my soul, thy smile yearneth for tears, and thy trembling mouth for sobs.

'Is not all weeping a complaint? And all complaining an accusation?' Thus thou speakest within thyself, and therefore, O my soul, thou wouldst rather smile than pour forth thy sorrow—

Than pour forth in a flood of tears all thy sorrow for thine abundance, and the longing of the vine for vintager and vintage-knife!

But wilt thou not cry nor pour forth in tears thy purple melancholy, thou must even *sing*, O my soul!—behold, I myself smile which foretell thee such things—

Thou must even sing with a great voice, until all seas be stilled to hearken to thy longing—

Until over the still and yearning seas glideth the boat, the Golden Wonder, about whose gold all good, bad, wondrous things do skip—

Also many great and small beasts, and whatsoever hath light miraculous feet that can run on violet-blue paths.

Until they come to the Golden Wonder, the boat of freewill and its Master: but he is that vintager that waiteth with diamond vintage-knife—

Thy great Deliverer, O my soul, the Nameless One for whom

the songs of the future will first find names! And, verily, already thy breath is fragrant with the songs of the future.

Already thou glowest and dreamest, already thou drinkest thirstily of all deep, echoing wells of consolation, already thy melancholy reposeth in the bliss of songs of the future!

O my soul, now I have given thee all, even my last, and my hands are wholly emptied in giving unto thee! *That I bid thee sing*, lo, it was the last gift I had!

That I bid thee sing—say, then, say, *which* of us hath now to thank the other? But better, sing to me, sing, O my soul! And let *me* thank *thee*!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

THE SECOND DANCE-SONG

I

OF late I gazed into thine eyes, O Life: I saw glint of gold in thy night-dark eyes—my heart stood still for rapture thereof:

A golden boat I saw gleam on night-dark waters, a golden, dancing boat, sinking, dipping, gleaming again.

On my dance-frenzied foot thou turnest thy glance—a laughing, asking, melting, dancing glance:

But twice hast thou clapped thy clapper in slender hands, ere my foot skips already, frenzied for the dance.

My heels reared up, my toes hearkened that they might understand thee: for surely the dancer's ear is in his toes!

I sprang to thy side—thou fleddest before me: and thy fleeing, flying tresses flickered like tongues towards me!

I sprang away from thee and from thy serpents; there thou stoodest, half-turned, thine eye full of desire.

With sidelong glances thou teachest me sidelong courses; on sidelong courses my foot learneth guile!

I fear thee nigh, I love thee far; thy flight allureth me, thy seeking freezeth me: I suffer, but what would I not gladly suffer for thee!

She whose coldness inflameth, whose hate seduceth, whose flight enchaineth, whose mocking melteth—

Who would not hate thee, thou mighty Spell-binder, Entwiner, Temptress, Seeker, and Finder? Who would not love thee—innocent, impatient, tempestuous, child-eyed Sinner?

Where drawest thou me now, thou paragon and tomboy? And now again thou fleest me, thou sweet and thankless romp!

I dance after thee, I follow thy faintest traces. Whither art thou gone? Give me thy hand, if it be but one small finger!

Here are caves and thickets: we shall lose our way! Stay! Be still! Seest thou not how the owls and bats do flutter?

Thou owl! Thou bat! Wilt thou fool me? Where are we? Thou learnedst this barking and howling from the dogs!

Thou barest thy little white teeth upon me sweetly, thy wicked eyes peer at me through thy curly mane!

It is a dance o'er stock and stone: I am the huntsman—wilt thou be my dog or my deer?

Now art thou beside me—how swiftly, thou naughty leaper!
Now up and away!—Alas, I fell as I sprang!

Oh, see how I lie and beg grace, thou madcap! Fain would
I go with thee—on a sweeter way!

The path of love amidst still and flowery bushes! Or there
by the lake's edge, where goldfish dance and swim!

Art weary now? Yonder are sheep and sunset glow: is it not
sweet to sleep when shepherds pipe?

Art thou so sore wearied? I will carry thee there, wilt thou
but lower thine arms! And art thou thirsty—I have a thing—
but thy mouth will not receive it!—

Oh, this accursed swift-coiling serpent, elusive witch! Whither
art thou gone? But upon each cheek I feel where thy hand
hath left red spots and burning weals!

I am right weary of being ever thy sheepish shepherd! Thou
witch, have I hitherto sung for thee, now shalt thou cry for me!

To the rhythm of my whip shalt thou dance and cry! Forgot
I my whip? Not I!

2

Then Life answered me thus, her hands over her dainty ears:
O Zarathustra! Crack not so fearsomely with thy whip!
For thou knowest that noise killeth thought—and even now
I had such delicate thoughts.

We are a proper pair of ne'er-do-wells and ne'er-do-ills.
Beyond good and evil have we found our islet and our green
pastures—we two alone! Therefore we *must* be on terms
with each other!

And though we love one another not wholly—must people
quarrel because they love one another not wholly?

And that I am fond of thee—and often too fond—thou
knowest: and the reason is that I am jealous of thy Wisdom.
Ah, this silly old madwoman, Wisdom!

If thy Wisdom should one day run away from thee, ah! then
my love would also run speedily from thee.

Then Life looked thoughtfully behind her and about her, and
said softly: O Zarathustra, thou art not true enough to me!

Thou lovest me not nearly so much as thou sayest; I know
that thou thinkest how soon thou wilt leave me.

There is an heavy old booming clock, whose boom riseth by
night to thy cave.

Hearest thou that clock strike the midnight hour, then thou
thinkest thereon between one and twelve—

Thou thinkest thereon, O Zarathustra, I know it, that soon thou wilt leave me!

Yea, I answered slowly, but thou knowest also—And I told her a thing in her ear—all amidst the tangled, yellow, foolish tresses of her hair.

Thou *knowest that*, O Zarathustra? That knoweth none—

And we gazed on one another, and looked upon the green meadow o'er which cool evening was spreading, and we wept together.—Then was Life dearer to me than all my Wisdom had ever been to me.

Thus spake Zarathustra.

3

'One!

O man! Take heed!

Two!

What saith deep Midnight, indeed?

Three!

"I lay asleep, asleep—

Four!

I waked from my deep dream.

Five!

The world is deep,

Six!

And deeper than even day may deem.

Seven!

Deep is its woe—

Eight!

Joy—deeper yet than woe is she:

Nine!

Saith Woe: 'Hence! Go!'

Ten!

Yet Joy would have Eternity,

Eleven!

—Profound, profound Eternity!"

Twelve!'

THE SEVEN SEALS

(OR THE SONG OF YEA AND AMEN)

I

IF I be indeed a soothsayer and filled with the soothsaying spirit that goeth on high hills betwixt two seas—

That goeth as an heavy cloud betwixt the past and the future—a foe to sultry plains and to all that is weary and can neither die nor live—

Ready for the lightning in its dark bosom, for the redeeming flash of light, pregnant with the lightnings that say Yea! that laugh Yea!—for the soothsaying lightnings—

(But blessed is he that is thus pregnant! And, verily, long must he hang as an heavy thunder-cloud on the mountain, that shall one day kindle the light of the future!)

—Oh! how should I not burn for Eternity, and for the marriage ring of rings—the Ring of Recurrence?

Never yet found I the woman by whom I would have children, save it be by this Woman that I love: for I love thee, O Eternity!

For I love thee, O Eternity!

2

If my wrath hath ever burst graves, removed landmarks, and rolled old tables in fragments over the steeps—

If my scorn hath ever scattered mouldered words to the winds, and if ever I came as a broom upon the spiders of the Cross, and as a raging wind to old damp sepulchres;

If ever I sat rejoicing where ancient gods lie buried; if ever I sat blessing the world, loving the world, by the monuments of ancient world-maligners—

(For I love even the churches and graves of the gods when once the heaven's pure eye looketh down through their ruined roofs; I love to sit like the grass and the red poppy upon ruined churches)—

—Oh! how should I not burn for Eternity, and for the marriage ring of rings—the Ring of Recurrence?

Never yet found I the woman by whom I would have children, save it be by this Woman that I love: for I love thee, O Eternity!

For I love thee, O Eternity!

3

If ever there came unto me a breath from the creative breath,
and from that divine necessity that compelleth chance itself
to dance star-dances—

If ever I laughed with the laughter of the creative lightning
that is followed by the long thunder of the deed, growling but
obedient—

If ever I threw dice with the gods upon the godlike table of
the earth, so that the earth shook and brake and shot up rivers
of fire—

(For a table of the gods is the earth, shaken by new creative
words and dice-casts of the gods)—

—Oh! how should I not burn for Eternity, and for the marriage
ring of rings—the Ring of Recurrence?

Never yet found I the woman by whom I would have children,
save it be by this Woman that I love: for I love thee, O Eternity!

For I love thee, O Eternity!

4

If ever I drank deep of that spiced and foaming cup in which
all things are intermingled—

If ever my hand poured farthest into highest, and fire into
spirit, and joy into woe, and the most malicious into the most
kind—

If I myself be a grain of that saving salt that maketh all
things to mingle well within the mixing-pot—

(For there is a salt that bindeth good with evil; and even the
most evil is a worthy spice to make the cup foam over)—

—Oh! how should I not burn for Eternity, and for the
marriage ring of rings—the Ring of Recurrence?

Never yet found I the woman by whom I would have children,
save it be by this Woman that I love: for I love thee, O Eternity!

For I love thee, O Eternity!

5

If I be fain for the sea and for all that is of the sea's kin, and
fainest yet when in its raging it flouteth me—

If that lust of search be within me that driveth sails towards
undiscovered lands; if there be a seafarer's lust in my lusting—

If ever my rejoicing cried aloud: The shore hath faded! Now
is the last fetter fallen from me—

The boundless surgeth about me, far yonder gleam space and time. Up, my heart!—

—Oh! how should I not burn for Eternity, and for the marriage ring of rings—the Ring of Recurrence?

Never yet found I the woman by whom I would have children, save it be by this Woman that I love: for I love thee, O Eternity!

For I love thee, O Eternity!

6

If my virtue be a dancer's virtue, if I have oft leaped in the air in gold and emerald rapture—

If my wickedness be a laughing wickedness, at home amongst banks of roses and hedges of lilies—

(For in laughter all evil is present, yet sanctified and absolved by its own bliss)—

And if it be mine Alpha and Omega that all that is heavy shall become light, all that hath body a dancer, all that hath spirit a bird: and, verily, this is mine Alpha and Omega!—

—Oh! how should I not burn for Eternity, and for the marriage ring of rings—the Ring of Recurrence?

Never yet found I the woman by whom I would have children, save it be by this Woman that I love: for I love thee, O Eternity!

For I love thee, O Eternity!

7

If ever I spread still heavens above me, and upborne on mine own pinions flew into mine own heavens—

If ever I hovered sporting in far profundities of light, and if bird-wisdom is come of my freedom—

(Thus speaketh bird-wisdom: Behold, there is no above, no beneath! Cast thyself outwards, backwards, about, thou light one! Sing, and speak no more!

Are not all words made for the heavy? Are not all words lies to the light? Sing, and speak no more!—

Oh! how should I not burn for Eternity, and for the marriage ring of rings—the Ring of Recurrence?

Never yet found I the woman by whom I would have children, save it be by this Woman that I love: for I love thee, O Eternity!

For I love thee, O Eternity!

THE FOURTH AND LAST PART

Ah! where in the world have happened greater follies than amongst the compassionate? And what in the world hath done more harm than the follies of the compassionate?

Woe to all that love yet cannot mount above their pity!

Thus spake the devil once unto me: Even God hath His own hell: it is His love unto men.

And of late heard I the word spoken: God is dead: God hath died of His pity for men.

Zarathustra, II, 'Of the Compassionate.'

THE HONEY-SACRIFICE

—AND once again months and years passed over Zarathustra's soul, and he heeded it not; but his hair grew white. On a day, as he sat upon a stone before his cave, silently gazing (for thence one looketh out upon the sea and away over winding abysses) his beasts moved thoughtfully about him and at length stood before him.

O Zarathustra, said they, dost thou look, peradventure, for thy happiness? Of what worth is happiness? he answered. I ceased long since to strive for happiness; I strive for my work. O Zarathustra, said the beasts again, Thou sayest this as one that hath more than enough of the good. Liest thou not in a sky-blue lake of happiness? Ye wags, answered Zarathustra, smiling, how well ye have chosen that likeness! But ye know that my happiness is heavy and not like a fluent wave of water: it presseth upon me and will not part from me, and is even as molten pitch.

Then the beasts again moved thoughtfully about him and once again stood before him. O Zarathustra, said they, *therefore* it is that thou growest ever yellower and darker, though thy hair be white and flaxen to look upon? Lo, thou sittest in thy pitch! What say ye now, my beasts? said Zarathustra, laughing. Verily, I blasphemed when I spoke of pitch. It happeneth to me as to all fruits that ripen. It is *honey* in my veins that thickeneth my blood and also stilleth my soul. Thus it must be, O Zarathustra! answered the beasts, and thronged about him; but wilt thou not to-day climb some high mountain? The air is pure, and to-day one seeth more of the world than ever before. Yea, my beasts, he answered, ye counsel well and after mine own heart: this day I will climb an high mountain. But take heed that there be honey to my hand, yellow, white, good, golden, ice-cool comb-honey. For know that at the summit I will make the honey-sacrifice.

But when Zarathustra had reached the summit, he sent home his beasts, which had led him, and found that he was now alone: then he laughed with all his heart, looked about him, and spake thus:

In that I spake of sacrifice and of honey-sacrifices it was but

a ruse of speech; and, verily, a useful folly! Here above I may speak more freely than before hermits' caves and hermits' domestic beasts.

What! Sacrifice? I waste that I am given. A waster with a thousand hands am I: how should I dare call that—sacrifice!

And when I asked for honey, I desired only a bait, sweet mucus and mucilage for which even surly bears and strange, morose, evil birds lick their lips—

The best bait, such as huntsmen and fishers need. For if the world be as a dark forest for wild beasts and a pleasure-park for all wild huntsmen; meseemeth it is yet more like—and preferably—a fathomless rich sea—

A sea filled with bright-hued fish and crabs to tempt even gods to fish therein and cast out their nets: so rich is the world in marvels, both great and small!

But especially the world of men, the sea of men—*therein* I now cast my golden fishing-rod, and say: Be open, O thou abyss of men!

Be open and throw me thy fish and glittering crabs! With my best bait this day I fish for strangest human fish!

My happiness itself cast I far and wide, east, south, and west, that haply many human fish may learn to tug and wriggle at the hook of my happiness.

Until, biting upon my sharp and hidden hooks, they be forced to rise to *my* height—the brightest-hued groundlings of the deep to the most malicious of all the fishers of men.

For such am I from the heart, from the beginning—drawing, drawing unto me, drawing up to me, drawing out—an educator, a trainer, and training-master that not in vain once counselled himself: 'Become that thou art!'

Thus men may yet come *up* to me: for I yet await the signs that it is time for my down-going; not yet do I go down, as I must, amongst men.

Therefore wait I here, crafty and mocking upon high hills, not impatient, not patient, but rather as one that hath also unlearned patience, because he 'suffereth' no more.

For my Fate giveth me time enough. Hath it forgotten me? Or sitteth it behind some great stone in the shade, catching flies?

And, verily, I am grateful to mine eternal Fate, that it hunteth and presseth me not, but giveth me time enough for jests and mischief: so that this day I am gone up to this high mountain to catch fish.

Did ever man catch fish on high mountains? And though all

I seek and do up here be folly, it is better to do thus than in waiting below to grow solemn and green and yellow—

A ranting bawler of the wrath to come, a holy raging storm from the mountains, an impatient one that shouteth into the valleys: 'Hear, lest I scourge you with the scourge of God!'

Not that I bear a grudge against such men of wrath: they serve me well enough for laughter! Impatient *must* they be, these great alarums that speak to-day or never!

But I and my Fate, we speak not unto 'To-day', nor do we speak to 'Never': we have patience and time and more than time to speak. For on a day it shall come and shall not be suffered to pass by.

What is this that shall come and shall not be suffered to pass by? Our great Hazar—that is, our great and far-off Kingdom of Man, the Zarathustra-kingdom of a thousand years.

How far may that far-off be? What is that to me? But it is not therefore less sure—firmly I stand upon this ground—

Upon an eternal ground, upon hard primeval rock, upon this highest, hardest primeval mountain-range, whither the storm-winds come to a watershed, asking Where? Whence? and Whither?

Here shalt thou laugh, laugh, O my bright and wholesome wickedness! Hurl down from high mountains thy glittering, mocking laughter! Lure me with thy glitter the finest human fish!

And whatsoever is *mine* in all seas, my self of selves in all things—fish *that* for me, draw *that* up to me: for that I tarry here—most ruthless of all fishers.

Out, out, my hook! In and down, bait of my bliss! Distil thy sweetest dew, honey of my heart! Bite, my hook, into the belly of all black sorrow!

Gaze, gaze, mine eyes! Oh, how many the seas round about me, what dawning futures of man! And above me what rose-red stillness! What cloudless silence!

THE CRY FOR HELP

AND on the following day Zarathustra sat again upon the stone before his cave, whilst the beasts roamed in the world without that they might bring home fresh food, and also fresh honey: for Zarathustra had spent and lavished the old honey to the last drop. But as he thus sate staff in hand and traced the outline of his shadow upon the ground, meditating (and, verily, not upon himself nor his shadow!), on a sudden he was afraid and shrank back: for he saw beside his shadow another shadow. And as he speedily turned about and arose, behold, there stood the Soothsayer beside him, the same to whom he once gave food and drink from his table, the prophet of the Great Weariness, which taught: All is one, naught hath worth; the world is without meaning, knowledge strangleth. But in the meantime his face was changed; and when Zarathustra looked into his eyes, his heart was again afraid: so many evil prophecies and ash-grey lightnings flickered o'er that countenance.

The Soothsayer, perceiving how it was with Zarathustra's soul, drew his hand over his countenance as if he would wash the same away; the like did Zarathustra. And when both had thus in silence recollected and strengthened themselves they gave each other the hand in token that they were ready to recognize one another.

Be thou welcome, said Zarathustra, thou prophet of the Great Weariness! Not in vain shall it be that thou wast once the friend of my table and my guest. Eat and drink with me this day as formerly, and forgive an happy old man that he sitteth at table with thee! An happy old man? answered the Soothsayer, and shook his head: Whatsoever thou mayst be or wouldst be, O Zarathustra, that thou hast now been up here for the longer part of thy sojourn—in a little shall thy boat rest no longer on dry land! Do I rest on dry land? asked Zarathustra, laughing. The waves rise and rise about thy hill, replied the Soothsayer, the waves of great need and affliction: soon they will raise thy boat also and bear thee away. Thereupon Zarathustra was silent and marvelled. Hearest thou yet naught? continued the Soothsayer. Is there not a murmur and a roar from the deeps? Again Zarathustra was silent and hearkened: then heard he a

long, long cry, which the abysses cried and echoed from one to another, for none desired to keep it, so evil was the sound thereof.

Thou prophet of evil, said Zarathustra at length, that is a cry for help, a man's cry; well may it rise from a black sea! But what have I to do with man's need? My last sin, the sin that hath been reserved for me—peradventure thou knowest its name?

Compassion! replied the Soothsayer from an overflowing heart, and raised both his hands on high. O Zarathustra, I am come to seduce thee to thy last sin!

And scarce had these words been uttered, when the cry resounded again, longer and more anguished than before, and nigher. Hearest thou? Hearest thou, O Zarathustra? the Soothsayer cried. This cry is for thee, it calleth thee.—Come, come, come! It is time, it is high time!

Then Zarathustra was silent and amazed and troubled; at length he asked, like one that doubteth within himself: And who is it that calleth me?

Well thou knowest it, answered the Soothsayer vehemently. Wherefore hidest thou thyself? *The Higher Man* it is that calleth for thee!

The Higher Man? cried Zarathustra, horror-stricken. What will *he*? The Higher Man? What will he here?—and his skin brake out in sweat.

But the Soothsayer replied not to Zarathustra's fears, but hearkened and gave ear to the deeps. But when all there had long been still he turned his gaze and saw that Zarathustra stood trembling.

O Zarathustra, he began in a sorrowful voice, thou standest not as one made giddy by his happiness: thou must dance lest thou fall!

But even shouldst thou dance before me and show all thy paces, none might say, 'Behold, here danceth the last happy man!'

In vain would he come to this height that sought here *such an one*: in sooth he would find caves and caves within caves, hiding-places for hidden ones, but no mines of happiness, no treasure-chambers and new gold veins of happiness.

Happiness—how should one find happiness amongst such buried ones and hermits? Must I yet seek the last of happiness on Happy Isles, and afar midst forgotten seas?

But all is one, naught hath worth, all seeking is vain; there are no more any Happy Isles!

Thus sighed the Soothsayer; but at his latest sigh Zarathustra became again radiant and assured, like one that cometh to the light from a deep abyss. Nay! Nay! Thrice *Nay!* cried he with a mighty voice, and stroked his beard. I know better! There *are* yet Happy Isles! Speak not of such matters, thou bagpipe of melancholy.

Cease to drizzle for *that*, thou rain-cloud of the forenoon! Am I not already wet through from thine affliction, and drenched as a dog?

Now I shake myself and run from thee that I may become dry: thou must not be astonished thereat! Do I seem to thee discourteous? But here it is *my* court.

But concerning thy Higher Man—lo, then! I seek him speedily in yonder forests: *thence* came his cry. Perchance some evil beast assaileth him.

He is in *my* kingdom: therein shall he meet with no mischance! And, verily, there be many evil beasts here with me.

With these words Zarathustra turned to depart. Then the Soothsayer said: O Zarathustra, thou art a rogue!

I know it well: thou wouldst fain be rid of me! Rather wouldst thou run into the forest and lie in wait for evil beasts!

But what shall it avail thee? In the evening thou shalt have me again; in thine own cave shall I sit, patient and heavy as a block—and tarry for thee!

So be it! cried Zarathustra as he went, and all that is mine within my cave is thine also, my friend and my guest!

But shouldst thou find honey therein, lick it up, thou grizzly bear, and sweeten thy soul! For at evening we two shall be merry together—

Merry and joyous, because this day is ended! And thou thyself shalt dance to my songs, as my dancing bear.

Thou believest it not? Thou shakest thy head? Well, well, old bear, I too am a soothsayer!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

CONVERSATION WITH KINGS

I

ZARATHUSTRA had gone not yet an hour's journey through his mountains and forests, when suddenly he saw a strange procession. In the very way by which he sought to descend, there came up two Kings, adorned with crowns and girdles of purple, and brightly bedecked as flamingoes. The Kings drove before them a laden ass. What seek these Kings in my kingdom? said Zarathustra, astonished at heart, and he hid himself speedily behind a bush. But when the Kings drew nigh to him he said in a whisper as one that speaketh to himself alone: Strange! Strange! How is this? Two Kings I see, and but *one* ass!

Then the two Kings stayed and smiled and gazed towards the spot whence came the voice, and then on one another's faces. Verily, such things are thought even amongst us, said the King upon the right hand, but none sayeth them.

But the King upon the left hand shrugged his shoulders and said: It is probably some goatherd. Or a hermit that hath dwelt too long amidst rocks and trees. For lack of all society spoileth good manners.

Good manners? replied the other angrily and bitterly. What then do we flee from? Is it not 'good manners', and 'good society'?

Verily, rather would I dwell amongst hermits and goatherds than with our false, gilded, painted rabble, though it call itself 'good society'—

—Though it call itself 'nobility'. But therein all is false and rotten, most of all the blood. Thanks to old, vile diseases and worse physicians.

I hold best and dearest to-day the healthy peasant, coarse, cunning, stiff-necked, enduring: his to-day is the noblest race.

To-day the peasant is best; and the peasant's race should rule! But it is a kingdom of the rabble—I will not deceive myself. And rabble—it is rubbish.

Rabble-rubbish: therein is all mingled with all—saint and swindler, gentleman and Jew, and every beast in Noah's ark.

Good manners! With us all is false and rotten. None now

knoweth how to honour—and we run therefrom. All are fulsome fawning dogs, which gild palm-leaves.

This disgust choketh me, that even we Kings are grown false, decked and disguised in the ancient withered pomp of our grandfathers—decorations for the stupidest and the slyest, and whosoever to-day trafficketh in power!

We *are not* the First, yet must *represent* them: of this sham have we at length grown weary and sick.

We have escaped from the rabble—these brawlers and blow-flies of writers, these stinking shopkeepers, these ambitious scramblers—and all their foul breath—faugh!—to live with the rabble!

Faugh! to stand as First amongst the rabble! Oh! horror! horror! horror! Of what use now are we Kings?

Thine old sickness falleth upon thee, said the King upon the left hand. Disgust cometh over thee, my poor brother. But thou knowest that one overheareth us.

Zarathustra at once arose from his hiding-place, for his ears and eyes had opened wide for amazement at these speeches, and he went towards the Kings, and thus began:

He that heard you, he that gladly heard you, ye Kings, he is called Zarathustra.

I am Zarathustra that once said: 'Of what use now are Kings?' Pardon me that I rejoiced when ye said unto one another: 'Of what use now are Kings?'

But here is *my* kingdom and my domain: what seek ye in my kingdom? But perchance ye have *found* by the way that which *I* seek, namely the Higher Man?

When the Kings heard this, they beat their breasts and said as one man: We are discovered!

With the sword of this word thou piercest the thickest darkness of our hearts. Thou hast discovered our need, for, behold! we journey to find the Higher Man—

The man that is higher than we, though we be Kings. To him we lead this ass. For the Highest Man shall also be the highest lord on earth.

There is no harder mischance in all man's fate than when the powerful of the earth are not also the First of men. Then all groweth false and warped and monstrous.

And if, worst of all, they be the *last* of men, and more beast than man—then the price of the rabble riseth and riseth, and at length rabble-virtue saith: 'Behold, I alone am virtue!'

What do I hear? answered Zarathustra. What! wisdom

amongst Kings! I am ravished, and, verily, I desire already to make a rhyme thereon—

—Even if it be rhyme that not all ears will think true rhyme. Long since I unlearned to pay heed to long ears. To it, then!

(But here it befell that the Ass also had somewhat to say: and he said, distinctly and with malice, Hee-haw! ¹)

In the year of Salvation one, I opine—

The Sibyl spake thus, being drunk without wine:

'Now goeth all awry—woe! woe!

Decline! Decline! Ne'er sank the world so low!

Rome sank to be a whore, an harlot's stew,

Rome's Caesar to a calf, and God Himself—to Jew!'

2

The Kings delighted in these rhymes of Zarathustra. But the King upon the right hand said: O Zarathustra, how well did we in that we went forth to see thee!

For thine enemies showed us thy picture in their mirror: thou lookedst therefrom with a devil's grimace and mocking laughter, so that we feared thee.

But what of that! Ever and again thou didst pierce us in ear and heart with thy sayings. Then at length we said: 'What matter how he looketh!

We must *hear* him, him that teacheth: 'Ye shall love peace as a means to new wars, and short peace better than long!'

None ever spake such warlike words: 'What is good? It is good to be brave! A good war halloweth every cause'.

O Zarathustra, at such words our fathers' blood stirred in our bodies: it was as the voice of the spring to old wine-barrels.

When the swords clashed together like red-flecked serpents, our fathers found life good: the sun of peace they deemed pale and lukewarm, and long peace made them ashamed.

How they sighed, our fathers, when they saw upon the walls swords bright as lightning, but dry! Like these they thirsted for war. For a sword desireth to drink blood and sparkleth for desire—

—When the Kings spake thus eagerly and discussed their fathers' joys, Zarathustra was seized by no small desire to mock at their eagerness: for in appearance very peaceful kings were these which he saw before him—kings with ancient and refined faces. But he restrained himself. Up, then, said he, thither

¹ See note, p. 174.

goeth the way. There lieth Zarathustra's cave: and this day shall have a long evening! But now, forgive me, a cry for help calleth me speedily from you.

It honoureth my cave when Kings desire to sit and to tarry therein: but, indeed, ye must wait long!

Well! What of that? Where learneth one better to wait than in courts? And all the virtue of kings—all the virtue that remaineth to them—is it not to-day called—the ability to wait?

Thus spake Zarathustra.

THE LEECH

AND Zarathustra went on his way, lost in thought, and he descended through forests and by marshy bottoms: but, as may well befall him that meditateth on hard matters, he trod upon a man unawares. And, lo, there arose instantly to his face a cry of pain and a couple of curses and a score of vile words of abuse, so that, in his fear, he raised his staff and struck him upon whom he had trodden. But immediately thereafter he recollected himself and his heart laughed at this folly that he had committed.

Forgive me, said he to the man on whom he had trodden, and who had risen in wrath and had then reseated himself. Forgive me and hearken now to a parable.

Even as a wanderer that dreameth of distant things stumbleth unawares on a lonely road upon a sleeping dog which lieth in the sun—

And even as the twain, being mortally frightened, attack one another as mortal enemies, so it hath befallen us.

And yet—and yet—how little was lacking for them to caress one another, that dog and that lonely man! For both are—lonely!

Whosoever thou art, said the man, whose anger had not abated, thou treadest upon me with thy parable as well as with thy foot!

Am I then a dog? And thereupon he arose and withdrew his bared arm from the swamp. For he had lain outstretched on the earth, hidden and not to be seen, as they that lie in wait for the wild things of the marsh.

But what dost thou there? cried Zarathustra alarmed, for he saw that much blood flowed over the naked arm. What hath befallen thee? Hath some evil beast bitten thee, thou unfortunate one?

He that bled laughed, but his wrath was not abated. What matter to thee? he said, and would have gone his way. Here am I at home in mine own domain. Let question me who will, but I shall scarce answer a boor.

Thou errest, said Zarathustra in pity, and held him fast. Thou errest; here thou art not at home but in my realm, and therein none shall suffer any mischance.

Call me as thou wilt—I am that I must be. I call myself Zarathustra.

And now, there mounteth the way to Zarathustra's cave: it is not far—wilt thou not nurse thy wounds by my hearth?

Unfortunate man, things have gone ill with thee in this life: first a beast bit thee, and then a man trod upon thee.

But when he that was trodden upon heard the name of Zarathustra, he was transformed. Oh, what is this that hath befallen me? he cried. *Whom* else in this world do I care for save this one man, Zarathustra, and this one beast that liveth upon blood, the leech?

For the sake of the leech I lay here in this swamp, like a fisherman, and already was mine outstretched arm bitten ten times when a yet finer leech bit me for my blood, even Zarathustra himself!

Oh, bliss! Oh, miracle! Praised be the day that lured me to this marsh! Praised be the best, most living cupping-glass this day living! Praised be the great leech of conscience, Zarathustra!

Thus spake he that was trodden upon; and Zarathustra rejoiced at his words and their refined, reverential style. Who art thou? he asked, and took him by the hand. Much remaineth to be made plain betwixt us: but already, methinks, the day groweth clearer and brighter.

I am he that is *intellectually conscientious*, answered the other, and in matters of the mind one may scarce be stricter, more rigid, harder than I, save it be he of whom I learned it—even Zarathustra himself.

Better know naught than half-know much! Better be a fool on one's own merits than a wise man by other folk's opinions! *I go to the roots.*

What mattereth great or small, marsh or heaven? An handbreadth of territory is sufficient for me, if it be real *rock-bottom* territory!

An handbreadth of territory—thereon one may stand. To the true intellectual conscience there is neither great nor small.

Perchance, then, thou art the expert on the leech, asked Zarathustra, and pursuest the leech to rock-bottom, thou conscientious one?

O Zarathustra, replied he that was trodden upon, that were a vast thing! How should I dare undertake it?

That thing whereof I am master and expert is the *brain* of the leech. That is *my* world!

And it *is* a world! But forgive me if herein I express my

pride, for here I have no equal. Therefore I said: Here I am at home.

How long have I pursued this one thing, the brain of the leech, that the slippery truth might no longer evade me! Here is *my* kingdom!

For its sake, I cast all else aside; for its sake all else hath grown indifferent to me; and close by my knowledge dwelleth my dense ignorance.

Mine intellectual conscience demandeth of me that I should know one thing and *not* know all else: I loathe all the semi-intellectuals, the hazy, the hovering, the visionary.

Where mine honesty ceaseth, I am blind and choose to be blind. But where I seek to know, I will also be honest—that is, hard, strict, narrow, cruel, inexorable.

Because *thou* once saidst, O Zarathustra: ‘Mind is the life that cutteth into life’, therefore was I led and drawn to thy doctrine. And, verily, with mine own blood have I increased mine own knowledge!

As is evident to the eyes, Zarathustra broke in, for blood still streamed from the bare arm of the man of conscience, where ten leeches had bitten into it.

O thou strange fellow, how much am I taught by this sight—that is by thyself! Yet not all, perchance, dare I pour into thy strict ears!

Well, then, we part! But I would fain find thee again. Thither goeth the way to my cave; this night thou shalt there be my welcome guest!

Fain would I also make amends to thy body that Zarathustra trod upon thee with his foot: I meditate thereof. But now a cry for help calleth me speedily from thee.

Thus spake Zarathustra,

THE WIZARD

I

BUT when Zarathustra had passed round a rock he saw not far beneath him upon the same road one that threw his limbs about like a madman, and at length fell down prone upon the earth. Hold! said Zarathustra then within his heart, This man must indeed be the Higher Man; from him came that terrible cry for help—I will see whether any help there be. But when he came running to the place where the man lay on the ground, he found a trembling aged man whose eyes were fixed; and howsoever Zarathustra strove to raise him up and set him again upon his feet, it was in vain. Moreover, the wretched man seemed not to see that one was by his side; rather, he continually looked about him with piteous gestures as of one forsaken and left solitary by all the world. But at length, after many tremblings, twitchings, and convulsions, he began thus to lament:

Who warmeth me, who loveth me now?
 Give me warm hands!
 Give me hearts like braziers filled with live coals!
 —Me, prone and shivering
 Like one half-dead whose feet they chafe—
 Shaken, alas! by unknown fevers,
 Shuddering from the icy, pointed arrows of the frost,
 Hunted by thee, O Thought!
 Unutterable, Veiled, and Terrible One!
 Thou cloud-enshrouded Hunter!
 Struck to the ground by Thee,
 Thou mocking Eye that watcheth me from the darkness—
 Here lie I,
 Bent and writhing, tortured
 By all eternal tortures,
 Smitten
 By Thee, cruelest of huntsmen,
 Thou unknown *God* . . .

Smite harder!
 Smite again!
 Pierce through and rend this heart!

What meaneth this torment
With blunted arrows?
Why lookest Thou
On human pain, ne'er wearied,
With a God's malicious, lightning gaze?
Thou wilt not kill,
Only torture—torture?
Wherefore torture *me*,
Thou malicious, unknown God?

Ha! Ha!
Thou stealest nigh?
In such a midnight hour
What wouldst Thou?—Speak!
Thou crushest me, Thou pressest me,
Ha! far too closely now!
Avaunt, avaunt!
Thou hearest my breathing,
Thou hearkenest to my heart,
Thou Jealous One!
 Jealous of what?
Away, away! Wherefore this ladder.
Wouldst Thou come in,
Into my heart,
Into my secretest thoughts?
Shameless one! Stranger! Thief!
What wilt Thou steal?
What wilt Thou hear?
What wilt Thou get by torture.
Thou torturer!
Thou Hangman God!
Or shall I, like a dog,
Roll before Thee?
Fawning, ecstatic,
Wag Thee my tail?

In vain! Stab on,
Cruellest of goads! Nay!
Not Thy dog—Thy quarry am I,
Cruellest of Huntsmen!
Thy proudest captive,
Thou cloud-enshrouded Robber!
Speak, then,

Thou that art veiled in lightnings! Unknown! Speak!
What wilt Thou that liest in wait, of me?

What? A ransom?
How much ransom?
Ask much—thus counselleth my pride!
Be brief—thus counselleth mine other pride!

Ha! Ha!
Myself, wilt thou have? *Myself*?
Myself—the whole of me?
Ha! Ha!
And Thou torturest me, fool that Thou art!
Torturest my pride to death?
Give me *love*—who warmeth me now?

Who loveth me now?—
Give me warm hands,
Give hearts like braziers filled with live coals!
Give me, most lonely man—
Whom ice, ah, sevenfold ice,
Hath taught to thirst for enemies,
Yea even for enemies—
Give me, yea, give,
Cruellest Enemy,
Thyself!

Away!
He is fled!
My last, my one companion,
My great Enemy,
Mine Unknown One,
My Hangman God! . . .

—Nay! But return!
With all Thy tortures!
Oh, return
To the last of all lonely ones!
My tears run down
As rivers to Thee!
And my heart's last flame
Flameth up to *Thee*!
Oh, return,
Mine Unknown God! *My Pain*!
My Final Bliss!

—But at that Zarathustra could no longer restrain himself, but seized his staff and with all his might struck the wailing one. Hold! cried he, with angry laughter. Hold, thou play-actor! Thou coiner of false money! Thou utter liar! I know thee well!

I will warm thy feet for thee, thou wicked Wizard! I know well how to make it hot for such as thou!

Hold! said the old man, and sprang up from the ground. Strike no more, O Zarathustra! I did thus merely in play!

Such things belong to mine art; I desired to prove thee when I gave thee this rehearsal! And, verily, thou hast well discerned me!

And thou—thou hast given me no small proof of thyself: thou art *hard*, thou wise Zarathustra! Thou strikest hard with thy 'truths', thy cudgel forceth *this* truth from me!

Flatter me not, replied Zarathustra, yet stirred and frowning of mien, thou utter play-actor! Thou art false: why speakest thou of truth?

Thou peacock of peacocks, thou ocean of vanity, *what* play didst thou play before me, thou wicked Wizard, and in *whom* wouldst thou have me believe when thou waildest in such guise?

The intellectual penitent, said the old man, *him* I played—(thou thyself didst once devise this name)—

—The poet and wizard that at length turneth his intellect against himself, the transformed one that freezeth to death because of his evil knowledge and his evil conscience.

And now confess it! It was long, O Zarathustra, ere thou discoveredst mine art and my lie! Thou *believedst* in my need when thou tookest my head between thine hands.

I heard thee lament: 'They have loved him too little, they have loved him too little!' But my wickedness rejoiced within me in deceiving thee so far.

Perchance thou hast deceived subtler ones than I, said Zarathustra sternly. I am not on the watch for deceivers, I *must* be imprudent: thus will my lot have it.

But thou—*must* deceive: so far I know thee. Thou must have ever two, three, four, or five meanings! Even that which thou hast now confessed is far from being true enough or false enough for me!

Thou wicked coiner of false moneys, how shouldst thou do otherwise! Thou wouldst even paint thy disease ere thou showedst thyself naked to thy physician!

Thus even now in my presence hast thou painted thy lie, when

thou saidst: 'I did it *merely* in play!' There was also some *earnest* therein, for thou *art* in part an intellectual penitent!

Indeed I have found thee out: thou art become the enchanter of all, but against thyself hast thou no lie and no cunning left—thou thyself art disenchanted in thine own eyes!

Thou hast reaped disgust as thine only truth. There is no truth in any word of thine any more, but in thy mouth there is truth—that is, the loathing that cleaveth to thy mouth.

Who art thou? cried the old Wizard with defiant voice, who darest thus to speak to *me*, the greatest man that liveth this day? and green lightnings shot from his eye against Zarathustra. But immediately thereafter he was transformed and said sadly:

O Zarathustra, I am weary, I loathe mine arts. I am not *great*, wherefore do I dissemble? But thou knowest well—I sought for greatness!

I desired to seem a great man and I persuaded many: but this lie hath been beyond my powers. Thereon I break in pieces.

O Zarathustra, all in me is a lie; but that I break in pieces—this my breaking in pieces is *true*!

It honoureth thee, said Zarathustra mournfully, and looking aside—it honoureth thee that thou soughtest greatness, but it also betrayeth thee. Thou art not great.

Thou wicked old Wizard, *this* is the best and most honest thing that I honour in thee—that thou grewest weary of thyself and saidst: 'I am not great'.

Therein I honour thee as an Intellectual Penitent: and if thou wert true only for the twinkling of an eye, for this one moment thou wast so.

But say, what seekest thou here in *my* forests and rocks? And when thou puttest thyself in my way, wherein didst thou seek to prove me?—Wherein didst thou test *me*?

Thus spake Zarathustra, and his eyes gleamed. But the old Wizard was silent a while. Then he said: Did I test thee? I—seek merely.

O Zarathustra, I seek him that is true, right, simple, that hath but one meaning, a man entirely honest, a vessel of wisdom, a saint of knowledge, a great man!

Knowest thou it not, O Zarathustra? *I seek Zarathustra.*

—Then there was long silence between the pair; but Zarathustra sank deep into himself, so that he closed his eyes. Thereafter, returning to him with whom he spoke, he grasped the hand of the Wizard and spake with much courtesy and craft:

Well, then! Thither goeth the way, there lieth the cave of Zarathustra. There thou mayest seek him thou wouldst find.

And ask my beasts for counsel, mine Eagle and my Serpent: they shall help thee to seek. But my cave is large.

I myself, indeed, have not yet seen any great man. For the great, the eye of the finest is to-day too coarse. It is the kingdom of the rabble.

Many an one have I found, that stretched himself and puffed himself up, and the people cried: 'Behold, a great man!' But of what use are bellows! At length the wind goeth out of them—

At length that frog bursteth that puffeth itself up over-long. Then the wind goeth out of it. To prick the belly of a swollen one I call good pastime. Hear that, ye boys!

This to-day is of the rabble; who amongst them *knoweth* any longer what is great, what is small? Who with good success could there seek greatness? A fool only: fools have good luck.

Thou seekest great men, thou strange fool? Who *taught* thee so to do? Is to-day the time therefor? Oh, thou bad seeker. why dost thou tempt me?

Thus spake Zarathustra, and was comforted in his heart, and went laughing on his way.

OUT OF WORK

BUT not long had Zarathustra rid himself of the Wizard, when once again he saw one that sat by the wayside—a tall, dark man with a lean, pale countenance that misliked him sorely. Alas, said he within his heart, there sitteth pretended affliction—one that is, meseemeth, of the tribe of the priests: what seek *they* in my kingdom?

How! Scarce am I escaped from that Wizard, and must another necromancer cross my path—some sorcerer in the laying-on of hands, some dark wonder-worker by the grace of God, some anointed world-maligner, whom the devil seize!

But the devil is never in that place where he would be in place: he ever cometh too late, the cursed dwarf and club-foot!

Thus swore Zarathustra impatiently in his heart and thought how, with averted face, he might pass by the black man unseen: but lo, it came otherwise to pass. For in the same moment he that sat caught sight of him; and not unlike one that meeteth with an unlooked-for joy, he sprang up and went towards Zarathustra.

Whosoever thou art, thou wanderer, he said, help one that is gone astray, a seeker, an aged man that may easily come to harm here!

This world is to me a strange and remote one; moreover I have heard wild beasts howl; and he that might have shielded me liveth no more.

I sought the last holy man, a saint and hermit, that dwelling alone in his forest had not heard that which all the world knoweth to-day.

What knoweth all the world to-day? asked Zarathustra. Is it this, that the old God liveth no more, on whom all the world once believed?

Thou sayest it, answered the old man sadly. And I served this old God up to His last hour.

But now I am out of work, masterless, and yet neither free nor happy for a single hour, except in my memories.

I have climbed these mountains, that I may again at length celebrate a festival, as behoveth an old Pope and Church Father (for know that I am the last Pope!)—a festival of pious memories and Divine Services.

But now even he is dead, the most holy man, that Saint in the forest that constantly praised his God with singing and chanting.

Himself I found not when I found his hut—but I found two wolves therein which howled because of his death—for all beasts loved him. Then I hasted therefrom.

Came I in vain to these forests and mountains? Then my heart resolved to seek another, the most pious of all them which believe not in God, even Zarathustra!

Thus said the old man and gazed with keen eyes on him that stood before him; but Zarathustra clasped the hand of the aged Pope and contemplated it long with admiration.

Then he said: Behold, thou venerable man, what a long and beautiful hand! It is the hand of one that hath ever given benediction. But now it claspeth tightly him whom thou seekest, myself, Zarathustra.

It is I, godless Zarathustra, which saith: 'Who is ungodlier than I, that I may rejoice in his teaching?'

Thus spake Zarathustra, and pierced with his gaze the thoughts and the thoughts behind the thoughts of the aged Pope. At length the Pope began:

He that loved Him and possessed Him most, hath now lost Him most!—

Behold, am not I myself at present of us two the more godless one? But who could rejoice therein?

Thou servedst Him to the last? asked Zarathustra thoughtfully after a deep silence, Thou knowest, *how* He died? Is it true, as folk say, that pity choked Him?—

—That He saw how *Man* hung upon the Cross and could not endure it so that His love for man became His hell and at length His death?

But the aged Pope answered not, but looked aside shyly with dark and sorrowful mien.

Let Him go! said Zarathustra after long meditation, ever gazing straight into the old man's eyes.

Let Him go, He is gone. And though it honoureth thee that thou speakest well of the dead, thou knowest, as I do, *what* He was, and that His ways were strange.

Spoken beneath three eyes,¹ said the aged Pope cheerfully (for he was blind of one eye), in the things of God I am more enlightened than Zarathustra himself, and well may be so.

¹ 'Beneath *four* eyes' is an ordinary German phrase for 'between you and me and the lamp-post'.—TRANS.

My love served Him long years, my will followed His will in all things. And a good servant knoweth all, even much that his master hideth from himself.

He was a hidden God, full of secrecy. Verily, He begat not a son save by secret paths. At the gate of belief in Him standeth adultery.

Who praiseth Him as a God of love, thinketh not highly enough of love itself. Desired this God not also to be a judge? But He that loveth loveth beyond reward and punishment.

When He was young, this God from the East, He was hard and revengeful and built Himself a hell for the delight of His favourites.

But at length He grew old and soft and mellow and full of pity, more like a grandfather than a father, but most like a shaky old grandmother.

There He sat, withered, in His chimney-corner, fretting over His weak legs, world-weary, will-weary, till one day He was choked by excess of pity.

Thou aged Pope, said Zarathustra, breaking in, hast thou indeed seen *this* with thine own eyes? It may well have happened thus; thus, *and also* otherwise. For when gods die, they ever die divers kinds of deaths.

But be that as it may! Thus *or* thus, thus *and* thus—He is gone! He was offensive to mine ears and eyes—worse I would not say of Him.

I love all that hath clear looks and honest speech. But He—thou knowest well, thou aged priest, there was something of thy tribe in Him, of the priestly tribe—He was ambiguous.

Moreover, He was indistinct. How angry was He with us, this breather of wrath, because we understood Him ill! But why spake He not more cleanly?

And if the fault were in our ears, why gave He us ears that heard Him ill? And if there were uncleanness in our ears, go to! who had put it there?

Too many of His works miscarried, this potter that had not fully learned His trade! But in that He revenged Himself on His pots and creations for that they turned out ill, He sinned against *good taste*.

There is good taste even in piety: and at length it said: 'Away with *such* a God! Rather no God, rather be one's own fate, rather be a fool, rather be God oneself!'

—What do I hear! then said the aged Pope, pricking up his ears; O Zarathustra, thou art more pious than thou believest

with such an unbelief! Some god within thee hath converted thee to thy godlessness.

Is it not thy piety itself that suffereth thee no more to believe in a god? And thy too-great honesty will one day lead thee even beyond good and evil! Lo, what hath been reserved for thee? Thou hast eyes and hand and mouth, predestined from eternity to bless. One blesseth not with the hand alone.

Although thou wouldst have thyself the most godless one, I perceive, in thy presence, a secret incense and sweetness of long benedictions: it grieveth and rejoiceth me.

Let me be thy guest, O Zarathustra, for a single night! Nowhere on earth would I now rather be than with thee!

Amen! So be it! said Zarathustra and marvelled greatly. Thither goeth the way; there lieth the cave of Zarathustra.

Verily, with joy would I bring thee there myself, thou venerable man, for I love all pious men. But now a cry for help calleth me speedily from thee.

In my domain none shall suffer mischance; my cave is a good haven. And most gladly would I set every mourner again on firm land and steady feet.

But who shall take *thy* sorrow from thy shoulders? For that I am too weak. Long time, verily, might we tarry ere any re-awakened thy God for thee.

For this old God liveth no more: He is dead indeed—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

THE UGLIEST MAN

AND again Zarathustra's feet traversed hills and forests, and his eyes sought and sought, but nowhere could they find him they desired to see, him that suffered great need and cried for help. But all the way he rejoiced in his heart and was grateful. What good things, said he, hath this day brought me as amends for its ill beginning! What strange talkers have I found!

Upon their words will I now chew long, as upon good corn; my teeth shall grind and crush them until they flow into my soul like milk!

But as again the road wound round a rock, straightway the landscape changed and Zarathustra entered a kingdom of death. Here black and red cliffs beetled, grassless, treeless, without voice of bird. For it was a vale shunned by all beasts, even by beasts of prey; only a kind of hideous, fat, greenish serpent came thither, when it grew old, to die. Therefore that valley was named by the herdsmen 'Snakesdeath'.

But Zarathustra became absorbed in a dark memory, for it seemed to him that once before he had stood in this valley. And great heaviness oppressed his mind, so that he went slowly and ever more slowly, and at last he stood still. Then on a sudden opening his eyes he saw seated by the wayside a thing shaped like a man, but scarce like a man, a thing unspeakable. And straightway Zarathustra was seized with great shame that he had seen with his eyes *such a thing*: flushing up to his white hair he turned his gaze aside and lifted his foot to leave that evil spot. But then the dead desert took voice: for from the earth there rose a gurgling and a rattling, as water in the night gurgleth and rattleth through choked water-pipes; and at length it became as an human voice and human speech, speaking thus:

Zarathustra! Zarathustra! Read my riddle! Speak, speak! What is *Revenge upon the Witness*?

I entice thee back; here is smooth ice! See to it, see to it that thy pride do not here break her legs!

Thou deemest thyself wise, O proud Zarathustra! Read then the riddle, read it, thou reader of hard riddles—the riddle that is *I*! Speak, then, what am *I*?

But when Zarathustra had heard these words—what think

ye then befell his soul? *Compassion o'ercame him*; and straight-way he fell down as an oak-tree that hath long withstood many wood-cutters—heavily, suddenly, to the terror even of them which would fell it. But forthwith he arose from the earth, and his face hardened.

I know thee well, said he with brazen voice. *Thou art the murderer of God!* Let me go!

Thou couldst not *endure* Him that saw *thee*—Him that saw thee ever and through and through, thou Ugliest Man! Thou tookest revenge on this Witness!

Thus spake Zarathustra and made to depart. But that unspeakable thing grasped at the hem of his garment and began again to gurgle and to strive after words. Stay! said he at length.

Stay! Pass not by! I have divined the axe that laid thee low: all hail to thee, O Zarathustra, that thou standest again!

Thou divinest; I know well, how it is with His slayer, how it is with the murderer of God. Stay! Sit down beside me; it shall not be in vain.

To whom should I go if not to thee? Stay, sit down! But look not upon me! Honour thus—my ugliness!

They persecute me: now art *thou* my last refuge. *Not* with their hatred, *not* with their myrmidons—oh, I would scoff at such persecution—I would be proud and rejoice thereat!

Hath not all success hitherto been to the well-persecuted? And he that persecuteth well, learneth well to *follow*—in that he chaseth others! But it is their *compassion*—

—It is their compassion from which I flee, and I flee to thee. O Zarathustra, protect me, thou my last refuge, thou the only one that didst find me out!

Thou didst find how it was with *His* slayer. Stay! Yet if thou wilt depart, thou impatient one, go not by the way that I have come. It is an ill way.

Art thou wroth with me because I have mangled speech so long? Because I have even counselled thee? But know, it is I, the Ugliest Man—

—That have also the largest, the heaviest feet. Where *I* have gone the road is bad. I trample all roads into death and ruin.

But that thou didst pass me by in silence; that thou didst blush, I saw it well: thereby I knew thee for Zarathustra.

Another man would have thrown me his alms, his pity, by look and word. But for that am I not beggar enough, and thou didst divine it—

For that am I too *rich*, rich in greatness, in terribleness, in ugliness, in unspeakableness! Thy shame, O Zarathustra, *honoured* me!

With great trouble I escaped from the press of the compassionate, that I might find the only one that teacheth to-day: 'Compassion is intrusion'—to find thee, O Zarathustra!

—Be it God's, be it man's compassion, compassion is an offence unto shamefastness. And *not* to will to help may be nobler than the virtue that readily giveth aid.

But *that* is to-day called virtue by all petty folk—namely, pity: they have no reverence for great misfortune, for great ugliness, for great failure.

Beyond all such I gaze, as a dog gazeth over the backs of dense flocks of sheep. They are a petty drab folk of good wool and good will.

As an heron gazeth scornfully over shallow ponds, with head laid back, thus I gaze on the throng of little grey waves and wills and souls.

Too long have they been arbiters of right, these petty folk: *thus* at length they have become also arbiters of power and now they teach: 'Good only is that which the petty folk approve'.

And to-day that is called 'Truth' which was spoken by the Preacher that himself sprang from amongst them—that strange Saint and Advocate of the petty folk that said of himself: 'I am the truth'.

This arrogant one hath now long time puffed up the petty folk—he that taught no small error when he taught: 'I am the truth'.

Was ever arrogance more courteously answered?—But thou, O Zarathustra, didst pass him by and say: 'Nay! Nay! Thrice Nay!'

Thou didst warn men of his error, thou wert the first to warn against compassion—not all, not none, but thyself and thy kind.

Thou art shamed of the shame of the great Sufferer; and, verily, when thou sayest: 'From pity there cometh a great cloud. Ye men beware!'—

—When thou teachest: 'All creators are hard, all great love is raised above her pity'—O Zarathustra, how weather-wise thou seemest to me!

But thyself—warn also thyself against *thy* compassion! For many are on the way to thee, many sufferers, doubters, drowning, freezing folk.

I warn thee also against myself. Thou hast divined my best,

my worst riddle, myself, and what I did. I know the axe that layeth thee low.

But He—could not but die: He looked with eyes that saw *all*—He saw the depths and abysses of man, all his hidden shame and ugliness.

His pity knew no shame: He crept into my foulest corners. This most curious, too-intrusive, too-pitiful One could not but die.

He ever saw me: on such a Witness I would be revenged—or else not live at all!

The God that saw all—even *man*—that God could not but die! Man could not *endure* that such a Witness should live.

Thus spake the Ugliest Man. But Zarathustra arose and prepared to depart: for his very bowels were chilled.

Thou unspeakable one, said he, thou didst warn me against thy road. In thanks therefor I commend mine to thee. Behold, up there lieth Zarathustra's cave.

My cave is large and deep and hath many a corner: there the most hidden may find his hiding-place. And nigh thereto are an hundred holes and crannies for creeping, fluttering, and leaping beasts.

Thou outcast that hast cast out thyself, thou wilt not dwell with men and human pity? Up, then, do as I! Thus thou learnest also from me; the doer alone learneth.

And speak first and foremost with my beasts! The proudest beast and the wisest beast—they may well be the right counsellors for us both!

Thus spake Zarathustra and went his way, more thoughtful and slower than before: for he asked himself many things and could not easily find an answer.

How poor indeed is man! thought he in his heart. How ugly, how croaking, how full of hidden shame!

They say that man loveth himself: ah, how great must this self-love be! How much scorn hath it to combat!

Even this man here loved himself even as he despised himself—a great lover is he, and a great scorner.

None found I yet that despised himself more deeply: even *that* is height. Alas! was *he* perchance that Higher Man whose cry I heard?

I love the great despisers. But man is a thing to be surmounted.

THE VOLUNTARY BEGGAR

WHEN Zarathustra left the Ugliest Man he was cold and he felt his solitude: for many cold and lonely thoughts passed through his mind so that even his limbs were chilled. But as he wandered on and on, now up, now down, now by green pastures, now over wild, dry, stony river-beds where aforetime peradventure some impatient brook had lain down to sleep, he became of a sudden warmer and more joyous.

What hath befallen me? he asked himself. Something warm and living refresheth me and must be nigh me.

Already I am less alone; unconscious companions and brethren hover about me and their warm breath toucheth my soul.

But as he looked about him and sought the comforters of his loneliness, lo, there were cows standing together upon an hillock; whose nearness and smell had warmed his heart. But these cows seemed to listen eagerly to one that spake, and took no heed of him that drew nigh unto them. But when Zarathustra was very nigh unto them, he plainly heard an human voice speaking from the midst of the cows; and he saw that all had turned their heads to the speaker.

Then Zarathustra made hot haste and thrust the cattle aside, for he feared lest one had suffered hurt that the pity of the kine could ill relieve. But therein he erred; for behold, there sat a man upon the ground and seemed to persuade the cattle to have no fear of him—a peaceable man and preacher on the mount, from whose eyes kindness itself did preach. What seekest thou here? cried Zarathustra astonished.

What seek I here? the man replied. Even that thou seekest, thou disturber of the peace, namely, happiness on earth!

Therefore I would fain learn of these cows. For thou mayst know I have been speaking to them half the morning, and they were about to give me their answer. Why disturbest thou them?

If we turn not and become as cows we shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. For we must learn one thing of them—to chew the cud.

And, verily, if Man were to gain the whole world and learned not this one thing, to chew the cud—what should it profit him? He would not be rid of his sorrow!

—His great sorrow: and to-day it is called *disgust*! Whose

heart, whose mouth and eyes are not filled to-day with disgust? Thine also! Thine also! But behold these cows!

Thus spake the preacher on the mount, and then turned his own gaze upon Zarathustra—for until then it had clung lovingly to the cows—then of a sudden he was transformed. Who is this with whom I speak? he cried, in fear, and sprang up from the ground.

It is the man without disgust, it is Zarathustra himself, the conqueror of the great disgust; this is the eye, this the mouth, this the heart of Zarathustra himself.

And speaking thus he kissed the hands of him to whom he spake, with eyes overflowing, and did as one on whom a precious gift and treasure hath fallen from heaven unawares. But the cows gazed on all this and wondered.

Speak not of me, thou wondrous one, thou dear one! said Zarathustra and restrained his tenderness, but speak first of thyself! Art thou not the Voluntary Beggar that once cast away great riches—

—That was ashamed of his riches and of the rich, and fled to the poorest that he might give them of his abundance and of his heart? But they received him not.

But they received me not, said the Voluntary Beggar, I see thou knowest it. Thus at length I have come to the beasts and to these cows.

There hast thou learned, said Zarathustra, breaking in upon the speaker, how much harder it is to give well than to take well, and that to give well is an *art* and the last and most cunning master-art of kindness.

Especially in these days, replied the Voluntary Beggar. In these days when all that is low hath grown rebellious and hard of access and in its own way—that is in the mob way—haughty.

For the hour is come, thou knowest it indeed, for the great, evil, lengthy, slow rebellion of the mob and of the slaves: it waxeth and waxeth!

Now all benevolence and petty giving enrageth the base; and let the over-wealthy be on their guard!

Whosoever to-day drippeth drops, as a big-bellied bottle from an all-too-narrow neck—the neck of such a bottle is freely broken to-day!

Lascivious greed, bilious envy, angry vengefulness, mob pride—all these have leaped to my eye. It is true no longer that the poor are blessed. But the kingdom of heaven is with the cows.

And why is it not with the rich? asked Zarathustra, testing him, while he kept back the cows that familiarly sniffed at the peaceable one.

Why dost thou test me? answered he. Thou knowest it thyself better yet than I. What drove me to the poorest, O Zarathustra? Was it not my disgust of our richest?—

Of the criminal rich, with cold eyes and lecherous thoughts, that take their profit from every midden—of this rabble that stinketh to heaven—

Of this gilded and veneered mob, whose fathers were pick-pockets, or carrion birds, or rag-pickers with complaisant, lewd, and forgetful wives—for not one is far from a whore;

Mob above, mob beneath! What to-day are 'poor' and 'rich'? This distinction have I unlearned—then I fled away, farther, ever farther, until I came to these cows.

Thus spake the peaceable one and himself snorted and sweated at his own words so that the cows wondered again. But Zarathustra gazed ever upon him, smiling into his face as he spake thus bitterly, and silently shook his head.

Thou dost thyself violence, thou preacher on the mount, when thou usest such bitter words. For such bitterness neither thy mouth nor thine eye was made.

Nor, methinketh, even thy stomach: to *it* all such anger and hatred and outpourings are repugnant. Thy stomach desireth gentler things: thou art no butcher.

Thou seemest to me rather an eater of plants and roots. Perhaps thou grindest corn. But certainly thou art averse from fleshly pleasures and thou lovest honey.

Thou hast well divined me, answered the Voluntary Beggar, and his heart was lightened. I love honey, I also grind corn, for I have sought that which tasteth sweet and maketh the breath pure.

—Also that which taketh time, a day's work and a month's work for soft idlers and sluggards.

Truly these cows have excelled: they have invented chewing of cud and lying in the sunshine. They also abstain from all heavy thoughts that cause flatulence about the heart.

Go to! said Zarathustra. Thou shouldst see also *my* beasts, mine Eagle and my Serpent—their like existeth not on earth this day.

Behold, thither goeth the way to my cave. Be this night its guest! And speak with my beasts of the happiness of beasts—

Until I myself return home. For now a cry for help calleth

me speedily from thee. Thou mayst also find fresh honey in my house, golden honey in the comb, cold as ice: eat thereof!

But now take swift leave of thy cows, thou wondrous one, thou dear one! though it be hard for thee. For they are thy dearest friends and teachers!

Except one that I love yet more, answered the Voluntary Beggar. Thou thyself art good, and better even than a cow, O Zarathustra!

Away, away with thee, thou naughty flatterer! cried Zarathustra mischievously. Why dost thou spoil me with such praise and honey of flattery?

Away, away from me! cried he again, and aimed his staff at the gentle Beggar, who ran swiftly therefrom.

THE SHADOW

BUT scarce was the Voluntary Beggar departed in haste, and Zarathustra again alone, when behind him he heard a new voice that cried: Hold! Zarathustra! Wait! Wait! It is I, O Zarathustra, I, thy Shadow! But Zarathustra stayed not; for a sudden anger seized him because of this great crowding and thronging in his mountains. Whither is gone my solitude? said he.

This, indeed, is too much! These mountains swarm; my kingdom is no longer of *this* world; I need new mountains.

My Shadow calleth me? What matter for my Shadow? Let him run after me! I will run from him.

Thus spake Zarathustra within his heart, and ran. But he that was behind him followed him: so that very soon three runners went, one behind the other: for foremost was the Voluntary Beggar, then followed Zarathustra, and the third and last was his Shadow. Not long ran they thus ere Zarathustra bethought himself of his folly, and of a sudden he shook off all his anger and disgust.

What! said he, have not ever the most ludicrous things befallen us aged hermits and saints?

Verily, my folly hath grown high in the mountains! Now hear I six old fools' legs rattling one behind the other!

But may Zarathustra fear his Shadow? Moreover, methinketh after all he hath longer legs than I!

Thus spake Zarathustra, laughing with eyes and bowels, halted and turned quickly about—and, lo, in so doing he almost threw his follower and Shadow to earth, so close trod he upon his heels, and so weak was he. For when Zarathustra looked earnestly upon him, he was made afraid as by a sudden apparition, so thin, black, hollow, and worn seemed that follower.

What art thou? asked Zarathustra hotly. What dost thou here? And why callest thou thyself my Shadow? Thou pleasest me not.

Forgive me, replied the Shadow, that it is I. And if I please thee not—then, O Zarathustra, I commend thee and thy good taste therefor.

A Wanderer am I that hath already gone far at thy heels;

ever on the way, but without a goal and without a home, so that, verily, I lack little of being the everlasting, Wandering Jew, save that I am not everlasting, nor am I a Jew.

What? Must I be ever upon the road? Whirled about by every wind, unstable, driven? O earth, thou art grown too round for me!

On every surface have I sate, like wearied dust, I have fallen asleep on mirrors and window-panes: all taketh from me, naught giveth, I wax thin, I am become almost a shadow.

But behind thee, O Zarathustra, I have flown and travelled longest, and though I hid myself from thee, yet have I been thy best shadow: wherever thou hast sat, there sat I.

With thee I have explored remotest, coldest worlds, like a ghost that goeth voluntarily over wintry roofs and snow.

With thee have I penetrated the most forbidden, the wickedest and farthest: and if I have aught of virtue, it is that I had no fear of any prohibition.

With thee have I broken whatever my heart revered, all landmarks and images have I thrown down, I pursued the most dangerous desires—verily, I have o'ertraversed every crime.

With thee I have unlearned belief in words and values and great names. When the devil slougheth off his skin, slougheth he not off his name likewise? For that is also skin. Perchance the devil himself is skin.

'Naught is true, all is lawful'—thus I said within myself. Into coldest waters I cast myself, head and heart. Oh, how oft have I stood naked and red as a crab through so doing!

Ah, whither is gone all my good and all my shame, and all my belief in the good? Ah, whither is gone that deceitful innocence once I possessed, the innocence of the good and of their noble falsehoods?

Too oft, indeed, I followed close on the heels of truth: then she spurned my head. Sometimes I thought I lied, and lo! only then did I hit upon truth!

Too many things were revealed to me: now I no longer care. Naught that I love yet liveth—how should I yet love myself?

'To live as I like or to live not at all —thus I will, thus even the holiest willeth. But alas! how is that I still like?

Have I yet a goal? An harbour for which *my* sail is set?

A good wind? Ah, he only that knoweth *whither* he saileth, knoweth also which wind is good, and which is his fair wind.

What remaineth to me? An heart weary and insolent; an unstable will; fluttering wings; a broken backbone.

This search for *my* home—O Zarathustra, knowest thou?—this search has searched me out and eateth me up.

‘Where is *my* home?’ Thus ask I and seek and have sought; this have I found not. Oh, eternal Everywhere! Oh, eternal Nowhere! Oh, eternal In Vain!

Thus spake the Shadow, and Zarathustra’s face lengthened at his words. Thou art my Shadow! he said at length, and sadly.

Thy danger is not small, thou free spirit and Wanderer! Thou hast had an ill day: see to it, that a worse evening cometh not thereof!

To unstable ones such as thou art at length even prison seemeth bliss. Sawest thou ever how captured criminals sleep? They sleep quietly; they enjoy their new security.

Beware, lest at length a narrow creed entrap thee, an hard and strict illusion! For all that is narrow and firm now seduceth and tempteth thee!

Thou hast lost thy goal: alas! how wilt thou toss aside and be consoled for that loss? In losing it thou hast also lost the way!

Thou poor Wanderer, thou sentimentalist, thou weary butterfly! Wilt thou have this night a place of rest and an home? If so, go up to my cave!

Yonder goeth the way to my cave. And now I will speedily run from thee. Already as it were a shadow lieth upon me.

I will run alone, that it may again grow bright about me. To that end I must yet go long and briskly. But at evening in my house there shall be dancing!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

AT NOONTIDE

—AND Zarathustra ran and ran and found none else, but was alone and ever and again found himself and drank and enjoyed his loneliness, thinking good thoughts hour after hour. But about the noontide hour, when the sun stood immediately over Zarathustra's head, he passed by an old tree, bent and gnarled, embraced about by the lavish love of a vine and hidden from itself: therefrom hung abundance of golden grapes, offering themselves to the wanderer. Then he desired to quench his slight thirst and to break off a cluster of grapes; but no sooner had he stretched forth his arm therefor, than he felt another and a stronger desire, namely, to lie down beside the tree, about the full noontide hour, and to sleep.

This Zarathustra did; and no sooner did he lie down upon the ground in the stillness and secrecy of the flowery grass than he forgot his slight thirst and fell asleep. For, as Zarathustra's proverb hath it: 'One thing is more necessary than another'. But his eyes remained open; for they wearied not looking upon and admiring the tree and the love of the vine. But as he fell asleep Zarathustra spake thus within his heart:

Peace! Be still! Is not the world this moment perfected? What hath befallen me?

As a delicate wind danceth unseen over the inlaid floor of the sea, light, feather-light, thus danceth sleep over me.

It shutteth not mine eyes, it leaveth my soul awake. Verily it is light, feather-light.

It persuadeth me, I know not how, it toucheth me inwardly with caressing hand, it constraineth me. Yea, it constraineth me so that my soul stretcheth herself out.

How weary and slow is my strange soul become! Came her seventh-day evening even at noontide? Hath she now joyed too long amidst good things and ripe?

She stretcheth herself more and more—she lieth still, my strange soul! Too many good things hath she tasted already; this golden sadness presseth upon her; she maketh a wry mouth.

As a ship that hath entered her calmest bay inclineth herself towards the land, weary of long voyaging and uncertain seas—is not land more faithful?—

—Even as such a ship putteth in and huggeth the shore so

that it is enough that a spider spin his thread thereunto from the land—no stronger rope it needeth—

—Even as such a weary ship in calmest bay rest I now nigh to the earth, faithful, trustful, waiting, moored thereunto with slenderest threads.

O happiness! O happiness! Wouldst thou sing, O my soul? Thou liest in the grass. But this is that secret, solemn hour when no shepherd playeth his flute.

Peace, then! Hot noontide sleepeth on the fields. Sing not! Be still! The world is perfected.

Sing not, thou meadow-pipit, O my soul! Whisper not! Lo, be still! Old noontide sleepeth, his lips move; drinketh he not this moment a drop of happiness—

A mellow brown drop of golden happiness, of golden wine? A change passeth over his countenance; his bliss laugheth as laugheth a god. Be still!

‘For happiness—how little sufficeth for happiness!’ Thus spake I once and deemed myself wise. But it was blasphemy; I learned it even now. Wise fools speak better.

Nay, but the very least, the gentlest, lightest thing, a lizard’s stirring, a breath, a glance, a moment—*little* maketh the quality of the *best* happiness. Peace!

What hath befallen me? List! Hath time flown hence? Fall I not—fell I not—list!—into the wells of eternity?

What befalleth me? Peace! It stabbeth me—ah!—to the heart? To the heart! Oh, break, break, my heart, after such bliss, such a wound!

What? Is not the world even now grown perfect? Round and ripe? O round gold ring¹—whither doth it fly? Let me run after it! Away!

Peace! (And here Zarathustra stretched himself, and knew that he slept.)

Up! said he to himself. Up, thou sleeper! Thou noontide sleeper! Up, up, old legs! Time it is and more than time. Many a long stretch of road remaineth for you!

Now ye have slept your fill—how long? Half an eternity! Up, up, old heart! How long mayst thou wake, after such sound sleep?

(But thereupon he again fell asleep and his soul withstood him and defended herself and lay down again.) Ah, let me rest! Be still! Was not the world this moment perfected? Oh, the round and golden ball!—

¹ The German word *Reif* means both ‘ring’ (noun) and ‘ripe’ (adj.).—TRANS

Arise! said Zarathustra, thou little thief, thou thief of time! What! Wilt thou ever stretch thyself, yawn, sigh, fall into deep wells?

Who art thou, O my soul? (And here he was afraid, for a sunbeam fell from heaven upon his face.)

O heaven above me! said he, sighing, and sat upright. Thou gazest on me? Thou hearkenest to my strange soul?

When wilt thou drink this drop of dew that hath fallen on all things earthly? When wilt thou drink this strange soul?

When, O well-spring of eternity, thou gay and terrible abyss of noon, when wilt thou drink my soul back into thyself?

Thus spake Zarathustra, and arose from his resting-place by the tree as from a strange drunkenness; and lo! there stood the sun yet immediately above his head. But one might rightly infer therefrom that not long had Zarathustra slept.

THE SALUTATION

LONG past noon it was ere Zarathustra, after much vain search and many wanderings, returned to his cave. But when he stood over against it, not twenty paces distant, that thing came to pass which he least expected: again he heard the great *cry for help*. And, O wonder! this time it came from his own cave. But it was a long, manifold, strange cry, and Zarathustra clearly distinguished that it was made up of many voices: though heard from a distance it might sound as a cry from a single mouth.

Then Zarathustra hasted into his cave, and lo, what stage-play awaited him after that prelude! For there all sate together by whom he had passed that day—the King upon the right hand and the King upon the left, the old Wizard, the Pope, the Voluntary Beggar, the Shadow, the Intellectually Conscientious Man, the sad Soothsayer, and the Ass. But the Ugliest Man had set a crown upon his head and belted himself with two purple girdles—for, like all ugly folk, he loved to deck himself and to be fine. But in the midst of this sad company stood Zarathustra's Eagle, ruffled and disquieted, for it had been required to answer many questions to which its pride had no answer; but the wise Serpent hung about its neck.

All this Zarathustra saw with great amazement: then he gazed on all his guests by turn with courteous curiosity, read their souls, and was again astonished. In the meantime the assembled company had arisen from their seats and attended with reverence until Zarathustra should speak. But Zarathustra spake thus:

Ye despairing ones! Ye strange ones! Then it was *your* cry for help that I heard? And now, moreover, I know where he must be sought whom this day I sought in vain—the *Higher Man*.—

In mine own cave he sitteth, the Higher Man! But wherefore am I amazed? Have not I myself drawn him to myself, with honey offerings, and the cunning enticements of my happiness?

Yet meseemeth ye make no harmonious company; ye ruffle one another's tempers, ye that cry for help, even as ye sit here together? First must come a man—

A man that shall make you again to laugh—some good,

merry clown, some dancer and madcap and romp, some old fool—what think ye?

Forgive me, ye despairing ones, that in your presence I speak such trivial words, unworthy, verily, of such guests! But ye divine not that which emboldeneth my heart—

Even ye yourselves, and your aspect—forgive me! For every man groweth bold when he looketh upon one that despaireth. To encourage a despairing one—every man thinketh himself strong enough for that!

To myself have ye given this power—a good gift, mine exalted guests! An honest guest's gift! Then be not angry if I now offer you something that is mine.

Here is my realm and my dominion: but whatsoever is mine shall for this evening and this night be yours. My beasts shall serve you: my cave shall be your resting-place!

In mine own hearth and home none shall despair, in my preserves I guard each from his own wild beasts. And this is the first thing I offer you—security!

But the second thing is this—my little finger. And when ye have *that*, take also the whole hand, yea, and the heart with it! Welcome here, welcome, my guests and friends!

Thus spake Zarathustra, and laughed for love and malice. After this salutation his guests bowed once again and were silent for reverence. And the King upon the right hand answered him for them all:

O Zarathustra, by thy manner of offering us thy hand, and by thy greeting, we know thee for Zarathustra. Thou didst humble thyself in our presence: almost didst thou wound our reverence for thee—

But who like thee could humble himself so proudly? *That* uplifteth us—a refreshment it is to our eyes and our hearts.

To see this alone would we gladly climb higher mountains than this. For we came as eager sightseers, we longed to see that which maketh dim eyes to shine.

And behold, all our crying for help is past. Already mind and heart stand open and enraptured. Little is lacking for our courage to grow wanton.

Naught that groweth on earth, O Zarathustra, giveth more delight than a strong and lofty will: it is the most beautiful of plants. A whole landscape is refreshed by one such tree.

I compare him with the pine-tree, O Zarathustra, that groweth up as thou dost—tall, silent, hard, solitary, best and most flexible of woods, magnificent—

But, above all, outreaching with strong, green boughs for *his own* dominion, asking strong questions of wind and weather, and of whatsoever is native to the heights—

And giving yet stronger answers, a dominating one, a victorious one! Oh, who would not climb high mountains for the sight of such trees?

Thy tree, O Zarathustra, rejoiceth even the mourner, the failure; at sight of thee even the waverer groweth steady and his heart is healed.

And, verily, to thy mountain and thy tree many eyes look this day; a great longing ariseth, and many have learned to ask, Who is Zarathustra?

And into whosoever's ear thou hast ever dropped thy song and thy honey—the hidden, the hermits, by ones and by twos—all spake of a sudden within their hearts, saying:

'Liveth Zarathustra yet? It is no longer worth while to live, all is one, all is in vain—save we live with Zarathustra!

Why cometh he not that hath so long proclaimed himself?'—thus many ask. 'Hath solitude devoured him? Or should we go unto him?'

Now it cometh to pass that solitude itself waxeth over-ripe and bursteth as a grave, that bursteth and can no longer contain its dead. Everywhere one seeth them that are risen.

Now the waves rise and rise about thy mountain, O Zarathustra! And howsoever high be thy height, many must ascend unto thee: thy boat shall not rest long above the flood!

And that we, the desperate, are now come to thy cave, and already despair no more—it is but a sign and an omen that better than we are on the way to thee—

For on the way to thee, indeed, is that last remnant of God amongst men, namely, all men of the great longing, of the great disgust, of the great satiety—

All they that desire not to live unless they may learn again to *hope*; unless *they* may learn from thee, O Zarathustra, the Great Hope!

Thus spake the King upon the right hand, and laid hold on Zarathustra's hand to kiss it; but Zarathustra put aside this reverence and stepped back afraid, silent, and hasty, as though he would flee to far distances. But in a little while he was again with his guests, gazed upon them with clear questioning eyes, and said:

My guests, ye Higher Men, I will speak plain German and

plainly¹ unto you. Not for *you* have I tarried here in these mountains.

(Plain German and plainly? '¹ God-a-mercy! then said the King upon the left hand to himself. It is plain that he knoweth not the dear Germans, this wise man from the East!

But he meaneth 'in German and bluntly'. Well, that nowadays is not quite the worst of taste!)

Verily, ye may all be Higher Men, continued Zarathustra. But for me, ye are not high enough nor strong enough.

—For me, that is, for the Inexorable which now is silent in me but will not be ever silent.

And belong ye to me, ye belong not as my right arm belongeth.

For whosoever goeth on sick, weakly legs, as you do, desireth above all (whether he knoweth it or whether he hideth it from himself) to be *spared*.

But mine arms and my legs I spare not, *my warriors I spare not*: how then can ye be fit for *my* warfare?

With you I should lose all my chance of victory. And many an one of you would fall to the ground heard he but the loud roll of my drums.

Moreover, for me ye are not beautiful enough, nor well-born enough. I need clear, smooth mirrors for my doctrines; upon your surface mine image is distorted.

Your shoulders are laden with many a burden, many a memory; many an evil dwarf lurketh in your holes and corners. There is hidden rabble within you.

And though ye be high and of higher race, much within you is crooked and misshapen. There is no smith in the world that can hammer you straight and shapely.

Ye are but bridges: may higher ones stride across you to the other side! Ye stand as stairs: therefore be not angry with him that riseth upon you to *his* heights!

From your seed one day may spring me a true son and perfect heir: but the time is distant. Ye yourselves are not they to whom my heritage and name belongeth.

Not for you I tarry in these mountains, not with you may I descend for the last time. Ye are come unto me but as signs, that Higher than ye are upon the way to me—

—Not men of the great longing, of the great disgust, of the great satiety, and that which ye have called the remnant of God.

¹There is a play in these verses on the similarity of sound between *Deutsch* (German) and *deutlich* (plainly). Also 'to speak German' is in German a phrase for 'to speak candidly'.—TRANS.

Nay! Nay! Thrice Nay! For *others* I tarry here in these mountains, and will not lift my feet to depart hence without them—

I wait for higher ones, stronger, more victorious, of better cheer, such as are builded foursquare in body and in soul—*laughing lions* must come!

O my friends and guests, ye strange men—have ye heard naught of my children?—or that they are upon the way to me?

Tell me of my gardens, of my Happy Isles, of my new and beautiful race—why do ye not tell me thereof?

This guest-gift I desire of your love that ye tell me of my children. To this end am I rich, to this end I became poor: what have I not given?—

—What would I not give for this one thing: *these* children, *these* living plants, *these* trees of life of my will and of my highest hope!

Thus spake Zarathustra and ceased speaking: for on a sudden his longing came upon him, and he closed his eyes and mouth against the stirrings of his heart. And all his guests were silent also and stood still and were confounded: only the old Soothsayer made signs with hands and mien.

THE SUPPER

FOR at this point the Soothsayer broke in upon the salutation between Zarathustra and his guests: he pressed forward as one that hath no time to lose, grasped Zarathustra's hand, and cried: But, O Zarathustra—

'One thing is more necessary than another': thou thyself saidst it. Go to! One thing is now more necessary *to me* than any other.

A word in season: didst thou not bid me to *a supper*? And here are many that have made long journeys. Thou dost not purpose to feed us on speeches alone?

Moreover, all ye have thought too much for my taste of dying of cold, of drowning, of suffocation, and of other kinds of bodily peril: but none thought of *my* kind of peril, that is, of death by starvation—

(Thus spake the Soothsayer, but when Zarathustra's beasts heard these words they ran thence in fear. For they saw that all they had brought in that day would not be sufficient to fill even this one Soothsayer's stomach.)

Including death from thirst, continued the Soothsayer. And though I hear water plashing, like speeches of wisdom, that is, abundantly and incessantly—I desire *wine*!

Not every one is a born water-drinker as is Zarathustra. Neither is water good for the weary and withered: for *us* wine is required—*it* alone giveth speedy recovery and ready-made health!

Whereupon, when the Soothsayer asked for wine, it came to pass that the King upon the left hand, the silent one, found occasion to speak. For wine, said he, have *we* provided, myself and my brother, the King upon the right hand: we have wine enough, a whole ass-load. So naught lacketh but bread.

Bread! answered Zarathustra, and laughed. Bread, indeed, hermits lack! But man liveth not by bread alone but also by the flesh of good lambs, of which I have two.

—*They* shall speedily be killed, and spicily cooked with sage: thus do I love it. Nor are roots or fruits lacking, good enough even for gormandizers and epicures; nor are nuts lacking, nor other riddles for cracking.

Thus in short space we will have a good supper. But he that will eat with us must also put his hand to the work, and the Kings also. For in Zarathustra's house even a king may be a cook.

With this proposal the hearts of all were agreed: save that the Voluntary Beggar objected to meat and to wine and spices.

Now hear this glutton Zarathustra! said he in jest. Goeth one into caves and high mountains to eat such meals?

Now indeed I understand that which once he taught us: 'Praised be a moderate poverty', and wherefore he seeketh to abolish beggars.

Be of good cheer, answered Zarathustra, as I am! Be true to thine own custom, thou excellent man, grind thy corn, drink thy water, praise thine own cookery, if it but make thee gay!

I am a law only to them that are mine, I am not a law to all. But whosoever belongeth to me must have strong bones and also light feet—

Joyous in fighting, in warfare, and feasting, no lover of gloom, no dreamer, ready for the hardest as for a festival, healthy and whole.

The best belongeth to me and mine; and if it be not given us, we take it—the best food, the clearest sky, the strongest thoughts, the most beautiful women!

Thus spake Zarathustra. But the King upon the right hand answered:

Strange! Have ever such clever things issued from the lips of a wise man?

And, verily, that is strangest in a wise man, if over and above he be clever and not an ass.

Thus spake the King on the right hand, and marvelled: but the Ass replied to his speech with a malicious Hee-haw.¹ Thus began that long supper which is named in the histories 'The Supper'. And during this meal naught was spoken of but *Higher Man*.

¹ See note, p. 174.

OF HIGHER MAN

I

WHEN for the first time I went unto men, I committed the hermit-folly, the great folly—I stood in the market-place.

And in that I spake to all I spake to none. But by evening rope-dancers were my companions, and corpses; and I myself was almost a corpse.

But with the new morning a new truth came unto me; then I learned to say: 'What care I for the market-place and the mob and the mob's clamour and the mob's long ears?'

Ye Higher Men, learn this of me: in the market-place none believeth in Higher Men. And will ye speak there, well and good! But the mob blinketh: 'We are all equal!'

'You Higher Men'—thus the mob blinketh—'there are no higher men; we are all equal; man is man; before God we are all equal!'

Before God! But now this God is dead. But before the mob we *will* not be equal. Ye Higher Men, leave the market-place!

2

Before God! But now this God is dead! Ye Higher Men, this God was your greatest peril.

Only since He lay in the grave have ye risen again. Only now cometh the Great Noon, only now Higher Man shall be *Lord*!

Understood ye this word, O my brethren? Ye are afraid: do your hearts grow giddy? Yawneth here the abyss for you? Barketh here the hell's-hound for you?

Up and on, ye Higher Men! Only now travaileth the mountain of man's future. God is dead: now *we* will that the Superman live!

3

The most anxious ask to-day: 'How is man to be preserved?' But Zarathustra, alone and first, asketh: 'How is man to be *surmounted*?'

The Superman is my care; *he*—not man—is my first and only

care: not my neighbour, nor the poorest, nor the greatest sufferer, nor the best—

O my brethren, that which I can love in man is that he is an over-going and a down-going. And in you also there is much that maketh me to love and to hope.

That ye feel scorn, ye Higher Men—that maketh me to hope. For the great scorers are the great reverers.

That ye have despaired—therein is much to honour. For ye learned not how to submit, ye learned not petty stratagems.

For to-day the petty folk are become master: they all preach submission and humility and cunning and diligence and consideration and all the long etcetera of petty virtues.

Whatsoever is womanish, whatsoever is slavish, and especially whatsoever is of the mongrel mob—*these* will now be master of all human fate—oh, loathing! loathing! loathing!

These ask and ask and weary not of asking: 'How best and longest and most agreeably may a man preserve himself?' Thereby are they lords of to-day.

Surmount me these masters of to-day, O my brethren—these petty folk: *they* are the greatest peril to the Superman!

Surmount, ye Higher Men, the petty virtues, the petty policies, the minute considerations, the ant-hill swarming, the miserable ease, of the 'happiness of the greatest number'!

And rather despair than submit! And, verily, I love you for that ye know not how to live to-day, ye Higher Men! For thus *ye* live *best*!

4

Have ye courage, O my brethren? Are ye stout-hearted? I speak not of courage before witnesses, but of the courage of hermits and of eagles, whereupon no longer even a God looketh.

Cold hearts, mules, blind folk, drunken folk—I call not these stout-hearted. Courage hath he that knoweth fear but *subdueth* fear; that seeth the abyss, but with *pride*.

He that seeth the abyss, but with eagle's eyes; he that *graspeth* the abyss with eagle's claws: *he* hath courage—

5

'Man is evil'—all the wise have said it for my consolation. Ah, if that were but true to-day! For evil is man's best power.

'Man must become better and more wicked'—thus *I* teach. The wickedest is needed for the Superman's best.

It might be good for that Preacher of the petty folk that he

suffered and bore the burden of man's sin. But I rejoice in a great sin as my great *comfort*—

But such things are not said for long ears. Every word belongeth not in every mouth. These are fine, far things: let not sheep's claws grasp after them!

6

Ye Higher Men, deem ye that I live to make good what ye have made ill?

Or that I would bed you sufferers more comfortably? Or that I would show you waverers, wanderers, stray mountaineers, new and easier footpaths?

Nay! Nay! Thrice Nay! Ever shall more and better men of your race perish—for ye shall have ever a worse and a harder life. Thus only—

—Thus only groweth man to *that* height where the lightning striketh and breaketh him; high enough for the lightning!

My mind and my desire are towards far things, towards distant things: what care I for your petty, manifold brief miseries?

I say ye suffer not yet enough! For ye suffer through yourselves, ye have never yet suffered through *Man*. If ye said otherwise ye were liars! None of you suffereth *my* sufferings.—

7

It is not sufficient for me that the lightning no longer harmeth. I would not turn it aside: it shall learn to work for *me*.—

My wisdom hath long gathered as a cloud; it groweth stiller and darker. So doeth all wisdom that shall one day give birth unto *lightnings*.

To these men of to-day I will not be a *light*, nor be called a light. *Them* will I blind: O lightning of my wisdom, strike out their eyes!

8

Will naught beyond your powers: there is an evil falsehood in such as will beyond their powers.

And especially if they will great things! For they awake mistrust in great things, these fine coiners of false money and play-actors—

Until at length they grow false in themselves, shifty-eyed, and are a whited worm-rottenness disguised beneath big words, beneath placard-virtues, and brilliant false works.

Beware of such, ye Higher Men! For naught I hold to-day more costly and rare than honesty.

Is this To-day not of the rabble? But the rabble know not what is great, what small, what straight, and what honest: they are innocently crooked: they are ever liars.

9

Be of good mistrust this day, ye Higher Men, ye courageous, ye open-hearted! And keep your reasons secret! For to-day is of the rabble.

But what the rabble learned aforetime to believe without reason, who could refute it for them by reason?

In the market-place gestures convince. But reasons make the mob mistrustful.

And if ever in that field Truth hath won a victory, ask yourselves with good mistrust: 'What powerful error hath fought her battle?'

Beware also of scholars! They hate you; for they are sterile! They have cold, dried-up eyes, and in their sight every bird lieth plucked.

Such men boast that they lie not: but impotence for lying is far other than love of truth. Beware!

Freedom from fever's delusions is far other than knowledge! I credit naught from frozen minds. He that cannot lie, knoweth not what is truth.

10

If ye desire to rise high, use your own legs! Suffer not yourselves to be *carried up*, ride not on backs and heads of others!

But hast thou now mounted an horse? Ridest thou now swiftly to thy goal? Good, my friend! But remember that thy lame leg sitteth with thee on horseback!

When thou hast reached thy goal, when thou alightest from thy horse: even *upon* thy *height*, thou Higher Man, thou shalt stumble!

11

Ye creators, ye Higher Men! One is pregnant only of one's own child.

Be not deceived, be not persuaded! Who then is *your* neighbour? And even if ye act 'for your neighbour'—ye do not create for him!

Unlearn this 'for', I pray, ye creators! Your virtue will

have you do naught with 'for' and 'for the sake of' and 'because'. Against such false little words shall ye shut your ears.

'For my neighbour' is a virtue only of the petty folk: with them it is: 'tit for tat' and 'turn and turn about': they have neither right nor power for *your* self-seeking!

In your self-seeking, ye creators, is the caution and providence of pregnancy! What no eye hath yet seen—your fruit—it is protected and spared and nourished with your whole love.

Where your whole love is—with your child—there also is your whole virtue! Your work, your will is *your* 'neighbour'. Be not deceived by false values!

12

Ye creators, ye Higher Men! That which giveth birth is sick; but that which hath given birth is unclean.

Ask women! One giveth not birth for pleasure! Pain causeth hens and poets to cackle.

Ye creators, in you is much that is unclean: it is that ye are compelled to be mothers.

A new child! Oh, how much new dirt came therewith into the world! Go apart! And he that hath given birth shall wash clean his soul!

13

Be not virtuous beyond your powers! And ask not of yourselves improbabilities!

Walk in the footsteps of your fathers' virtue! How should ye rise high, if your fathers' wills rise not with you?

But he that would be a firstling, let him see to it that he become not also a lastling! And in the matter of your fathers' vices ye shall not strive to be saints.

He whose fathers went after women and strong drink and wild boars—how should he demand of himself chastity?

That were folly! It is much, verily, methinketh, for such an one, if he be the husband of one, or two, or three women.

And should he found monasteries and write above their doors: 'The way to holiness'—yet I would say: 'Wherefore? It is a new folly!

He hath founded for himself a penitentiary and refuge. Much good may it do him! But I do not believe it'.

In solitude waxeth whatsoever a man bringeth within him, and also the brute within. Therefore many are to be counselled against solitude.

Was there ever aught on earth more unclean than the saints of the desert? Upon *them* was not only the devil loosed, but the swine also.

14

Shy, ashamed, clumsy, as the tiger that hath missed his spring—thus, ye Higher Men, I have oft seen you slink aside. A *cast* of yours had failed.

But what matter, ye dice-players? Ye have not learned to play and to laugh, as one should play and laugh! Sit we not ever at a great table of laughter and gambling?

And if ye have failed in great things, are ye, therefore, yourselves failures? And if ye be yourselves failures, is Man, therefore, a failure? But if Man be a failure—well and then!—

15

The higher its nature the seldomer a thing succeedeth. Ye Higher Men here, have ye not all failed?

Be of good cheer! What matter? How much is yet possible! Learn to laugh at yourselves, as one should laugh!

What wonder if ye have failed or only half-succeeded, ye half-broken ones! Doth not man's *future* strive and thrust in you?

Man's farthest, deepest, star-highest essence, his prodigious power—do these not all seethe together in your vessels?

What wonder that many a pot breaketh! Learn to laugh at yourselves, as one should laugh! Ye Higher Men, how much is yet possible!

And, verily, how much hath already succeeded! How rich is this earth in small, good, perfect things, in accomplished things!

Set small, good, perfect things about you, ye Higher Men! Their golden ripeness healeth the heart. The perfect thing teacheth hope.

16

What hath been hitherto the greatest sin on earth? Was it not the word of him which said: 'Woe to them that laugh on earth'?

Found he himself no cause for laughter on earth? If so, he sought but ill. A child even findeth cause.

He—loved not enough: else had he also loved us, the laughers! But he hated and scorned us. Weeping and gnashing of teeth he promised us.

Must one then curse where one loveth not? That, meseemeth,

is bad taste. But thus did he, this absolute one. He came of the rabble.

He, indeed, loved not enough: else had he been less wroth because he was not loved. Great love desireth not *love*, it desireth more.

Go out of the way of all such absolute ones! It is a poor, sickly race, a gutter-race: these look with ill-will on this life; they have the evil eye for this earth.

Go out of the way of all such absolute ones! They have heavy feet and gloomy hearts—they know not how to dance. How should earth be lightsome unto such?

17

By curves come all good things to their goals. Like cats they arch their backs, they purr inwardly for their approaching bliss. All good things laugh.

A man's step betrayeth whether he yet walketh upon *his own* road. Watch how I walk! But he that draweth nigh to his goal, danceth.

And, verily, I am become no statue; not yet do I stand stiff, insensible, stony, a pillar; I love swift running.

And though earth hath its marshes and muddy afflictions, he that hath light feet runneth even over mud, and danceth as on well-swept ice.

Lift up your hearts, my brethren, high and higher! Neither forget your legs! Lift up your legs also, ye good dancers—and better yet if ye can stand upon your heads!

18

This crown of the laughing one, this crown of roses—I myself have set this crown upon my brow—I myself have hallowed my laughter. None other found I to-day strong enough therefor.

Zarathustra the dancer, Zarathustra the light one, that fluttereth his wings ready for flight, beckoning the birds, ready and prepared, blessedly frivolous—

Zarathustra the soothsayer, Zarathustra the true laughter, no impatient one, no absolute one, but one that loveth to leap and to skip—I myself have set this crown upon my brow!

19

Lift up your hearts, my brethren, high and higher! Neither forget your legs! Lift up your legs also, ye good dancers—and better yet if ye can stand upon your heads!

Even in happiness there are heavy beasts, club-footed from the beginning. Grotesquely do they strive, as an elephant that striveth to stand upon its head.

But better be foolish for happiness than foolish for misfortune; better dance clumsily than walk lame. Learn my wisdom of me, I pray—even the worst thing hath two good other sides—

Even the worst thing hath legs for dancing. Learn ye of me, ye Higher Men, to set yourselves upon your proper legs!

Unlearn all sorrowful sighing and vulgar melancholy! Oh, how mournful to-day are the clowns of the populace! But to-day is of the rabble.

20

Do as the wind when it rusheth forth from its mountain caverns: to its own piping it danceth, the seas tremble and leap beneath its footfalls.

Praised be that good unruly spirit that lendeth wings unto asses, that milketh lionesses, that cometh like the whirlwind upon all to-days and all rabbles—

That chastiseth all thistle-heads and muddle-heads, all withered leaves and tares: praised be this wild, good, free storm-spirit that danceth over marshes and afflictions as upon meadows—

That hateth the perishing mongrel populace, and all the misbegotten brood of gloom: praised be this spirit of all free spirits, the laughing storm that throweth dust in the eyes of all pessimists and morbidities!

Ye Higher Men, the worst in you is that none of you hath learned to dance as a man should dance—to dance beyond yourselves! What matter that ye have failed?

How much is yet possible! *Learn* to laugh beyond yourselves! Lift up your hearts, ye good dancers, high and higher! Neither forget hearty laughter!

This crown of the laughing one, this crown of roses—to you, my brethren, I toss this crown! I have hallowed laughter; ye Higher Men, *learn* to laugh!

THE SONG OF MELANCHOLY

I

As Zarathustra thus discoursed he stood nigh unto the entrance of his cave; but with the final words he slipped away from his guests and fled for a brief while into the open air.

O clean odours around me! he cried. O blessed stillness around me! But where are my beasts? Draw nigh, mine Eagle and my Serpent!

Tell me, my beasts—all these Higher Men, *smell* they, perchance, not sweet? O clean odours around me! Now only do I know and feel how I love you, my beasts!

—And Zarathustra said again: I love you, my beasts. But the Eagle and the Serpent pressed close to him as he spake these words and looked up into his face. Thus were they all three at peace together, and snuffed and drew in the good air side by side. For there without the air was sweeter than amongst the Higher Men.

2

But scarce had Zarathustra left his cave when the old Wizard arose, looked slyly about him, and said: He is gone out!

And straightway, ye Higher Men (that like him I may tickle you with this name of praise and flattery)—straightway am I possessed by mine evil spirit of deceit and magic, my melancholy devil,

—That is utterly an adversary to this Zarathustra, and you will pardon him! Now *willeth* he to do magic in your presence; it is even *his* hour; in vain do I wrestle with this evil spirit.

To you all, whatsoever honours ye may pay yourselves in words, whether ye call yourselves ‘free-thinkers’, or ‘the truthful’, or ‘the intellectually penitent’, or ‘the unfettered’, or ‘the great yearners’—

To you all that suffer as I do *from the great disgust*, to you all for whom the old God hath died and as yet no little new God lieth cradled and swaddled—to you all is mine evil spirit and magic devil propitious.

I know you, ye Higher Men, and I know him—I know also this fiend whom I love against my will, this Zarathustra: oft-times, meseemeth, he is as the lovely mask of a saint—

As some new and marvellous masquerade in which mine evil

spirit, my melancholy devil, delighteth: I love Zarathustra—thus oft it meseemeth—for mine evil spirit's sake.

But even now *he* possesseth me and constraineth me, this spirit of melancholy, this devil of nightfall—and, verily, ye Higher Men, he lusteth

—open your eyes!—he lusteth to show himself *naked*, whether as male or female I know not yet: but he cometh, he constraineth me, ah! open your senses to him!

Day fadeth, to all things now cometh evening, even to the best things; hearken now and see, ye Higher Men, what sort of devil be he, man or woman, this spirit of evening melancholy!

Thus spake the old Wizard, and he looked slyly about him, and he took up his harp.

3

In the clear limpid air,
When the dew's consolation
Distilleth on earth,
Unseen and unheard—
For on soft shoes she goeth,
The comforting dew, like all gentle consolors—
Rememberest thou, rememberest thou then, hot heart,
How once thou thirstedst
For heavenly tear-drops and dew-drops,
Parched and weary thou thirstedst,
The while by yellowing grassways
Cruel evening sunshafts
'Midst sombre trees did pierce thee,
Blinding hot sun-glances, charged with malice?

Thou the wooer of Truth? *Thou?* Thus they mocked thee,
Nay, but only a poet!
A beast, cunning, rapacious, fawning,
Forced to lie,
To lie ever wittingly, willingly,
Lusting for prey,
Gaily masked,
A mask to itself,
A prey to itself—
That the wooer of truth?
Nay, only a fool! a poet!
Only a talker of motley,
From fools' masks babbling motley,

Strutting on false word-stages,
Strutting on painted rainbows,
Betwixt false heavens
And a false earth
Ever vagrant and vague—
Only a fool! a poet!

That—the wooer of Truth!
Not still, stiff, smooth, and cold,
Become as an image,
A carven idol-god:
Not set up before temples,
A god's door-keeper
Nay, but hating all such petrified truths,
At home in any desert more than in temples,
Wanton as any cat,
Leaping through any window
Plumb into any adventure,
Sniffing primeval forest,
Hungriely, longingly sniffing,
That thou in primeval forest,
'Midst striped and spotted beasts,
Mayest rove in sinful health and painted beauty,
With lusting jaws
Blessed in mockery, wickedness, blood-lust,
Robbing, skulking, and lying—

Or as the eagle that long,
Long rigid, surveyeth abysses,
Surveyeth its own abysses—
—Oh, how they curve and wind,
Ever down,
Downwards and deeper—
Then,
Suddenly, straight as a bolt,
With quivering pinions
Swoops on the lamb,
Headlong and ravening,
Lusting for lambs,
Raging 'gainst lamb-life,
Ruthlessly raging 'gainst all that look
Sheeplike, lamb-eyed, and fleecy,
Grey and sheeplike, well-meaning!

Thus,
As the eagle's, the panther's,
Are the poet's desires,
Are *thy* desires 'neath a thousand masks,
Thou fool! Thou poet!

That thou mayst look on man
As God and sheep—
To tear the God in man
Even as the sheep in man,
And to laugh in tearing—

That, *that* is thy bliss,
The bliss of a panther, an eagle!
The bliss of a fool and a poet!—
In the clear limpid air,
What time the moon's sickle,
Greenish 'midst sunset-reds,
Envious creepeth
—Hating the day—
Stealthily, step by step,
Mowing and laying low
Day's rosy garlands,
Till they fade and sink into night—

Thus even I sank once,
Out of my truth-illusions,
Out of my daylight desires,
Day-wearied and sick of the light
—Sank downwards, nightwards, shadow-wards—
By one sole truth
Burned up and parched—
Rememberest thou, rememberest thou, hot heart,
How once thou thirstedst?—

And I am banished
Wholly from Truth!
Only a fool!
Only a poet!

OF SCIENCE

THUS sang the Wizard; and all that were there assembled fell unawares even as birds into the net of his cunning and of his voluptuous melancholy. Only the Intellectually Conscientious One was not caught therein: swiftly he took the harp from the Wizard, and cried: Air! Let in the fresh air! Let Zarathustra come in! Thou makest this cave sultry and poisonous, thou wicked old Wizard!

Thou seducest, thou false one, thou subtle one, to unknown desires and to strange wildernesses. And woe if such as thou make talk and ado about *truth*!

Alas for free-thinkers that are not on their guard against *such* wizards! Gone is their freedom: thou teachest and enticest back into prison!

Thou melancholy devil, there is magic in thy wailing, thou resemblest them that by their praise of chastity secretly invite to lust!

Thus spake the Conscientious One; but the aged Wizard looked about him, rejoicing in his victory, and swallowed the chagrin caused him by the Conscientious One. Be still! he said with modest voice. Good songs should echo on. After good songs one should long keep silence.

Thus do all these, the Higher Men. But perchance thou hast understood but little of my song? In thee is there little of the spirit of enchantment.

Thou praisest me, replied the Conscientious One, in that thou separatest me from thee. Go to! But ye others, what do I see? All ye sit there with lustful eyes.—

Ye free souls, whither is gone your freedom? Almost, methinketh, ye are like them that have gazed long upon evil, naked dancing-girls: your very souls dance!

In you, ye Higher Men, must be more than is in me of that the Wizard calleth his evil spirit of magic and deceit—we must indeed be different.

And, verily, we spake and thought enough together ere Zarathustra came home to his cave to teach me that we *are* different.

We *seek* different things, even here, ye and I. For I seek

more *security*, and therefore am I come to Zarathustra. For he is the strongest fortress and will—

—To-day when all is shaken, when the whole earth trembleth. But ye, when I see what is in your eyes, I could think ye sought *more insecurity*—

More terror, more danger, more earthquakes. I could think almost that ye lusted—forgive my presumption, ye Higher Men—

That ye lusted for the worst, most dangerous life, that causeth *me* most fear, for the life of wild beasts, for forests, caves, steep cliffs, and labyrinthine abysses.

And ye love best not them that lead you *out* of danger, but them that lead you aside from all paths, the misleaders. But if such a desire be indeed within you, to me nevertheless it seemeth *impossible*.

For fear—it is man's hereditary and fundamental emotion; by fear all is explained, original sin and original virtue. From fear hath grown also *my* virtue, which is called Science.

For the fear of wild beasts hath been bred in man from the first, including fear of that beast which he harboureth and feareth in himself—Zarathustra calleth it 'the beast within'.

Such age-long fear, at length grown refined, spiritual, intellectual—to-day, methinketh, it is called *Science*.

Thus spake the Conscientious One; but Zarathustra, who was just returned into his cave and had heard and interpreted the last speech, flung a handful of roses to the Conscientious One, and laughed at his 'truths'. What? cried he. What do I hear? Verily, methinketh, thou art a fool, or I myself am one: and as for thy 'truth' I straightway stand it on its head!

For *fear* is our exception. But courage and adventure, and joy in the uncertain, the undared—*courage*, methinketh, is all man's prehistory.

He hath envied and robbed of their virtues the wildest and most courageous of beasts: thus alone became he man.

This courage, at length grown refined, spiritual, intellectual, this human courage with eagle wings and serpent wisdom—this, methinketh, is to-day called—

Zarathustra! cried all that sate together, as with one mouth, and made a great laughter withal. But there was lifted from them as it were an heavy cloud. The Wizard also laughed and said shrewdly: Go to! He is gone, mine evil spirit!

And did not I myself warn you against him when I said that he was a deceiver, a spirit of lying and deceit?—

More especially when he showeth himself naked. But what can I with his wiles? Did *I* create him and the world?

Well, then, let us again be good and of good cheer! And though Zarathustra frown—behold him, he is angry with me!—

Ere nightfall he will learn again to love and praise me. He cannot live long and abstain from such follies.

He loveth his enemies: this art knoweth he better than any that ever I saw. But he taketh vengeance therefor on his friends!

Thus spake the aged Wizard, and the Higher Men applauded him; so that Zarathustra went about and mischievously and lovingly shook hands with his friends, like one that must make amends and ask pardon of each. But when in doing thus he came again to the door of his cave, lo, he longed again for the good air without and for his beasts, and he made as though to steal away.

AMONGST THE DAUGHTERS OF THE DESERT

I

Go not hence! then said the Wanderer that called himself Zarathustra's Shadow. Remain with us—lest we be again attacked by the old dull distress.

That aged Wizard hath already given us of his worst, and, lo, the good pious Pope there hath tears in his eyes and is already well away over the seas of melancholy.

These Kings may, it is true, put a good face on it in our company, for it is a lesson *they* have learned better than any of us! But were there none to see, I wager that with them too the ill game would begin anew—

The ill game of driven clouds, of rainy melancholy, of curtained heavens, of stolen suns, of raging autumn gales—

The ill game of our shrieking and crying for help! Stay with us, O Zarathustra! Here is much hidden wretchedness seeking utterance, much evening, much cloud, much dead air!

Thou hast nourished us with strong men's food and forceful sayings: suffer not a soft and womanish spirit to possess us again as dessert!

Thou alone makest the air about thee strong and clear! Found I in all the earth air so good as with thee in thy cave?

Many lands have I seen, my nostrils have learned to prove and to value many kinds of air; but here with thee they taste their highest delight!

Unless—unless—oh, pardon an old reminiscence!—forgive me if I sing an old after-dinner song that once I sang amongst the daughters of the desert—

For amongst them also was there this same fine, clear oriental air; there was I very far from cloudy, rainy, dreary old Europe!

Then did I love the damsels of the East, and other and bluer regions of heaven, unveiled by clouds or by thoughts.

Ye know not how demurely they would sit whensoever they danced not; deep, but without thought, like little secrets, like beribboned riddles, like nuts at dessert.

Brilliant, indeed, and strange, but cloudless: riddles that might be read: to delight even such damsels I made an after-dinner psalm.

Thus spake the Wanderer that called himself Zarathustra's Shadow: and ere any answered him he took the aged Wizard's harp, crossed his legs, and gazed about him, composed and sagacious; but slowly and questioningly he sniffed in the air with his nostrils, like one that tasteth new air in foreign lands. Thereafter he began to sing with a kind of bellow.

2

The desert waxeth: woe to him that hath deserts within!

—Ha! Solemnly!
Solemnly indeed!
A dignified beginning
Of African solemnity!
Worthy of a lion,
Or of a moral bellowing ape—
But naught for you,
Ye dearest damsels,
At whose feet I—
As never before
An European beneath the palms—
Am granted a seat. Selah.

Marvellous, verily!
Here sit I now
Nigh to the desert, and yet
Again so far from the desert,
And in naught devastated,
Since I am swallowed up
By this least of oases—
Even now did it ope
Its beautiful mouth,
Most fragrant little mouth!
And I slipped within it,
Through and down—amongst you,
Ye dearest of damsels! Selah.

Praise, praise to that whale,
If thus for *his* guest
He provided!—(ye take it,
My learned allusion?)
Praise to his belly,
If that too

Proved as sweet an oasis
As this one—though indeed I misdoubt it,
Coming, as I do, from Europe,
That is ever more ready to doubt
Than ever was ageing wife.
May God amend it!
Amen.

Here sit I then,
In this the least of oases,
Like to a date,
Brown, full sweet, gold-oozing and lusting
For the full lips of a maiden,
But yet more for the virginal,
Ice-cold, snow-white, sharp
Bite of her teeth: for these things
Pineth the soul of all warm dates. Selah.

Even as these fruits of the South—
Alike, all-too-like—
Here lie I, while about me,
Little winged beetles
Sport and sip
Together with littler,
Foolisher, sinfuller
Wishes and fancies—
Hemmed in by you,
Ye mute and presentient
Pussy-cat damsels,
Dudu and Suleika—
Sphinxed about (to put into
One word many feelings—
God forgive me
The sin against grammar!)
Here sit I, breathing the best air,
Air of Paradise truly,
Bright, light air, shot with gold,
As goodly air as ever
Fell from the moon,
Whether indeed by hazard,
Or came it of wantonness,
As ancient poets tell us?—

But I, the doubter, misdoubt it,
 Coming, as I do,
 From Europe,
 That is ever more ready to doubt
 Than ever was ageing wife.
 May God amend it!
 Amen.

Breathing this sweetest air,
 My nostrils expand like goblets,
 Without a future or past,
 Here I sit, ye
 Dearest of damsels,
 And gaze on this palm-tree,
 As, like a dancing-girl,
 She boweth, inclineth, swayeth her hips
 —Until, gazing long, one doeth as she!
 Like to a dancer she—so it meseemeth—
 That hath stood a perilous while,
 Ever, ever on one leg alone?
 So that she hath forgot—so it meseemeth—
 The other leg?
 Howbeit, in vain
 Sought I the missing
 Twin-jewel
 —To wit, the other leg—
 In the sacred precinct
 Of her loveliest, gracefullest
 Petticoat, fluttering and fanning and flickering.
 Yea, my fair friends,
 An' you 'd believe me,
 She hath *lost* it!
 It is gone,
 Gone for ever,
 That other leg!
 That lovely other leg—oh, the pity!
 Where may it tarry, sad and forsaken,
 That lonely leg?
 Going in fear, perchance,
 Of some gold-curl-maned
 Lion-monster? Or even
 Now nibbled and gnawed,
 Miserably gnawed, alas! Selah.

Oh, weep ye not,
Ye gentle hearts!
Weep ye not,
Date-hearts, milk-bosoms,
Heart-caskets
Filled with sweetmeats!
Weep no more,
Pale Dudu.
Be a man, Suleika! Courage, courage!
—Or peradventure
May some heart-strengthening cordial
Be here appropriate?
Some sacred text?
Some solemn exhortation?

Ha!
Hither, dignity,
Virtuous dignity, European dignity!
Blow and blow again,
Bellows of virtue!
Ha!
Bellow again
Thy moral bellowings,
Like a lion of morality,
Bellow before the daughters of the desert!
For the howl of virtue,
Ye dearest damsels,
Is above all
European passion, European appetite,
And here stand I,
As European,
I can no other, so help me God!
Amen.

The desert waxeth: woe to him that hath deserts within!

THE AWAKENING

I

AFTER the song of the Wanderer and Shadow the cave was suddenly filled with noise and laughter: and since the assembled guests spoke all at once, and even the Ass thus encouraged remained no longer silent, there came on Zarathustra some small aversion and scorn of his visitors, albeit he rejoiced in their gaiety. For it seemed to him a sign of convalescence. Therefore he stole out into the open air and spake to his beasts.

Where now is gone their distress? said he, and straightway breathed again after his little disgust. In my house, meseemeth, they have unlearned to cry for help!

Though, alas, not yet have they unlearned altogether to cry out. And Zarathustra stopped his ears, for just then the *Hee-haw* of the donkey mingled strangely with the jubilations of these Higher Men.

They are merry, he began again, and who knoweth, perhaps at their host's expense? And if they have learned from me how to laugh, not yet have they learned *my* laughter.

But what matter! They are old folk: they recover in their own way, they laugh in their own way; mine ears have aforetime suffered worse and have not grown peevish.

This day is a victory: he giveth ground, he fleeth, *the Spirit of Gravity*, mine old arch-enemy! How good shall be the end of this day, that began so ill and so heavily!

And indeed it endeth. Already cometh evening, riding hither over the seas, the good horseman! See how he swayeth, blest and home-returning, in his purple saddle!

The heavens are clear, the world is deep: O all ye strange ones that came unto me, it repayeth already to dwell with me!

Thus spake Zarathustra. And again came the shouting and laughter of the Higher Men from the cave: and he began anew.

They bite, my bait worketh, from them too goeth their enemy, the Spirit of Gravity. Already they learn to laugh at themselves: hear I aright?

My man's food worketh, my strong and sappy words: and, verily, I fed them not on flatulent vegetables! Nay, but with

warriors' food, with conquerors' food: I have awakened new desires.

There are new hopes in their limbs, their heart expandeth. They find new words, soon shall their spirit breathe wantonness.

Such food, I grant, may not be for children, nor for pining women, old or young. Their bowels must be otherwise persuaded; *their* physician and teacher am I not.

These Higher Men lose their disgust: it is well—that is my victory! In my realm they grow secure, foolish shame departeth, they pour themselves out.

They pour out their hearts, happy hours return to them, they rejoice and chew the cud—they grow *thankful*.

This I take as the best sign, that they grow thankful. Ere long they will devise festivals and set up memorials to their old delights.

They are *convalescent*! Thus spake Zarathustra joyfully within his heart and gazed into the distance; but his beasts drew close to him and honoured his bliss and his silence.

2

But of a sudden Zarathustra's ear was affrighted: for the cave that had hitherto been filled with noise and laughter became in a moment still as death; and sweet-scented smoke and frankincense, as of burning pine-cones, assailed his nostrils.

What is this? What do they? he asked himself and stole to the entrance that he might look on his guests unobserved. But wonder of wonders—what was this that his eyes beheld?

They are all grown *pious* again, they *pray*, they are mad! said he, and was astonished beyond measure. And, verily, all these Higher Men, the two Kings, the out-of-work Pope, the wicked Wizard, the Voluntary Beggar, the Wanderer and Shadow, the aged Soothsayer, the Intellectually Conscientious One, and the Ugliest Man—they were all like children and credulous old women down on their knees adoring the Ass! And at that very moment the Ugliest Man began to choke and to splutter, as though things unutterable were about to come forth from him; but when he had actually come to the point of speaking, behold, it was a strange, pious litany in praise of the adored and censèd Ass. And the litany ran thus:

Amen! And blessing and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving and honour and power be unto our God, for ever and ever.

—But the Ass replied *Hee-haw*—Yea!¹

¹ See note, p. 174.

He beareth our burden, He hath taken the form of a servant, He is long-suffering of heart, and saith never Nay; and he that loveth his God, chastiseth Him.

—But the Ass replied *Hee-haw*—Yea!

He speaketh not, unless it be that He ever saith Yea to the world He hath created; thus He praiseth His world. His cunning it is that speaketh not; thus is He rarely in the wrong.

—But the Ass replied *Hee-haw*—Yea!

In homely guise goeth He through the world. Grey is His livery, wherein He apparelleth His virtue. Hath He intellect, He concealeth it; but all believe on His long ears.

—But the Ass replied *Hee-haw*—Yea!

What hidden wisdom is it that He weareth long ears and ever sayeth only *Hee-haw*—Yea, and never Nay? Hath He not created the world in His own image, that is, as stupid as may be?

—But the Ass replied *Hee-haw*—Yea!

Thou goest by straight or crooked ways; i tconcerneth Thee little what seemeth straight or crooked to us men. Beyond good and evil is Thy kingdom. It is Thine innocence not to know what is innocence.

—But the Ass replied *Hee-haw*—Yea!

Lo, Thou rejectest none, neither beggars nor kings. Thou sufferest little children to come unto Thee, and when bad boys trick Thee Thou sayest simply *Hee-haw*—Yea!

—But the Ass replied *Hee-haw*—Yea!

Thou lovest she-asses and fresh figs, Thou art no despiser of dainties. A thistle winneth Thy heart when Thou chancest to be hungry. There is divine wisdom therein.

—But the Ass replied *Hee-haw*—Yea!

THE FEAST OF THE ASS

I

BUT at this point in the litany, Zarathustra could no longer master himself, but himself cried *Hee-haw*—Yea! even louder than the Ass, and leaped into the midst of his demented guests. What do ye here, ye children of men? he cried, lifting up them that prayed from the earth. Woe if another than Zarathustra should see you!

He would suppose that your new faith was that of the bitterest of blasphemers or of the silliest of old wives!

And thou, thou old Pope, how canst thou be content thus to adore an Ass as God?

O Zarathustra, replied the Pope, forgive me, but in the things of God I am more enlightened than thou. And it is right that it should be thus.

Rather adore God in this form than in no form! Think upon this saying, my lofty friend: thou wilt quickly find that there is wisdom in such a saying.

He that said: 'God is a spirit', made the greatest stride towards unbelief that ever was on earth: this word can scarce be made good again on earth!

Mine aged heart leapeth and skipeth because there is yet a thing to be adored on earth. Forgive this, O Zarathustra, to the aged pious heart of a pope!

And thou, said Zarathustra to the Wanderer and Shadow, thou callest and deemest thyself a free-thinker?—and yet dost here such idolatry and priestcraft?

Worse, indeed, is this that thou doest than aught with thy wicked brown damsels, thou wicked convert!

It is bad enough, answered the Wanderer and Shadow, as thou sayest; but what can I? The old God liveth again, O Zarathustra, say what thou wilt.

The Ugliest Man is to blame: he hath reawakened Him. And if he say that once he slew Him—to the gods *death* is ever an advantage.

And thou, said Zarathustra, thou wicked old Wizard, what didst thou? Who, in these free days, will believe any more in thee if thou believest such god-asinities?

It is stupidity in thee; how couldst thou, the clever one, do such foolishness?

O Zarathustra, answered the clever Wizard, thou sayest it was stupidity. Moreover, I found it an hard task.

—And even thou, said Zarathustra to the Intellectually Conscientious One, consider and lay thy finger along thy nose! Is there naught herein against thy conscience? Is thine intellect not too cleanly for this praying and the stench of these devotees?

There is somewhat, answered the Conscientious One, and laid his finger along his nose, there is somewhat in this spectacle that even gratifieth my conscience.

Perchance I may not believe in God: but certain it is that I find God most credible in this form.

God is eternal according to the testimony of the most pious: he that hath much time, taketh his time. As slow and as stupid as possible: *thus* can such an one nevertheless go very far.

And he that hath too much intellect may well become infatuated with stupidity and folly. Consider thyself, O Zarathustra!

Thyself—verily, even thou mightest become an ass out of superabundance and wisdom.

Loveth not the perfectly wise man to walk by most crooked roads? Evidence teacheth thus, O Zarathustra—even the evidence of *thyself*!

And lastly, thou, said Zarathustra, turning to the Ugliest Man who yet lay upon the ground and raised his arm towards the Ass (for he gave him wine to drink). Speak, thou unutterable one, what didst thou here!

I see thee transformed, thine eye gloweth, the mantle of the sublime covereth thine ugliness. What didst thou?

Is it indeed true, what these say, that thou re-awakenedst Him? And wherefore? Was He not slain and done away with good reason?

I see thee as one awakened. What didst thou? Why turnedst *thou*? Why wast *thou* converted? Speak, thou unspeakable one!

O Zarathustra, replied the Ugliest Man, thou art a rogue!

Whether *He* yet liveth, or liveth again, or is altogether dead, which of us two knoweth best? I ask thee.

But one thing I know—I learned it of thee, O Zarathustra: he that willet most utterly to slay, he *laugheth*.

Not by wrath but by laughter one slayeth, saidst thou once.

O Zarathustra, thou secret one, thou destroyer without wrath, thou dangerous saint—thou art a rogue!

2

Thereupon it befell that Zarathustra, astonished that he received naught but roguish answers, sprang back to the door of his cave and, turning to all his guests, cried with a loud voice:

O ye wags assembled, ye jesters! Why do ye dissemble and hide ye from me?

How did the heart of each one of you leap for delight and malice, because at length ye became again as little children, that is, pious—

That at length ye did again as children do, that is, prayed, folded your hands, and said 'dear God'!

But now leave me *this* nursery, mine own cave, where to-day all childishness is at home. Here without cool your hot childish high spirits and tumult of heart!

Verily, if ye become not as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. (And Zarathustra pointed aloft with his hands.)

But we desire not to enter into the kingdom of heaven: we are become men—and therefore we desire the kingdom of earth.

3

And once again began Zarathustra to speak. O my new friends, said he, ye strange ones, ye Higher Men, how well do ye please me now—

Since ye became merry again! Verily, ye have all blossomed: methinketh that for such flowers as ye *new festivals* are needed—

A little downright nonsense, Divine Service and Feast of the Ass, some old merry Zarathustra-fool, a roaring fellow to fan your souls to brightness.

Forget not this night nor this Feast of the Ass, ye Higher Men! Ye devised it on my hearth—I take it as a good omen: for such things are invented only by the convalescent!

And should ye celebrate it again, this Feast of the Ass, do it for love of yourselves, do it also for love of me! And in remembrance of me!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

THE DRUNKEN SONG

I

BUT in the meantime one after another had gone out into the open, into the cool and meditative night, and Zarathustra himself led the Ugliest Man by the hand that he might show him his night-world and the great round moon and the silver waterfalls nigh to his cave. At length they stood in silence together, all old men, but comforted and bold of heart, and amazed that it was so well with them upon earth; but the mystery of night drew nigher and nigher to their hearts. And once again Zarathustra thought within himself: Oh, how well they now please me, these Higher Men!—but he said it not aloud, for he respected their bliss and their silence.

But then befell the strangest thing of that strange livelong day: the Ugliest Man began again, and for the last time, to choke and to splutter, and when he had found words, lo, there issued round and clean from his mouth a question, a good, deep, clear question, which stirred the heart in the breast of all that listened.

All ye my friends, said the Ugliest Man, what think ye? For this day's sake, *I* am for the first time content to have lived my life.

And to witness even so much is not sufficient for me. It is worth while to live upon earth: one day, one feast with Zarathustra, hath taught me to love the earth.

'Was *this* life?' shall I say unto death. 'Very well, then—again!'

My friends, what think ye? Will ye not, like me, say unto death: 'Was *this* life? For Zarathustra's sake, then—again!'

Thus spake the Ugliest Man; but it was nigh upon midnight. And what think ye then befell? No sooner had the Higher Men heard his question than they became of a sudden conscious of their transformation and their convalescence and of him whose gifts they were: thereupon they ran to Zarathustra, thanking him, revering him, caressing him, kissing his hands, each according to his nature, so that some laughed and some wept. But the aged Soothsayer danced for joy, and even though, as some narrators suppose, he was then full of sweet wine, he was

certainly yet fuller of sweet life and had renounced all weariness. There be those that relate that even the Ass danced then, since not in vain had the Ugliest Man (so it is said) given it wine to drink. This may have been so, or it may have been otherwise: and if in truth the Ass danced not that night, greater and stranger miracles happened than that of the dancing of an ass. In short, as Zarathustra's saying hath it, 'What matter!'

2

But when this thing came to pass with the Ugliest Man, Zarathustra stood as one that is drunken: his eye was dimmed, his tongue faltered, his foot reeled. And who might divine the thoughts that then passed through Zarathustra's soul? But it seemed that his spirit retreated and fled before him and was in far distances, and as though, so it is written, 'it went as an heavy cloud upon high hills—

Betwixt two seas, betwixt the past and the future'. But in a little, as the Higher Men held him in their arms, he came in a measure to himself, and put back with his hands the reverent and anxious throng; yet he spake not. But on a sudden he swiftly turned his head, for he seemed to hear a sound: then laid he his finger on his lip and said: '*Come!*'

And immediately it grew still and eerie all about; but from the depths there rose slowly the sound of a bell. Zarathustra hearkened thereto, as did the Higher Men; then, for the second time he laid his finger on his lip and said again: *Come! come! It is nigh unto midnight!*—and his voice was changed. But yet he moved not at all: and it grew yet stiller and more eerie, and all hearkened, together with the Ass and Zarathustra's beasts of honour, the Eagle and the Serpent; and likewise Zarathustra's cave, and the great cold moon, and the night itself. But Zarathustra for a third time laid his hand on his lip and spake:

Come! come! come! Let us be going! It is the hour: let us go into the night!

3

Ye Higher Men, it is nigh unto midnight: now will I say somewhat in your ears, even as that old bell sayeth it in mine—

As eerily, as terribly, as intimately, as speaketh that midnight-bell that hath seen more than any man—

That hath long since counted your fathers' anguished heart-beats—ah, ah, how she sigheth, how she laugheth in dreams, old Midnight, deep, so deep!

Peace! Be still! Now may much be heard that by day findeth no voice: but now, in the cool air, when all the clamour of your hearts is stilled—

Now it speaketh, now is it heard, now stealeth it into night-watching souls. Ah, ah, how Midnight sigheth, how she laugheth in dreams!

Hearest thou not, how eerily, how terribly, how intimately she speaketh unto *thee*—old Midnight, deep, so deep?

O man, take heed!

4

Woe is me! Whither is time gone? Sank I not into deep wells? The world sleepeth—

Ah, ah! The dog howleth, the moon shineth. Rather will I die, yea, die, than say to you what my midnight heart now thinketh!

Now am I dead. All is over. Spider, why spinnest thou o'er me? Wouldst thou have blood? Ah, ah! Dew falleth, the hour cometh—

That hour wherein I shudder and freeze, that asketh and asketh and asketh: 'Who hath courage enough therefor?—

Who shall be the lord of the earth? Who will say: "*Thus shall ye flow, ye great and small streams!*"'—

That hour draweth nigh! O man, thou Higher Man, take heed!—this speech is for subtle ears, for thine ears. *What saith deep Midnight, indeed?*

5

I am carried away, my soul danceth. Day's work! Day's work! Who shall be lord of the earth?

The moon is cold, the wind is still. Ah, ah! Have ye flown high enough? Ye have danced; but yet is a leg no wing!

Ye excellent dancers, now is all joy forby: wine is become lees, every cup is grown brittle, the graves mutter.

Ye have not flown high enough: now the graves mutter: 'Redeem your dead! Why is it so long night? Doth not the moon make us drunken?'

Ye Higher Men, redeem the graves, awaken the corpses! Ah, why gnaweth yet the worm? The hour draweth nigh, draweth nigh—

The bell tolleth, the heart yet throbbeth, the wood-worm, the heart-worm, yet gnaweth. Ah, ah, *the world is deep!*

6

Sweet lyre! Sweet lyre! I love thy tone, thy drunken toad-song!—from what far years, from what far distances, cometh thy tone to me, from afar, from the ponds of love?

Thou ancient bell, thou sweet lyre! Every grief hath rent thine heart, the father's grief, the fathers' grief, the forefathers' grief; thy speech is grown ripe;

Ripe as golden autumn and afternoon, as my hermit-heart. And now thou speakest: 'The world itself ripeneth, the grape groweth russet—'

It desireth to die, to die of bliss'. Ye Higher Men, do ye not smell it? A secret odour ariseth,

An odour and perfume of eternity, a rosy, russet, gold-wine fragrance of ancient bliss,

O drunken Midnight's death-joy, singing: 'The world is deep, *and deeper than ever day may deem!*'

7

Avaunt, avaunt! I am too clean for thee! Touch me not! Was my world not even now perfected?

My skin is too clean for thy hands. Leave me, thou foolish, doltish, heavy day! Is not midnight brighter?

The cleanest shall be lords of the earth, the most unknown, the strongest, the midnight-souls, that are brighter and deeper than any day.

O day, thou gropest for me? Thou fumblest for my bliss? To thee I am rich, lonely, a treasure pit, a gold chamber?

O world, desirest thou *me*? Hold ye me worldly? Hold ye me spiritual? Hold ye me divine? But O day and world, ye are too clumsy—

—Have cleverer hands, reach after deeper happiness, after deeper unhappiness, reach after any god, but reach not after me!

Mine unhappiness and my happiness is deep, thou strange day, but yet am I no god and no god's hell: *Deep is its woe—*

8

God's woe is deeper, thou strange world! Reach after God's woe, not after me! What am I? A drunken sweet lyre—

A midnight-lyre, a bell-voiced toad that none understandeth, but that *must* speak, to the deaf, ye Higher Men! For ye understand me not!

Gone! Gone! Oh, Youth! Oh, Noontide! Oh, After-

noon! Now are come Evening and Night and Midnight—the dog howleth, the wind—

Is not the wind a dog? It whineth, it barketh, it howleth. Ah, ah, how she sigheth, how she laugheth, gaspeth, and panteth, this Midnight!

How soberly she now speaketh, this drunken poetess! Perchance she overdrank her drunkenness? O'erwatched she? Chewed she the cud?

She cheweth the cud of her woe in dreams, this Midnight, old and deep, and yet more of her joy. For joy—though woe be deep—*joy deeper yet than woe is she.*

9

O vine, wherefore dost thou praise me? Have I not cut thee? I am cruel, and thou bleedest—what meaneth thy praise of my drunken cruelty?

'Whatsoever hath grown perfect, all that is ripe, desireth death!' thou sayest. Blessed, blessed be the vintner's knife! But all that is unripe desireth life—woe!

Saith woe: 'Hence, go! Away, thou woe!' But all that suffereth desireth to live that it may grow ripe and lusty and desirous—

Desirous for the far, the higher, the brighter. 'I desire heirs,' thus saith all that suffereth, 'I desire children, I desire *not myself.*'

But joy desireth not heirs nor children—joy desireth itself, it desireth eternity, it desireth recurrence, it desireth all eternally as it is.

Saith woe: 'Break, bleed, heart! Go, foot! Fly, wing! Onward, upward, pain!' Then, oh, mine aged heart! *Saith woe: 'Hence, go!'*

10

Ye Higher Men, what think ye? Am I a prophet? A dreamer? A drunkard? An interpreter of dreams? A midnight-bell?

A drop of dew? A breath and perfume of eternity? Hear ye it not? Smell ye it not? Even now hath my world grown perfect. Midnight also is noonday—

Pain also is delight, curse also is blessing, night also is a sun—hence then, lest ye learn that a wise man also is a fool.

Said ye ever *Yea* to a joy? O my friends, then said ye also *Yea* to all woe. All things are linked, enlaced, enamoured—

If ever ye desired Once twice, if ever ye said: 'I delight in thee, Happiness—Instant—Moment!' then did ye desire *all* to come again!—

—All anew, all eternal, all linked, enlaced, enamoured—ah, then ye *loved* the world—

Loved it, ye eternal ones, eternally and for all time: and even to woe ye say: 'Hence, go—but come again!' *For Joy would have Eternity!*

II

Joy ever desireth an eternity of all things, desireth honey, desireth lees, desireth drunken midnight, desireth graves, desireth comfort of tears at grave-sides, desireth the gold of the sunset—

What doth not joy desire! It is thirstier, more ardent, hungrier, more terrible, more secret than any woe, it desireth itself, it feedeth on *itself*, and the will of the Ring striveth within it—

It desireth love, it desireth hatred, it is superabundant, it giveth, it throweth away, it beggeth to be taken, it thanketh him that taketh, it would fain be hated—

So rich is joy that it thirsteth for woe, for hell, for hatred, for shame, for the cripple, for the *world*, for this world, oh, ye know it!

Ye Higher Men, for yourselves pineth joy, the unrestrainable, the blessed—for your woe, ye that have failed! For eternal joy ever pineth after failures.

For joy ever seeketh itself, and therefore it seeketh grief! Oh, joy! Oh, pain! Break, O heart! Ye higher men, learn this, that joy would have eternity—

Joy would have an eternity of all things—*profound, profound Eternity.*

I2

Have ye now learned my song? Have ye divined its purport? Up, up, then, ye Higher Men, sing Zarathustra's roundelay!

Sing ye now the song whose name is called 'Yet again!' whose meaning is 'for all eternity!'—Sing, ye Higher Men, Zarathustra's roundelay!

O man! Take heed!

What saith deep Midnight, indeed?

'I lay asleep, asleep—

I waked from my deep dream—

*The world is deep,
And deeper than ever day may deem.
Deep is its woe—
Joy—deeper yet than woe is she:
Saith woe: "Hence, go!
Yet Joy would have Eternity—
Profound, profound Eternity!"*

THE SIGN

BUT in the morning after that night, Zarathustra leaped from his couch, girded his loins, and went out from his cave, glowing and strong, as the sun at dawn coming forth from dark mountains.

Thou great star! said he, even as he had said aforetime. Thou deep eye of joy, where were all thy bliss without them for whom thou shinest!

And if they should remain in their chambers, when thou art awake and comest and bestowest and distributest, how would thy proud shame then rage!

Go to! They sleep yet, these Higher Men, whilst *I* wake: these are not my true companions! Not for these do I wait here in my mountains.

I will to my work, to my day: but they understand not the signs of my morning, my step is to them no call to awake them from sleep!

They sleep yet within my cave; their dream drinketh yet of my drunken songs. The ear that hearkeneth for *me*, the *obeying* ear, it is not found in them.

Thus had Zarathustra spoken within his heart when the sun rose. Then gazed he questing into the heavens, for he heard above him the sharp cry of his Eagle. Well! cried he, for thus it pleaseth me and is my due. My beasts awake, for I awake.

Mine Eagle awaketh and, as I do, honoureth the sun. With Eagle's talons he graspeth at the new light. Ye are my true beasts; you I love.

But I lack yet my true men!

Thus spake Zarathustra. Then it came to pass that on a sudden he heard a sound as though he were compassed about by innumerable birds, thronging and fluttering—but the whirl of so many wings, and the flocking about his head were so great that he shut his eyes. And, verily, it came upon him as a cloud, as a cloud of arrows loosed against a new enemy. But, behold, it was a cloud of love showered upon a new friend.

What befalleth me? thought Zarathustra in his astonished heart, and let himself slowly sink upon the great stone that lay

beside the doorway of his cave. But while he yet stretched forth his hands about, and above, and below himself, and kept back the gentle birds, lo, a yet stranger thing befell him, for unawares he laid hold on thick warm shaggy hair, and at the same time there went up a roaring—a gentle, prolonged lion-roar.

It is *the Sign*! said Zarathustra, and his heart was changed. And, verily, when it grew clear before his eyes, there lay a mighty yellow beast at his feet, and rested its head upon his knee and would not leave him for love, and did as an hound doth that findeth again his old master. But the doves were no less eager in their love than was the Lion; and whenever a dove brushed across the muzzle of the Lion, the Lion shook its head and wondered and laughed thereat.

But to all this Zarathustra spake but one word: *My children are at hand, my children*—and then he was wholly mute. But his heart was melted, and from his eyes dropped tears and fell upon his hands. And he no longer observed aught but sate motionless, and warded not the creatures from him. Then the doves flew to and fro and perched upon his shoulder and caressed his white hairs, and wearied not in tenderness and rejoicing. But the strong Lion ever licked the tears which fell upon Zarathustra's hands, and roared and grumbled shyly. Thus did these beasts.—

All this lasted a long time or a short time: for properly speaking, in such matters there is *no* time on earth.—But in the meantime the Higher Men had awakened in Zarathustra's cave and had conspired together to form a procession to meet Zarathustra and to offer him the morning greeting: for they had found when they awoke that he was no more amongst them. But when they came to the door of the cave and the sound of their steps went before them, the Lion was greatly startled, and turned of a sudden from Zarathustra and sprang, roaring savagely, towards the cave. But the Higher Men, when they heard him roar, cried out as one man and fled back and were instantly gone.

But Zarathustra himself, stunned and amazed, rose from his seat, looked about him, stood astonished, inquired of his heart, considered, and was alone. What did I hear? said he at length, slowly. What befell me even now?

And immediately his memory returned, and in an instant he *understood* all that had happened between yesterday and to-day. Here indeed is the stone, said he, and stroked his beard, whereon I sat yesternorn; and here the Soothsayer came unto me, and

here first heard I the cry that even now I heard—the great cry for help.

O ye Higher Men, *your* need it was whereof yestermorn that old Soothsayer prophesied unto me—

To your need he sought to seduce me and to tempt me. O Zarathustra, said he unto me, I am come to seduce thee to thy last sin.

To my last sin? cried Zarathustra, and laughed wrathfully at his own words. *What* was reserved for me as my last sin?

And once again Zarathustra sank within himself and sate again upon the great stone and meditated. Of a sudden he sprang up—

Compassion! Compassion for the Higher Man! he cried, and his face became as brass. Go to! *That* hath had its day!

My suffering and my sympathy, what matter? Do I strive after *happiness*? I strive for my *work*!

Up! The Lion is come. My children are at hand, Zarathustra is ripe, mine hour is come!

This is *my* dawn, *my* day beginneth! *Come up, then, come up, thou Great Noon!*

Thus spake Zarathustra, and issued forth from his cave, glowing and strong as the sun at dawn coming forth from dark mountains.

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